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THE RECORD OF THE ADMINISTRATION

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To get a fair idea of what President Wilson's administration has done, the conditions under which it has had to work should first be considered. This is a matter rarely taken into account, the usual assumption being that as a matter of course settled means exist by which the President can discharge his constitutional functions. This is a common error. The means never have been settled, but have varied from time to time — always without attaining permanent system. Administrative policy has been formulated by makeshifts devised from time to time; and it so happened that President Wilson took office at a time when actual practice had been revolutionized and conditions were wavering and confused.

It is the duty of the President to 'give to the Congress information on the state of the Union, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient.' There is no provision as to the form in which he shall present his measures, or the mode by which he shall get them before Congress. English tradition governed the original practice. There were then no standing committees to intervene between the recommendations of the administration and the action of the House. The House exercised its functions of criticism and

control through the Committee of the Whole. When the sense of the House was ascertained, a select committee would be appointed to prepare the bill; which usually meant that the select committee's work would be done for it by the administrative department concerned. The system was precarious, as it rested merely on traditional practice; and it soon broke down under pressure of party spirit. In ceasing to rely upon the administration for the drafting of measures, Congress had recourse to committees, and thus originated the peculiar system of standing committees which has had such a monstrous development.

With Jefferson's advent to office, it became party usage to allow the administration to pick the chairmen of important committees. This system of guiding legislation by private arrangement between the administration and the standing committees lasted until John Quincy Adams's administration, when it was ruptured by party violence. With this collapse disappeared from our political system all recognition of the legislative initiative of the President simply as the President. The President may exercise an actual initiative of masterful authority, but he derives it from an extra-constitutional source — his position as head of his

party and its national leader. The connection between the executive and legislative departments — without which business could not be carried on — is supplied by party organization. This is the prime cause of that massive development of party machinery peculiar to the United States.

The President's position as the national leader of his party may be nominal and titular rather than real and actual, and his legislative initiative be correspondingly abridged. It was on the wane for many years, largely owing to some developments in Congressional procedure. It has been computed that it would take over sixty years to consider in regular order the bills introduced in a single session. The inconveniences of the situation were counteracted by the growth of an autocratic system of control in the Speakership. The process was the acme of simplicity. If the Speaker did not wish a bill to be passed he would not recognize any one to move its consideration. It became a regular practice for members to visit the Speaker to explain the purpose for which they desired recognition and to get his consent. In addition, through a small Committee on Rules, of which he was a member with such colleagues as he chose to appoint, he virtually controlled the time of the House. This committee always had the right of way, and at any time it could bring in a special order fixing the time when any given matter should be taken up by the House and also the period to be allotted to its consideration; and nothing else could be considered until action had been taken on the report of the committee.

The development of this autocratic power, which was not the work of any one speaker and which went on no matter which party was ascendant, tended to displace the initiative which the President exercised as a party leader.

There was a period when the chief seat of authority in the administration was not the Presidential office, but a group of undertakers embracing the Speaker and some leading chairmen of committees in both Houses. This system of rule was suddenly overthrown by the parliamentary revolution of March 19, 1910, which took away from the Speaker the power to appoint the committees, ousted him from membership in the Committee on Rules, and made his functions simply those of a moderator.

The party caucus then became the seat of Congressional management. By a caucus rule adopted on January 19, 1911, committee appointments are made by the Committee on Ways and Means. The Committee on Rules now acts under caucus direction in reporting the special orders under which important legislative business is necessarily transacted. Under the old system the President had to negotiate with a group of undertakers. Under the new system he must work through the party caucus. The new system is more public than the old; but it is more extensive. Under both systems the House becomes an instrument for registering party determinations of policy arrived at outside of the chamber. The deliberative function of Congress now hardly survives except in the Senate, and but imperfectly there.

I

Such were the conditions with which President Wilson had to deal in making his legislative recommendations. He had exceptional qualifications for his task. Public affairs had been his life-long study. His intellectual development has had such singular unity that by consulting his article in the *International Review* on 'Cabinet Government in the United States,' written when he was a Princeton senior of twenty-

ty-three, one will find in embryo the constitutional views that run through all his books and essays. The fullness of knowledge which he possesses would not, however, of itself be politically efficacious. Literary pursuits do not usually make for political capacity, as they cultivate habits of thought rather than habits of action, and are apt to establish characteristics of aloofness and idiosyncracy.

Woodrow Wilson's career was rather peculiar in that to fondness for books he united fondness for people, and his social contacts were broad, numerous, and diversified. The situation of the scholar who is transferred from the study to the political arena is apt to suggest the proverbial fish out of water. In Wilson's case practical politics was a congenial sphere, in which he could move with ease and opportunity. Since he has this skill, which he derives from his character, his knowledge and his forensic ability put weapons in his hands which he can wield with great effect.

His career as Governor of New Jersey had been marked by vigor of initiative. He took an active part in shaping measures and in conducting legislation; he attended party caucuses, and on one occasion at least he served as a member of a committee appointed by the caucus to prepare a bill. These activities were carried on under steady fire from a faction of his party that not only opposed his views, but questioned the propriety of his behavior. He defended his conduct with unruffled temper, dauntless courage, and unfailing resources, and he needed them all, for, although his behavior was thoroughly constitutional in every sound and proper sense, he was disregarding old traditions. The complaint was frequently lodged against him that he was unwilling to allow the legislature to take the responsibility. This had reference to his

practice of going on the stump and appealing to the people when measures that he was championing stuck on the legislative ways. It will appear from this that he takes the view that the duty of recommendation involves the full exercise of the authority and influence of the executive office; whereas the view has been prevalent that all it means is that the Congress may be requested to take the subject into consideration.

President Wilson's selection of the members of his Cabinet should be judged with respect to the conditions noted in the foregoing. Considered from that point of view it displayed political sagacity. Elements of individual capacity, expert knowledge, and caucus good-will entered into it, but the ruling principle of choice was manifestly party influence. It showed that President Wilson was not moved by his personal preferences, but was controlled by the obligations of his trusteeship. That he acted wisely was soon displayed by the spirit of mutual confidence and hearty coöperation promptly manifested in the relations between the White House and the party leaders in the Congress.

It was also much to President Wilson's advantage that he did not approach the solution of his legislative problems in any doctrinaire spirit. He held views of tariff revision and currency reform that were in general accord with the beliefs and principles of his party, but he had not committed himself on details. It may be remembered that in his speech in reply to the formal notification of his nomination to the Presidency he remarked that he did not know enough about currency reform to be dogmatic about it. With clear views as to principles and objects, he met the party leaders with an open mind in respect of details and in an attitude of deference to their knowledge and experience.

It would be a complete misconception

of the situation to imagine that he had a programme to impose upon Congress. His position has not been dictatorial but instrumental. He takes part freely in party deliberations, is open to suggestions and advice, and exerts his influence to arrive at sound conclusions; but the most characteristic feature of his administration is the energy with which he exerts all his influence, from whatever source derived, to promote action. He does not stand aloof or remain inert at any stage of the legislative process with respect to party measures. The natural desire of the Congressional leaders to avail themselves of his great capacity for service is the true explanation of his extraordinary influence with Congress. His personality stands out from the open way in which he accepts his responsibilities, and it is not sufficiently observed that his party associates have had much to do with shaping those responsibilities.

The tariff bill is a good instance of this. The measure was put in provisional shape by the Ways and Means Committee before President Wilson was seated in the White House. The call for the extra session was in pursuance of the policy favored by the Congressional leaders, and he promptly entered into coöperation with them in settling details of the measure. By March 25, a complete draft was in his hands, and he announced his readiness to support the measure. He recommended it in the address which he personally delivered to Congress when it met on April 7, 1913. This matter of the mode of delivering a message appears to be the only one as to which President Wilson has acted of his own motion in making an innovation. His decision to restore the practice of Washington's time was the subject of some censorious remarks by party associates, particularly in the Senate; but the fact that he was entirely within his indi-

vidual rights could not be questioned, and the arrangement was acquiesced in without active opposition.

The practical significance of President Wilson's advocacy of the tariff bill was not fully revealed until the Senate began to ride over the House in the usual fashion. The bill passed the House on May 8, and the Senate kept it under consideration for about four months. Agents of business interests flocked to Washington to exercise their customary privilege of writing the tariff schedules through the agency of senatorial prerogative. But they were amazed to find the situation singularly intractable, and they laid the blame upon President Wilson. They were not wrong about that. The President publicly declared that he had taken his stand with the House leaders for the pending bill, and that he was 'not looking for or accepting compromises.' Eventually he startled his opponents by directing public attention to the tariff lobby, remarking,—

'It is of serious interest to the country that the people at large should have no lobby, and be voiceless in these matters, while great bodies of astute men seek to create an artificial opinion and to overcome the interests of the public for their private profit. It is thoroughly worth the while of the people of this country to take knowledge of this matter.'

Probably no other presidential utterance ever had such a tremendous reverberation throughout the country. The discomfited lobby resorted to a campaign of personal calumny which is still furtively pursued, but the bill was saved. It passed the Senate toward the close of September; an agreement between the two Houses was soon reached and on October 3 the bill became law. For a disinterested judgment upon the character of the measure the reader should consult Professor Taus-

sig's standard *Tariff History of the United States*. He found that the Act 'gave little evidence, if indeed any at all, of the sort of manipulation which had affected the details of the Tariff Acts of 1895, 1897, and 1909.'

The instrumental character of the President's activity was as strikingly displayed in the passage of the Federal Reserve Act. As in the case of the tariff bill the Democratic party leaders in the House had wisely made an early start. A preliminary draft of the measure was made before President Wilson was inaugurated. The details were considered in conference with the President, with the result that when the bill was submitted to the House it ranked as an administration measure which he would do all in his power to promote. He signified this by making it the subject of a special message. The tariff bill had been out of the House for over a month and was on its weary way through the Senate, when, on June 23, 1913, the President addressed Congress in behalf of the currency bill, making a frank avowal of his own participation in the work of preparing it. This feature of his address is particularly interesting as a revelation of his ideas of the constitutional function of his office. He said:

'The committees of the Congress to which legislation of this character is referred have devoted careful and dispassionate study to the means of accomplishing these objects. They have honored me by consulting me. They are ready to suggest action. I have come to you as the head of the government and the responsible leader of the party in power, to urge action now, while there is time to serve the country deliberately and as we should, in a clear air of common counsel. I appeal to you with a deep conviction of duty. I believe that you share this conviction. I therefore appeal to you with confidence. I am at your service without reserve to

play my part in any way you may call upon me to play it in this great enterprise of exigent reform, which it will dignify and distinguish us to perform and discredit us to neglect.'

This pledge of active support was unflinchingly maintained. Without it the probability is that the measure could not have been passed, and that still another of the temporary patchworks and vicious compromises that have characterized Congressional treatment of the currency question would have been the result. One piece of patchwork legislation in the past, that had the effect of creating a vested interest of enormous influence adverse to sound financial legislation, was the lowering of national bank capital requirements so as to call into existence a host of petty banks whose activities were more akin to those of a pawn-shop than to proper banking functions. The system of currency supply was limited, expensive, and oppressive to an extent that engendered continual dissatisfaction and complaint, caused periodical stringency and occasionally produced desolating panics. Incidentally the situation acted as a nursery of demagogues, to whose activity and influence it was the habit of ignorant politicians to impute the unrest of the people; whereas, as Burke long ago pointed out, the career of the demagogue is not a cause but an effect of the public uneasiness.

But any step toward radical treatment of the situation had to contend with banking opposition in every Congressional district, in much the same spirit in which people doing a lucrative business from their ownership of wells and pumps might oppose the entrance of a conduit from a reservoir. The teachings of experience had, however, educated banking interests in favor of a system of currency supply based upon assets, in place of the old system of bond-secured supply. But

banking interests were committed to the principle of one central institution as a source of currency supply, to be controlled by the member banks and to be essentially a bank of banks. In opposition to this the administration favored a system of district reserve banks operating under public control. Issue was thus joined for one of the greatest battles of our political history. The opposition to the administration measure was active, extensive, and powerful; attempts to manipulate its provisions were numerous and persevering; but its features were subjected to no serious change.

The success of the administration in passing the Federal Reserve Act is to be attributed to the care taken to secure party cohesion and to President Wilson's tenacity of purpose. Early in September, 1913, when the case in support of the measure had been fully prepared, it was submitted to the Democratic party caucus. Two weeks of sharp discussion followed behind closed doors, where, in the privacy of a party conclave, members gave expression to any doubts, scruples, or objections entertained. A change of system so great and radical as that proposed by the bill supplied matter for wide-ranging criticism; but as a result of patient explanation and mature consideration a hearty agreement was reached, and the bill was assured of steady and united party support in the House. The legislative machinery controlled by the Committee on Rules acting under caucus instruction was now set in brisk operation. On September 9 an elaborate report upon the provisions of the measure was presented to the House by the Banking and Currency Committee. Debate upon it began the next day and it passed the House on September 18 by a vote of 286 to 84, the majority in its favor being 39 votes more than the Democratic party majority in the House.

This emphatic approval of the measure by the representative assembly apparently did little, however, to smooth its passage through the Senate or to abridge the veto power which particular interests may exercise through that body. That the bill was preserved in its original character was due to the inflexible determination of the President. Although the House Committee that prepared the measure had given a long time to public hearings, additional hearings were allowed by the Senate Committee, lasting until October 25. A month of committee consideration followed, then came three days of caucus consideration, and at last, on December 1, the bill was reported to the Senate. The delay was due chiefly to the opposition of banking interests clinging tenaciously to the old project of one central bank for currency emissions under banking control.

Vehement opposition to the pending measure was expressed by associations of bankers. The opposition was sufficiently influential to cause a party break in the Senate, one effect of which was to divide the Banking Committee into two numerically equal sections, one of which reported the administration bill with amendments, and the other reported a substitute measure. When the struggle was at its height, the attitude of banking interests became rather menacing, conditions being mentioned without which they would refuse to do business under the law. Tremendous pressure was exerted to induce the President to consent to a compromise, but he would not budge from the position he had taken in support of the House measure. When it became manifest that either the essential features of the House bill would have to be accepted or else currency reform would fail of enactment at that session, the banking opposition began to subside.

The situation had reached a crisis when the president of the largest bank in the country performed a timely public service by avowing to the Senate Committee that the House measure was based upon sound principles and that much of the opposition was due to the selfishness of some and to the ignorance of others. Thereafter, evidences of willingness to accept the situation and make the best of it began to appear. The bill, after having been held up for months, now moved on briskly to enactment. Senate debate began on December 1, the final vote was taken on December 19, the Committee of Conference reached an agreement on December 22, and the President signed the bill the following day — a notable Christmas gift from the Democratic party to the nation.

The value of the measure in opening sources of currency supply adjusted to business requirements and in providing means for coping with financial panics is generally conceded; but it is doubtful whether there is due appreciation of the far-reaching importance of the principle of public control asserted by the bill as successfully championed by the President. If the new system had been surrendered to banking control it would probably have been ably and successfully managed as a means of currency supply, mainly concerned with the interests of the banking business. But the banking business in this country falls short of a proper discharge of the banking function as regards either extent or economy of service. Only the intervention of public authority can correct the conditions, and the creation of the Federal Reserve Board provides an appropriate agency for that purpose.

While the Federal Reserve Act was on its way through the Senate, measures for regulating business conditions were being put in shape. The matter is one to which President Wilson had giv-

en great attention and which he had discussed in public addresses more frequently than any other political issue. He had strongly condemned the mere penalizing of corporations, visiting upon innocent shareholders the sins of their servants. In opposition to this mode of dealing with the trust problem, he had insisted that guilt is personal and that penalty should be personal. But this method necessarily requires that responsibility shall be definite, whereas the existing Anti-trust Act was so vague that occasions might arise in which business men were at a loss to know what would be lawful and what not. To give precision and definiteness to the law was the aim of the measures promoted by the President.

Shortly after the passage of the Federal Reserve Act he brought the matter forward in a personal address to Congress, on January 20, 1914. In this he contended that practices in hurtful restraint of trade 'can be explicitly and item by item forbidden by statute in such terms as will practically eliminate uncertainty, the law itself and the penalty being made equally plain.' But in addition he held that 'the business men of the country desire something more than that the menace of legal process in these matters be made explicit and intelligible. They desire the advice, the definite guidance and information which can be supplied by an administrative body—an inter-state trade commission.' Pursuant to these recommendations the Clayton Anti-Trust Act and the Trade Commission Act were passed. Not until the courts have interpreted the provisions of the Clayton Act may its practical efficacy be computed, but it is unquestionably a sincere and painstaking attempt to deal with a problem which presents such peculiar difficulty in this country as to suggest that the root of trouble is the imperfect development of the sov-

ereignty of the State under our constitutional system. It would follow that improvement of administrative authority is now the greatest need, and the creation of the Trade Commission initiates a policy that will have important development. The declared purpose of the Commission is to be constructive and not destructive. It is known that business men are already resorting to the Commission for information and advice, thus introducing a practice that has long been followed by corporation management in other countries.

The fact is generally recognized that the Wilson administration has been signalized by the passage of a singularly large number of measures of the first rank, but little notice has been taken of the fact that it has been quite as notable for administrative improvement. Achievement of this character does not impress the popular imagination, but it is of immense public value. Space will not admit of details, but examination of department reports (particularly those of the Department of Justice and the Department of the Interior) will disclose impressive instances.

II

While President Wilson was engaged upon this programme of reform, which had been his principal concern as a student of public affairs and with regard to which his Cabinet had been framed, he was confronted with difficult external problems. The serious nature of one of these problems received little popular attention, but it was none the less pressing. Whatever opinion may be held of the situation in the Philippines, it is manifest that the policy of assimilation has been a failure. The Filipinos remain stubbornly averse from becoming American citizens and are insistent upon the restoration of their independence. At one time hopes were enter-

tained that an American interest could be built up, and the Federalista party was founded; but it was never more than an official contrivance and soon collapsed under popular antipathy or indifference. For three successive sessions of the legislature no appropriation bills were passed and disbursements were made by the edict of the governor-general, in amounts and for purposes designated by him. The chronic disaffection to our rule that pervades the islands was inflamed to a perilous extent and the situation was full of menace. In dealing with it Mr. Wilson was unfortunately not in a position to correct the governmental system; but he made administrative changes that soon produced a better state of feeling. Since then relations between the government and the assembly have improved so much that deadlocks no longer occur, and the appropriations are made in a constitutional manner. The internal discord invariably characteristic of the kind of government we have imposed upon the islands has not been wholly eliminated, but it has been less mischievous.

A radical change of policy has been made in the Moro country, in which a formidable revolt was going on at the time President Wilson took office. The country had been under military rule, but the army is too massive and unwieldy an instrument for the ordinary tasks of government. It could put down insurrection, but could not maintain order. Periodical outbreaks took place, the suppression of which would be attended by a shocking butcher's bill. The details might be exploited in the United States for political effect, and considerations of this nature hampered the military authorities. During the presidential campaign a large insurgent band was encamped about ten miles from the army headquarters in Jolo and practically ruled the island,

while our troops remained inactive. After the change of administration the Moro country was taken under constabulary control.

Thereafter, if insurrection were contemplated, it did not get a chance to organize. The native constables are constantly mixing with the people, and hearing the gossip. Now, if a datto begins sacking rice and collecting munitions with a view of making a foray, he will not have more than started before the constabulary are on the scene wanting to know what is going on. As a result of this policy the country has been kept in order, and industrial tendencies have been developed that discourage the predatory spirit. Newspaper readers will perhaps have noticed that the Moro country has not been a source of exciting news during the present administration. Administrative handling of the situation in the Philippines has been attended by successes that are really of great value although unobserved in the United States.

While the serious nature of the Philippine situation has received little or no attention, there has been keen solicitude as to possible entanglement of this country in Mexican affairs. The assassination of President Madero precipitated a crisis at the outset of President Wilson's administration, and the course pursued antagonized an influential body of opinion. Business interests both in the United States and in Europe generally favored the recognition of General Huerta, and there were strong reasons in favor of such action. According to international law recognition of Huerta was no more than acquiescence with a *de facto* situation, without approval of the mode in which that situation was established.

There are abundant precedents for such action, which is favored by the great practical convenience of having some authority that can be held to ac-

count for injuries and offenses. But the present convenience may be dearly purchased, since it puts a premium on the revolutionary game that will keep attracting fresh players. This consideration evidently governed President Wilson's policy. His refusal to recognize Huerta clouded all that dictator's negotiations for the disposal of concessions and franchises, and eventually starved out his government. It is clear that the episode has greatly reduced the value of the stakes of revolution, and if the Wilson policy should become recognized as the settled policy of the United States, the financing of revolutionary movements will cease to be attractive. They are rarely formidable if dependent upon their own resources.

Apart from the Huerta episode the Mexican policy of the administration presents only one feature of permanent interest — the adroitness with which the situation was turned to account in improving our relations with other American countries. The behavior of the administration toward Mexico has conformed throughout to well-recognized principles of international law, and presents no novel features. There is, however, a blatant strain of sentiment which apparently holds that the United States is a most favored nation to whose case the ordinary rules of international morality do not apply. Germany was censurable for taking advantage of the weakness of China to seize territory there some years ago. Austria was censurable in moving against Servia in disregard of the feelings and interests of other powers. But America, in view of her moral superiority, may do as she pleases without fear of consequences. Such pretensions are, however, resented by other nations, and when the administration resorted to force in its dealings with Mexico alarm and anxiety were felt throughout the Americas.

Although the administration was resolved not to interfere in the internal affairs of Mexico, it was equally resolved to uphold the honor of the flag. The action of Mexican officials at Tampico in taking a number of our sailors from a navy launch and refusing to make suitable amends and apologies for the act of violence, led to the occupation of Vera Cruz by our national forces in April, 1914. General Huerta was at first defiant, but his position gradually became untenable and he left the country in July, 1914. The leading South American states now took occasion to ascertain the intentions of the United States, the movement taking the form of an offer of mediation by Argentina, Brazil, and Chile. The situation was one of delicacy and, if mishandled, might have been mischievous. President Wilson extracted from it the opportunity for a signal stroke of statesmanship. He cordially accepted the offer of mediation, declaring,—

"This government will be glad to take up with you for discussion in the frankest and most conciliatory spirit any proposals that may be authoritatively formulated, and will hope that they may prove feasible and prophetic of a new day of mutual coöperation and confidence in America."

The President's acceptance of South American mediation was denounced by some as a blow to our prestige as a nation; but those who do not render judgment from the standpoint of immediate prejudice saw that it was a master-stroke of policy. The Springfield *Republican* with entire truthfulness declared:—

"The incident is worth hundreds of tours of South American capitals by our Secretaries of State, with innumerable banquet speeches on Pan-American solidarity. It is worth dozens of Pan-American conferences. For an act

like this crystallizes fine words and eloquent periods into a landmark of Pan-American diplomacy. It establishes a precedent; possibly it opens an era."

The acceptance of this mediation was followed by the A. B. C. conference at Niagara Falls, which, although without definite result, brought about understandings that contributed to the installation of the Carranza government, to whose authority Vera Cruz was transferred in November, 1914. Since then the authority of the Carranza government has been gradually extended through the country, but not, up to the time of this writing, with sufficient efficacy to suppress disorder and outrage, some cases of which have involved the death of American citizens.

But the Carranza government provides an authority that can be held to account, and it has given evidence of readiness to accept its obligations and of energy in fulfilling them to the best of its ability. Public opinion seems now to be settling down to the conclusion that President Wilson has successfully handled a difficult situation, and if one may now venture to anticipate the verdict of history, it may be said that his incidental diplomacy displays that highest quality of statesmanship which is able to convert an untoward event into an advantage.

Apart from the diplomatic *entente* produced by it, the Mexican policy of the administration presents no novel or original features; but incidentally there have been revealed weak and discreditable characteristics of our politics that will be a growing peril as our national interests expand. In other nations it is a salutary practice to keep the management of foreign relations out of the arena of party strife, but in our Congress there is a strong disposition to make it a football of the electioneering game. It is not the habit of the American people to pay much attention to

what is said in Congress, for the reason that public policy is formed outside of it. Hence the newspapers usually give only brief reports of its proceedings, and this apparently tends to make Congressional utterance the more strident, so as to gain attention by sheer vehemence. It is true that, although violent in speech, Congress is habitually moderate in action; but meanwhile it fails to perform its proper function of clarifying public opinion, and serves rather to confuse and to mislead. The effect becomes really dangerous in emergencies arising in our foreign relations, as they do not usually present simple questions in ethics and readily admit of misrepresentation.

Thus it has been exhibited as a gross inconsistency that American citizens have been warned to keep out of Mexico while at the same time they have not been warned to keep off vessels sailing under a belligerent flag; yet the distinction is well marked in law. For a government to order its nationals out of a country in a condition of anarchy is as common a precaution as roping off a danger-zone at a fire, and it involves no abridgment of rights of citizenship. There are abundant precedents on this point supplied by the practice of every civilized country. The only place where people have a full and unqualified right to be is in their own country; and if for any reason they choose to expatriate themselves, they have only such privileges of travel or residence as are provided by treaty stipulations or conceded by international law. The high seas are, however, the common property of nations, and the right to use them as such is not suspended by war, although it is then qualified by belligerent rights. But travel or residence in a foreign country is not a right but is a conditional privilege. No authority holds that our government is bound to claim for our citizens

the right to go where they please and stay where they please in Europe. If they do go they take their risks, and they have no right to expect anything more from their government than that it will insist that they shall be dealt with according to law, and that reparation shall be obtained in case of violation of rights secured by treaty or acknowledged by international law.

As a matter of fact, probably many more Americans have gone into the European war area than have gone into Mexico since the outbreak of civil war there; but there has been no outcry in home politics over their troubles, and in respect to European affairs opposition to the policy of the administration has followed lines different from those followed in respect of Mexican affairs. The administration has been censured on the one hand for lack of manly virtues, as shown by failure to make an energetic protest against the invasion of Belgium, and since then for failure to give expression to the moral disapprobation of this country for the acts and policies of the Germanic powers. On the other hand, it has been criticized for insistence upon the right of American citizens to the use of the sea at the risk of involving the country in the war that is desolating Europe. On the latter point it is not disputed that the position of the administration has been distinct and positive. Germany was notified that 'American citizens act within their indisputable rights in taking their ships and in traveling wherever their legitimate business calls them upon the high seas.' Great Britain was notified that 'in so far as the interests of American citizens are concerned, the government of the United States will insist upon their rights under the principles and rules of international law as hitherto established, covering neutral trade in time of war, without limitation or impairment by

Orders in Council or other municipal legislation by the British Government, and will not recognize the validity of prize court proceedings taken under restraints imposed by British municipal law in derogation of the rights of American citizens under international law.'

In maintaining this position the United States has been, and still is, involved in serious controversies with Great Britain regarding property rights and with the Germanic powers regarding human rights. The case is too incomplete to warrant any statement of conclusions, even if space admitted an examination of particulars. Our correspondence with belligerent governments relative to neutral rights was enough to fill two large printed volumes up to October 15, 1915, and the mass has much increased since then. It is manifest that the behavior of the belligerents on both sides has been affected by the insistence of the United States on neutral rights, and that even the frantic ruthlessness of Germany has been checked. Examination of the record will show that never before during a European war has so much respect for neutral rights been successfully exacted.

While refraining from any attempt to compute results, as being at present impracticable, it is nevertheless possible to discern the general policy pursued. It is a policy that is not new, going back as it does to our national beginnings. It is a policy that has always at the time been repugnant to chivalric ideals, but it has always been approved by history as sound and proper. It was fully expounded by Alexander Hamilton in his 'Pacificus' letters during Washington's administration, when the administration was censured for not going to the rescue of France just as the present administration is censured for not going to the rescue of Belgium. The

cardinal principle of this policy was thus stated by Hamilton:—

'Under every form of government rulers are only trustees for the happiness and interest of their nation, and cannot, consistently with their trust, follow the suggestions of kindness or humanity toward others, to the prejudice of their constituents.'

If this principle of trusteeship be accepted, it follows that it is not the business of the President of the United States to avenge the wrongs of Belgium or to put this nation in a position of moral approbation or disapprobation of any other nation. His proper business is to uphold, protect, and defend the rights and interests of the United States. Hence knight-errantry, however noble its ideals may be, is quite inadmissible. A policy of knight-errantry has received such distinguished championship that the notion seems to have become somewhat diffused that perhaps it might have accomplished something; but no real grounds exist for such a belief. It has been made perfectly clear that Bismarck's policy of breaking the sticks one at a time has been discarded and that it is the present policy of Germany to try to break once and for all the entire fagot of her international problems. All her preparations were made with that purpose, of which the invasion of Belgium was an essential feature. It is not in the least likely that an undertaking that was not deterred by the risk of forcing England into the war could have been affected by anything the United States could say or do. Nothing would have happened save an impairment of the ability of our government to act with effect in maintaining American rights and interests.

But although our government kept within the bounds of its own duty, it went as far as that duty permitted in attempting mediation. On August 5,

1914, just as hostilities were beginning, President Wilson sent a cable message to all the belligerent powers in which he said, 'I should welcome an opportunity to act in the interest of European peace, either now or at any other time that might be thought more suitable, as an occasion to serve you and all concerned.' Only formal acknowledgments were received from the belligerents, but this offer of service still stands, and it is well understood that President Wilson's attitude is one of constant readiness to act for the restoration of peace whenever an opportunity arrives.

In connection with the European war new issues have been developed in our domestic politics, and they are now engaging thought and action. Their trenchant influence has already been displayed by a break in the President's Cabinet, and new party formations may eventually result from them. But at this writing they are still in the nebulous stage, and no exact survey of them is practicable. Hence this examination of the policy of the administration will not be carried any further, and therefore it only remains to attempt some assessment of constitutional value for the period that has been considered. Viewed from this standpoint, it may be remarked that the action of the Wilson administration in dealing with external problems will not permanently retain the overshadowing importance it now seems to have. The instructions of history enable one to say with confidence that the policy pursued will be regarded as prudent and sensible, and conforming to well-settled principles of national behavior. And likewise the storm of detraction through which it has had to move exhibits nothing new, but has been the common lot of our presidents in time of great public excitement.

Where the Wilson administration has most strongly marked our constitutional system is in the changes introduced in the relations between the President and Congress, in furtherance of the legislative programme supported by the President in respect of our domestic problems. How deeply the thoughts and desires of President Wilson were bound up with these problems is abundantly attested by essays on public affairs contributed by him to this magazine in the days of his literary activity. The outbreak of the European war was undoubtedly a most untoward event, restricting his activities and abridging his opportunities in moulding political structure. In a letter to a friend in the Senate, before his inauguration as President, he wrote that 'one of the objects I shall have most in mind when I get to Washington will be conferences with my legislative colleagues there with a view of bringing some budget system into existence.' That immensely important matter has not, however, made any visible progress as yet, although it has been the subject of some conference with party leaders.

Nothing more than a provisional estimate of his career can be attempted now. The record is far from complete. He is not yet quite sixty years of age, and he is in the fullness of his mental powers and his working capacity. His typical characteristic as a statesman is, however, definitely settled and distinctly manifest. He applies himself to his tasks, not in the spirit of a gladiator, or of an experimentalist, or even of a reformer, but always in the spirit of a trustee. He regards his office as one of such power and responsibility that inaction on public issues would be culpable, but he is constantly mindful of the fact that the power is not an individual prerogative but is derived from the representative value of the office.

While he makes an energetic use of the influence of his office to promote action, it is always with respect to measures to which his party is committed and in the exercise of his recognized function as the party leader. If distraction of sentiment or vacillation of purpose enfeebles party policy in Congress, he has an effective resource in that he is quite able and willing to appeal to public opinion so as to bring its instructions to bear upon the situation.

Thus while he moves forcefully he moves cautiously, testing the ground for each step he takes, like an elephant crossing a bridge. But while his temper and method are strictly constitutional, he conceives it to be the President's duty to take an active part in shaping

the details of legislation, in promoting action and in enforcing party discipline. He has set up such high standards of constitutional propriety and he has established such cogent precedents that the character of the presidential office will be permanently affected. It will be practically impossible hereafter for any one who takes office as President of the United States to pretend that he can acquit himself of his legislative obligations merely by requesting Congress to take matters into consideration. Our constitutional system is yet to be democratized; has yet to attain its definite form. When the time comes for history to display the process, the methods of Wilson's administration will appear as the mark of a new era.

TWENTY MINUTES OF REALITY

As a child I was afraid of world without end, of life everlasting. The thought of it used to clutch me at times with a crushing sense of the inevitable, and make me long to run away. But where could one run? If never-ending life were true, then I was already caught fast in it, and it would never end. Perhaps it had never had a beginning. Life everlasting, eternity, forever and ever: these are tremendous words for even a grown person to face; and for a child — if he grasp their significance at all — they may be hardly short of appalling. The picture that Heaven presented to my mind was of myself, a desperate little atom, dancing in a streak of light around and around and around forever and ever. I do not know what could have suggested such an idea; I only know that

I could not think of myself caught there in eternity like a chip in a whirlpool, or say 'round again, and round again, and round again' for more than a minute, without hypnotizing myself into a state of sheer terror. Of course, as I grew older I threw off this truly awful conception; yet shorn of its crudeness and looked at with grown-up eyes, there were moments when, much as I believed in, and desired, eternal life, that old feeling of 'round again, and round again' would swoop back upon me with all its unutterable weariness, and no state of bliss that I could imagine seemed to me proof forever against boredom. Nevertheless, I still had faith to believe that eternity and enjoyment of life could in some way be squared, though I did not see how it was to be done. I am glad that I had, for I came

at last to a time when faith was justified by sight, and it is of that time that I wish to write here.

If this paper ever chances to be printed, it will be read, I think, by two sets of persons. There will be those who will wonder if I speak of something that is really there, or who will be quite sure that I do not — that I either imagined or made up the whole thing, or else that it was entirely due to the physical condition of convalescence. Others there will be, who will believe that I am speaking of the truth that is there, because they, too, have seen it. These last will think that it was not because I was returning to health that I imagined all life as beautiful, but that with the cleared vision that sometimes attends convalescence I 'saw into reality,' and felt the ecstasy which is always there, but which we are enabled to perceive only on very rare and fleeting occasions.

It is these last for whom I wish to write. If this clearing of the vision is an occasional occurrence of convalescence, then what I saw is of far more value than it would be had my experience been unique.

I do not really know how long the insight lasted. I have said, at a rough guess, twenty minutes. It may have been a little shorter time, it may have been a little longer. But at best it was very transitory.

It happened to me about two years ago, on the day when my bed was first pushed out of doors to the open gallery of the hospital. I was recovering from a surgical operation. I had undergone a certain amount of physical pain, and had suffered for a short time the most acute mental depression which it has ever been my misfortune to encounter. I suppose that this depression was due to physical causes, but at the time it seemed to me that somewhere down there under the anæsthetic, in the

black abyss of unconsciousness, I had discovered a terrible secret, and the secret was that there was no God; or if there was one, He was indifferent to all human suffering.

Though I had hardly re-established my normal state of faith, still the first acuteness of that depression had faded, and only a scar of fear was left when, several days later, my bed was first wheeled out to the porch. There other patients took their airing and received their visitors; busy internes and nurses came and went, and one could get a glimpse of the sky, with bare gray branches against it, and of the ground, with here and there a patch of melting snow.

It was an ordinary cloudy March day. I am glad to think that it was. I am glad to remember that there was nothing extraordinary about the weather, nor any unusualness of setting — no flush of spring or beauty of scenery — to induce what I saw. It was, on the contrary, almost a dingy day. The branches were bare and colorless, and the occasional half-melted piles of snow were a forlorn gray rather than white. Colorless little city sparrows flew and chirped in the trees, while human beings, in no way remarkable, passed along the porch.

There was, however, a wind blowing, and if any outside thing intensified the experience, it was the blowing of that wind. In every other respect it was an ordinary commonplace day. Yet here, in this everyday setting, and entirely unexpectedly (for I had never dreamed of such a thing), my eyes were opened, and for the first time in all my life I caught a glimpse of the ecstatic beauty of reality.

I cannot now recall whether the revelation came suddenly or gradually; I only remember finding myself in the very midst of those wonderful moments, beholding life for the first time

in all its young intoxication of loveliness, in its unspeakable joy, beauty, and importance. I cannot say exactly what the mysterious change was. I saw no new thing, but I saw all the usual things in a miraculous new light—in what I believe is their true light. I saw for the first time how wildly beautiful and joyous, beyond any words of mine to describe, is the whole of life. Every human being moving across that porch, every sparrow that flew, every branch tossing in the wind, was caught in and was a part of the whole mad ecstasy of loveliness, of joy, of importance, of intoxication of life.

It was not that for a few keyed-up moments I *imagined* all existence as beautiful, but that my inner vision was cleared to the truth so that I *saw* the actual loveliness which is always there, but which we so rarely perceive; and I knew that every man, woman, bird, and tree, every living thing before me, was extravagantly beautiful, and extravagantly important. And as I beheld, my heart melted out of me in a rapture of love and delight. A nurse was walking past; the wind caught a strand of her hair and blew it out in a momentary gleam of sunshine, and never in my life before had I seen how beautiful beyond all belief is a woman's hair. Nor had I ever guessed how marvelous it is for a human being to walk. As for the internes in their white suits, I had never realized before the whiteness of white linen; but much more than that, I had never so much as dreamed of the mad beauty of young manhood. A little sparrow chirped and flew to a nearby branch, and I honestly believe that only 'the morning stars singing together, and the sons of God shouting for joy' can in the least express the ecstasy of a bird's flight. I cannot express it, but I have seen it.

Once out of all the gray days of my life I have looked into the heart of real-

ity; I have witnessed the truth; I have seen life as it really is—ravishingly, ecstatically, madly beautiful, and filled to overflowing with a wild joy, and a value unspeakable. For those glorified moments I was in love with every living thing before me—the trees in the wind, the little birds flying, the nurses, the internes, the people who came and went. There was nothing that was alive that was not a miracle. Just to be alive was in itself a miracle. My very soul flowed out of me in a great joy.

No one can be as happy as I was and not have it show in some way. A stranger passing paused by my bed and said, 'What are you lying here all alone looking so happy about?' I made some inadequate response as to the pleasure of being out-of-doors and of getting well. How could I explain all the beauty that I was seeing? How could I say that the gray curtain of unreality had swirled away and that I was seeing into the heart of life? It was not an experience for words. It was an emotion, a rapture of the heart.

Besides all the joy and beauty and that curious sense of importance, there was a wonderful feeling of rhythm as well, only it was somehow just beyond the grasp of my mind. I heard no music, yet there was an exquisite sense of time, as though all life went by to a vast, unseen melody. Everything that moved wove out a little thread of rhythm in this tremendous whole. When a bird flew, it did so because somewhere a note had been struck for it to fly on; or else its flying struck the note; or else again the great Will that is Melody willed that it should fly. When people walked, somewhere they beat out a bit of rhythm that was in harmony with the whole great theme.

Then, the extraordinary importance of everything! Every living creature was intensely alive and intensely beautiful, but it was as well of a marvelous

value. Whether this value was in itself or a part of the whole, I could not see; but it seemed as though before my very eyes I actually beheld the truth of Christ's saying that not even a sparrow falls to the ground without the knowledge of the Father in Heaven. Yet what the importance was, I did not grasp. If my heart could have seen just a little further I should have understood. Even now the tips of my thoughts are forever on the verge of grasping it, forever just missing it. I have a curious half-feeling that somewhere, deep inside of myself, I know very well what this importance is, and have always known; but I cannot get it from the depth of myself into my mind, and thence into words. But whatever it is, the importance seemed to be nearer to beauty and joy than to an anxious morality. I had a feeling that it was in some way different from the importance I had usually attached to life.

It was perhaps as though that great value in every living thing was not so much here and now in ourselves as somewhere else. There is a great significance in every created thing, but the significance is beyond our present grasp. I do not know what it is; I only know that it is there, and that all life is far more valuable than we ever dream of its being. Perhaps the following quotation from Milton may be what I was conscious of:—

What if earth
Be but the shadow of Heaven, and things
therin
Each to each other like, more than on
earth is thought.

What if here we are only symbols of ourselves, and our real being is somewhere else,—perhaps in the heart of God? Certainly that unspeakable importance had to do with our relationship to the great Whole; but what the relationship was, I could not tell. Was

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it a relationship of love toward us, or only the delight in creation? But it is hardly likely that a glimpse of a cold Creator could have filled me with such an extravagant joy, or so melted the heart within me. For those fleeting, lovely moments I did indeed, and in truth, love my neighbor as myself. Nay, more: of myself I was hardly conscious, while with my neighbor in every form, from wind-tossed branches and little sparrows flying up to human beings, I was madly in love. Is it likely that I could have experienced such love if there were not some such emotion at the heart of Reality? If I did not actually see it, it was not that it was not there, but that I did not see quite far enough.

Perhaps this was because I was still somewhat in the grip of that black doubt which I had experienced, and of which I have spoken. I think it was owing to this doubt also that afterwards I had a certain feeling of distrust. I was afraid that all that beauty might be an uncaring joy. As if, though we were indeed intensely important in some unguessed way to the great Reality, our own small individual sorrows were perhaps not of much moment. I am not sure that I actually had this feeling, as it is very difficult, after the lapse of almost two years, to recapture in memory all the emotions of so fleeting and so unusual an experience. If I did, however, I comfort myself, as I have said, with the thought of the intense joy that I experienced. The vision of an uncaring Reality would hardly have melted me to such happiness. That the Creator is a loving Creator I believe with all my heart; but this is belief, not sight. What I saw that day was an unspeakable joy and loveliness, and a value to all life beyond anything that we have knowledge of; while in myself I knew a wilder happiness than I have ever before or since experienced.

Moreover, though there was nothing exactly religious in what I saw, the accounts given by people who have passed through religious conversion or illumination come nearer to describing my emotions than anything else that I have come across.

These testimonies I read almost a year after my hospital episode. I came upon them by chance, and was astonished to find that they were describing very much what I had passed through. I think if I had had nothing to match them in my own experience I should almost certainly have felt sure that these people, because of the emotional excitement within themselves, imagined all the beauties that they described. Now I believe that they are describing what is actually there. Nor are poets making up—as the average mind believes, and as I think I always believed—the extravagant beauty of which they sing. They are telling us of the truth that is there, and that they are occasionally enabled to see.

Here are some of the testimonies offered by people who have experienced illumination in one form or another.

'Natural objects were glorified,' one person affirms. 'My spiritual vision was so clarified that I saw beauty in every natural object in the universe.' Another says, 'When I went into the field to work, the glory of God appeared in all his visible creation. I well remember we reaped oats, and how every straw and beard of the oats seemed, as it were, arrayed in a kind of rainbow glory, or to glow, if I may so express it, in the glory of God.' The father of Rabindranath Tagore thus describes his illumination: 'I felt a serenity and joy which I had never experienced before . . . the joy I felt . . . that day overflowed my soul. . . . I could not sleep that night. The reason of my sleeplessness was the ecstasy of soul;

as if moonlight had spread itself over my mind for the whole of that night.' And when Tagore speaks of his own illumination he says, 'It was morning; I was watching the sunrise in Free School Street. A veil was suddenly drawn and everything I saw became luminous. The whole scene was one perfect music; one marvelous rhythm.' (Note his sense of rhythm, of which I also was conscious.) 'The houses in the street, the children playing, all seemed part of one luminous whole—inxpressibly glorified.' (Perhaps the significance of that tremendous importance which I felt, but failed to grasp, was that we are all parts of a wonderful whole.) 'I was full of gladness, full of love for every tiniest thing.'

And this was what—in a smaller degree—I, too, saw for those fleeting moments out there upon the hospital porch. Mine was, I think, a sort of accidental clearing of the vision by the rebirth of returning health. I believe that a good many people have experienced the same thing during convalescence. Perhaps this is the way in which we should all view life if we were born into it grown up. As it is, when we first arrive we are so engaged in the tremendous business of cutting teeth, saying words, and taking steps, that we have no time for, and little consciousness of, outside wonders; and by the time we have the leisure for admiration life has lost for us its first freshness. Convalescence is a sort of grown-up rebirth, enabling us to see life with a fresh eye.

Doubtless almost any intense emotion may open our 'inward eye' to the beauty of reality. Falling in love appears to do it for some people. The beauties of nature or the exhilaration of artistic creation does it for others. Probably any high experience may momentarily stretch our souls up on tiptoe, so that we catch a glimpse of that

marvelous beauty which is always there, but which we are not often tall enough to perceive.

Emerson says, 'We are immersed in beauty, but our eyes have no clear vision.' I believe that religious conversion more often clears the eyes to this beauty of truth than any other experience; and it is possible that had I not still been somewhat under that black cloud of doubt, I should have seen further than I did. Yet what I did see was very good indeed.

The following quotation from Canon Inge may not be entirely out of place in this connection: 'Incidentally I may say that the peculiar happiness which accompanies every glimpse of insight into truth and reality, whether in the scientific, aesthetic, or emotional sphere, seems to me to have a greater apologetic value than has been generally recognized. It is the clearest possible indication that the truth is for us the good, and forms the ground of a reasonable faith that all things, if we could see them as they are, would be found to work together for good to those who love God.'

In what I saw there was nothing seemingly of an ethical nature. There were no new rules of conduct revealed by those twenty minutes. Indeed, it seemed as though beauty and joy were more at the heart of Reality than an over-anxious morality. It was a little as though (to transpose the quotation),

I had slept and dreamed that life was duty,
But waked to find that life was beauty.

Perhaps at such times of illumination there is no need to worry over sin, for one is so transported by the beauty of humanity, and so poured out in love toward every human being, that sin becomes almost impossible.

Perhaps duty may merely point the way. When one arrives at one's destination it would be absurd to go back

and reconsult the guide-post. Blindness of heart may be the real sin, and if we could only purify our hearts to behold the beauty that is all about us, sin would vanish away. When Christ says, 'Seek ye the Kingdom of God; and all these things shall be added unto you,' He may mean by 'all these things' spiritual virtues even more than things temporal, such as what we shall eat, and wherewithal we shall be clothed. It may be that He stood forever conscious of a transcendent beauty, and joy, and love, and that what grieved Him most was mankind's inability to behold what was there before their very eyes.

Perhaps, too, this may be the great difference between the saints and the Puritans. Both are agreed that goodness is the means to the end, but the saints have passed on to the end and entered into the realization, and are happy. (One of the most endearing attributes of saints of a certain type was—or rather is, for one refuses to believe that saints are all of the past—their childlike gayety, which can proceed only from a happy and trustful heart.) The Puritan, on the other hand, has stuck fast in the means—is still worrying over the guide-posts, and is distrustful and over-anxious.

It is like walking and dancing. One could never dance unless he had first learned to walk, or continue to dance unless walking were always possible; yet if one is too intent upon the fact of walking, dancing becomes impossible. The Puritan walks in a worried morality; the saint dances in the vision of God's love; and doubtless both are right dear in the sight of the Lord, but the saint is the happiest.

Father Tyrrell says, 'For Jesus the moral is not the highest life, but its condition.'

Some may object that I preach a dangerous doctrine; others, that I am

trying to whip a mad moment of Pagan beauty into line with Christian thought. Possibly I am; yet I am trying not to do the one or the other. I am merely wondering, and endeavoring to get at the truth of something that I saw.

And all the beauty is forever there before us, forever piping to us, and we are forever failing to dance. We could not help but dance if we could see things as they really are. Then we should kiss both hands to Fate and fling our bodies, hearts, minds, and souls into life with a glorious abandonment, an extravagant, delighted loyalty, knowing that our wildest enthusiasm cannot more than brush the hem of the real beauty and joy and wonder that is always there.

This is how, for me, all fear of eternity has been wiped away. I have had a little taste of bliss, and if Heaven can offer this, no eternity will be too long to enjoy the miracle of existence. But that was not the greatest thing that those twenty minutes revealed, and that did most to end all dread of life everlasting. The great thing was the realization that weariness, and boredom, and questions as to the use of it all, belong entirely to unreality. When once we wake to Reality — whether we do so here or have to wait for the next life for it, — we shall never be bored, for in Reality there is no such thing.

Chesterton has pointed out the power for endless enjoyment of the same thing which most children possess, and suggested that this is a God-like capacity; that perhaps to God his creation always presents itself with a freshness of delight; that perhaps the rising of the sun this morning was for Him the same ecstatic event that it was upon the first day of its creation. I think it was the truth of this suggestion that I perceived in those twenty minutes of cleared vision, and realized that in the

youth of eternity we shall recapture that God-like and child-like attribute which the old age and unreality of Time have temporarily snatched from us.

No; I shall have no more fear of eternity. And even if there were no other life, this life here and now, if we could but open our dull eyes to see it in its truth, is lovely enough to require no far-off Heaven for its justification. Heaven, in all its spring-tide of beauty, is here and now, before our very eyes, surging up to our very feet, lapping against our hearts; but we, alas, know not how to let it in!

Once again, when I was almost recovered, I had another fleeting visitation of this extreme beauty. A friend came into my room dressed for the opera. I had seen her thus a great number of times before, but for a moment I saw her clothed in all that wild beauty of Reality, and, as before, my heart melted with joy at the sight. But this second occasion was even more transitory than the first, and since then I have had no return. Tagore's illumination, he says, lasted for seven or eight days, and Jacob Boehme knew a 'Sabbath calm of the soul that lasted for seven days, during which he was, as it were, inwardly surrounded by a divine light. The triumph that was then in my soul,' he says, 'I can neither tell nor describe; I can only liken it to a resurrection from the dead.'

And this miraculous time was with him for a whole week, while I have only tasted it for those few short minutes! But he was a saint, and had really ascended to the holy hill of the Lord through clean hands and a pure heart, while I was swept there momentarily, and, as it were, by accident, through the rebirth of returning health. But when the inspired ones testify to a great joy and a great beauty I too can cry, 'Yes, I have seen it also! Yes, O Beauty, O Reality, O Mad Joy! I

too have seen you face to face!' And though I have never again touched the fullness of that ecstatic vision, I know all created things to be of a beauty and value unspeakable, and I shall not fail to pay homage to all the loveliness with which existence overflows. Nor shall I fear to accord to all of life's experiences, whether sad or gay, as high, as extravagant, and as undismayed a tribute of enthusiasm as I am capable of.

Perhaps some day I shall meet it face to face again. Again the gray veil of unreality will be swirled aside; once more I shall see into Reality. Sometimes still, when the wind is blowing

through trees, or flowers, I have an eerie sense that I am almost in touch with it. The veil was very thin in my garden one day last summer. The wind was blowing there, and I knew that all that beauty and wild young ecstasy at the heart of life was rioting with it through the tossing larkspurs and rose-pink canterbury bells, and bowing with the foxgloves; only I just could not see it. But it is there — it is always there — and some day I shall meet it again. The vision will clear, the inner eye open, and again all that mad joy will be upon me. Some day — not yet perhaps — but some day!

WAS IT REALITY?

BY RICHARD C. CABOT

THE editor of the *Atlantic* has allowed me to read the proof-sheets of the foregoing article and to comment briefly upon some medical and non-medical aspects of the experience there described. Did drugs, disease, or weakness distort the writer's vision? Is it truth or a morbid fancy that he presents to us?

The drug question can be answered promptly. To my personal knowledge the writer of this article took no anæsthetic, no morphine, and no drug of any kind during the seven days previous to that which he describes. After such an interval, drugs could not possibly have influenced him. As to disease and weakness, the following considerations seem to me pertinent. I have ascertained by inquiry that there was no fever in the case, no fasting, nor any of

the conditions under which ascetics see visions. By a slight, brief illness the patient had been cooped up for ten days in a dreary hospital ward. When convalescent he was wheeled into the fresh air and renewed his acquaintance with wholesome sights and sounds.

What he then saw reminds me of the impressions one gets on looking at a sunset with the fresh half of the retina instead of with the staled half which ordinarily confronts the sky. The segment of retina on which the bright light of sky and clouds usually falls is considerably dulled or guarded against the dazzle of the sky-scape. The landscape proper, with its lower lights and duller colors, is received by the other half of the retina, which accordingly becomes keener and more sensitive because it is not in the habit of protecting itself

against strong light. By stooping or lying down one partly inverts the eye, reverses the retinal segments and brings the fresh, unsated part of the eye-ground against the bright sunset colors. The familiar but fascinating result is that the sky colors appear brighter, more varied, and more beautiful.

This result is so easily verifiable and so interestingly parallel to the experience described in 'Twenty Minutes of Reality' that I want to analyze it further. No one questions that the greater beauty appreciated by the fresh half of the retina is reality and not delusion or morbidity. The unsated tissues give us true sight of the colors — show us subtler and more delicate hues, unperceived by the work-a-day vision. Ordinary perception is untrue, because it has become blinded by overuse. It is calloused and numb. It misses the fine points. But when (by standing on our heads or approaching that attitude in more comfortable ways) we suddenly see things afresh — the new truth is beautiful truth. It is not merely strange or bizarre. The familiar cloud-masses and glowing horizon are there, but enhanced; not deformed, but fulfilled.

All this seems to me strikingly parallel to the 'Twenty Minutes.' Familiar and unshaken, yet glorified — such was the new aspect of things. Such it is when the fresher healthier strip of retina gets a chance to mirror the truth. A keener delight in perception is notoriously a mark of health. It is to the healthy palate that food tastes wonderfully good. It is the diseased organism that finds no savor. To me therefore there are signs of unusual health in the type of perception which this convalescent reports. He describes the activity characteristic of sound senses, refreshed by rest and reinvigorated by the shock of a return from prison conditions to more normal life.

But the essay reminds me not only

of the glories of standing on one's head but of the glories of childhood. The glittering new painted universe which was enjoyed for those 'Twenty Minutes' is after all a very familiar one. It is simply the world of our unsated, unsophisticated childhood — the Golden Age of Kenneth Grahame and Stevenson. Now I do not for a moment assert that children are always closer to truth than adults, but I do assert without fear of contradiction that they are healthier than adults. In their daily output of energy, in their muscular control and coördination through the larger movements of trunk and limb, wherein consists the beauty and the security of motion, children are vastly our superiors. In the soundness of their sleep, in their power to survive infectious disease they leave adults far in the rear.

There is no doubt, then, that childhood is the acme of physical health. There is also, I think, no doubt that in the 'Twenty Minutes' which I am examining, a child's type of perception is recorded. If it was the child's type, it was probably an unusually healthy type. No evidence of morbidity appears from this point of view.

Deserting now the medical standpoint, I want to suggest in closing that our ordinary prosaic perceptions show strong evidence of morbidity. The familiar pictures on our walls are all but invisible to most of us. Shall we pride ourselves on this sort of blindness? It means falsity, not fact. The blindness, to be sure, is in our brains, not in our eyes. It is not incurable. The powers are not atrophied — they are merely in abeyance. Yet while they are thus off duty we are almost as bad as blind. Familiarity breeds not so much contempt as callousness. Satiety is our average or 'normal' state about much of our experience in adult life; and satiety is demonstrably untrue, unscientific, maimed — in short, diseased. To

shock us into fresh perception, to bring back the true world we have lost by habitual dullness and inattention we need just such an experience as led up to the 'Twenty Minutes of Reality.' A little hunger brings out the taste of

food. Ten days of hospital atmosphere, and then convalescence and the return to the sky and the moving winds, might well crack the crust of habit and show us reality. In my belief this is just what happened.

SONGS OF WAR

Written within sound of the guns on the British front

BY GILBERT FRANKAU

SIGNALS

THE hot wax drips from the flares
On the scrawled pink forms that litter
The bench where he sits; the glitter
Of stars is framed by the sand-bags atop of the dug-out stairs.
And the lagging watch-hands creep,
And his cloaked mates murmur in sleep —
Forms he can wake with a kick —
And he hears, as he plays with the pressel-switch, the strapped receiver click
On his ear that listens, listens;
And the candle-flicker glistens
On the rounded brass of the switch-board where the red wires cluster thick.

Wires from the earth, from the air;
Wires that whisper and chatter
At night, when the trench-rats patter
And nibble among the rations and scuttle back to their lair;
Wires that are never at rest —
For the linesmen tap them and test,
And ever they tremble with tone: —
And he knows from a hundred signals the buzzing call of his own,

The breaks and the vibrant stresses,—
 The Z, and the G, and the Esses,
 That call his hand to the answering key and his mouth to the microphone.

For always the laid guns fret
 On the words that his mouth shall utter,
 When rifle and maxim stutter
 And the rockets volley to starward from the spurting parapet;
 And always his ear must hark
 To the voices out of the dark,—
 For the whisper over the wire,
 From the bombed and the battered trenches where the wounded moan in the
 mire,—
 For a sign to waken the thunder
 Which shatters the night asunder
 With the flash of the leaping muzzles and the beat of battery-fire.

AMMUNITION COLUMN

*I am only a cog in a giant machine, a link of an endless chain:—
 And the rounds are drawn, and the rounds are fired, and the empties return again;
 Railroad, lorry and limber, battery, column and park;
 To the shelf where the set fuse waits the breech, from the quay where the shells em-
 bark —*

We have watered and fed, and eaten our beef; the long dull day drags by,
 As I sit here watching our ‘Archibalds’ strafing an empty sky;
 Puff and flash on the far-off blue round the speck one guesses the plane —
 Smoke and spark of the gun-machine that is fed by the endless chain.

*I am only a cog in a giant machine, a little link in the chain,
 Waiting a word from the wagon-lines that the guns are hungry again:—
 Column-wagon to battery-wagon, and battery-wagon to gun;
 To the loader kneeling 'twixt trail and wheel from the shops where the steam-lathes
 run —*

There’s a lone mule braying against the line where the mud cakes fetlock-deep!
 There’s a lone soul humming a hint of a song in the barn where the drivers sleep;

And I hear theplash of the orderly's horse as he canters him down the lane —
Another cog in the gun-machine, a link in the selfsame chain.

I am only a cog in a giant machine, but a vital link in the chain;
And the Captain has sent from the wagon-line to fill his wagons again; —
From wagon-limber to gunpit dump; from loader's forearm at breech,
To the working-party that melts away when the shrapnel bullets screech. —
So the restless section pulls out once more in column of route from the right,
At the tail of a blood-red afternoon; so the flux of another night
Bears back the wagons we fill at dawn to the sleeping column again. . . .
Cog on cog in the gun-machine, link on link in the chain!

THE VOICE OF THE GUNS

We are the guns, and your masters! Saw ye our flashes?
Heard ye the scream of our shells in the night, and the shuddering crashes?
Saw ye our work by the roadside, the gray wounded lying,
Moaning to God that he made them — the maimed and the dying:

Husbands or sons,
Fathers or lovers, we break them! We are the guns!

We are the guns and ye serve us! Dare ye grow weary,
Steadfast at night-time, at noon-time; or waking, when dawn winds blow dreary
Over the fields and the flats and the reeds of the barrier water,
To wait on the hour of our choosing, the minute decided for slaughter?

Swift the clock runs;
Yes, to the ultimate second. Stand to your guns!

We are the guns and we need you! Here in the timbered
Pits that are screened by the crest and the copse where at dusk ye unlimbered,
Pits that one found us — and finding, gave life (Did he flinch from the giving?);
Labored by moonlight when wraith of the dead brooded yet o'er the living,

Ere, with the sun's
Rising the sorrowful spirit abandoned its guns.

Who but the guns shall avenge him? Strip us for action!
 Load us and lay to the centremost hair of the dial-sight's refraction!
 Set your quick hands to our levers to compass the sped soul's assoiling;
 Brace your taut limbs to the shock when the thrust of the barrel recoiling
 Deafens and stuns!

Vengeance is ours for our servants! Trust ye the guns!

Least of our bond-slaves or greatest, grudge ye the burden?
 Hard is this service of ours which has only our service for guerdon:
 Grow the limbs lax, and unsteady the hands, which aforetime we trusted;
 Flawed, the clear crystal of sight; and the clean steel of hardihood rusted?

Dominant ones,
Are we not true serfs and proven — true to our guns?

*Ye are the guns! Are we worthy? Shall not these speak for us,
 Out of the woods where the torn trees are slashed with the vain bolts that seek for us,
 Thunder of batteries firing in unison, swish of shell flighting,
 Hissing that rushes to silence and breaks to the thud of alighting;*

*Death that outruns
 Horseman and foot? Are we justified? Answer, O guns!*

Yea! by your works are ye justified — toil unrelieved;
 Manifold labors, coördinate each to the sending achieved;
 Discipline, not of the feet but the soul, unremitting, unfeigned;
 Tortures unholy by flame and by maiming, known, faced, and disdained;
 Courage that shuns
 Only foolhardiness; even by these are ye worthy your guns!

Wherefore, — and unto ye only — power has been given;
 Yea! — beyond man, over men, over desolate cities and riven;
 Yea! beyond space, over earth and the seas and the skies' high dominions;
 Yea! beyond time, over Hell and the fiends and the Death-angel's pinions!

*Vigilant ones,
 Loose them, and shatter, and spare not! We are the guns!*

WAR AS AN INSTITUTION

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

I

IN spite of the fact that most nations, at most times, are at peace, war is one of the permanent institutions of most free communities, just as Parliament is one of our permanent institutions in spite of the fact that it is not always sitting. It is war as a permanent institution that I wish to consider: why men tolerate it, what hope there is of their coming not to tolerate it, and how they could abolish it if they wished to do so.

War is a conflict between two groups of men, each of which attempts to kill and maim as many as possible of the other group, in order to achieve some object which it desires. The object is generally either power or wealth. It is a pleasure to exercise authority over other men, and it is a pleasure to live on the produce of other men's labor. The victor in war can enjoy more of these pleasures than the vanquished. But war, like all other natural activities, is not so much prompted by the end which it has in view as by an impulse to the activity itself. Very often men desire an end, not on its own account, but because their nature demands the actions which will lead to the end. And so it is in this case: the ends to be achieved by war appear, in prospect, far more important than they will appear when they are realized, because war itself is a fulfillment of one side of our nature. If men's actions sprang from desires for what would in fact bring happiness, the purely rational arguments against war would have long

ago put an end to it. What makes war difficult to suppress is that it springs from an impulse rather than from a calculation of the advantages to be derived from war.

War differs from the employment of force by the police through the fact that the actions of the police are ordered by a neutral authority, whereas in war it is the parties to the dispute themselves who set force in motion. This distinction is not absolute, since the state is not always wholly neutral in internal disturbances. When strikers are shot down, the state is taking the side of the rich. When opinions adverse to the existing state are punished, the state is obviously one of the parties to the dispute. And from the suppression of individual opinion up to civil war, all gradations are possible. But, broadly speaking, force employed according to laws previously laid down by the community as a whole may be distinguished from force employed by one community against another on occasions of which the one community is the sole judge.

I have dwelt upon this difference, because I do not think that the use of force by the police can be wholly eliminated, and I think that a similar use of force in international affairs offers the best hope of permanent peace. At present, international affairs are regulated by the principle that a nation must not intervene unless its interests are involved: diplomatic usage forbids intervention for the mere maintenance of international law. America may protest when

American citizens are drowned by German submarines, but must not protest when no American citizens are involved. The case would be analogous in internal affairs if the police would only interfere with murder when it happened that a policeman had been killed. So long as this principle prevails in the relations of states, the power of neutrals cannot be effectively employed to prevent war.

In every civilized country two forces coöperate to produce war. Only educated men are likely to be warlike at ordinary times, since they alone are vividly aware of other countries or of the part which their own nation might play in the affairs of the world. But it is only their knowledge, not their nature, that distinguishes them from their more ignorant compatriots. To take the most obvious example, German policy, in recent years before the war, was not averse from war, and not friendly to England. It is worth while to try to understand the state of mind from which this policy sprang.

The men who direct German policy are, to begin with, patriotic to an extent which is almost unknown in more civilized countries, such as France and England. The interests of Germany appear to them unquestionably the only interests they need consider. What injury may, in pursuing those interests, be done to other nations, what destruction may be brought upon populations and cities, what irreparable damage may be done to civilization, it is not for them to consider. If they can confer what they consider benefits upon Germans, everything else is of no account.

The second noteworthy point about German policy is, that its conception of national welfare is purely competitive. It is not the *intrinsic* wealth of Germany, whether materially or mentally, that the rulers of Germany consider important: it is the *comparative*

wealth, in the competition with other civilized countries. For this reason, the destruction of good things abroad appears to them exactly as desirable as the creation of good things in Germany. In most parts of the world, the French are regarded as the most civilized of nations: their art and their literature and their way of life have an attraction for foreigners which those of Germany do not have. The English have developed political liberty, and the art of maintaining an empire with a minimum of coercion, in ways for which Germany, hitherto, has shown no aptitude. These are grounds for envy, and envy wishes to destroy what is good in other countries. The Germans, quite rightly, judged that what was best in France and England would probably be destroyed by a great war, even if France and England were not in the end defeated in the actual fighting. I have seen a list of young French writers killed on the battlefield; probably the German authorities have also seen it, and have reflected with joy that another year of such losses will destroy French literature for a generation — perhaps, through loss of tradition, forever. Every outburst against liberty in our more bellicose newspapers, every incitement to persecution of defenseless Germans, every mark of growing ferocity in our attitude, must be read with delight by German patriots, as proving their success in robbing us of our best, and forcing us to imitate whatever is worst in Prussia.

But what the rulers of Germany have envied Great Britain most was power and wealth — the power derived from command of the seas and the straits, the wealth derived from a century of industrial supremacy. In both these respects, they feel that their deserts are higher than ours. They have devoted far more thought and skill to military and industrial organization. Their av-

erage of intelligence and knowledge is far superior to ours. Their capacity for pursuing an attainable end, unitedly and with forethought, is infinitely greater than ours. Yet we, merely (as they think) because we had a start in the race, have achieved a vastly larger empire than they have, and an enormously greater control of capital. All this is unbearable; and nothing but a great war can alter it.

Besides all these feelings, there is in many Germans, especially in those who know us best, a hot hatred on account of our pride. Farinata degli Uberti surveyed Hell '*come avesse lo inferno in gran dispitto.*' Just so, by German accounts, English officer prisoners look round them among their captors — holding aloof, as though the enemy were noxious unclean creatures, toads or slugs or centipedes, which a man does not touch willingly, and shakes off with loathing if he is forced to touch them for a moment. It is easy to imagine how the devils hated Farinata, and inflicted greater pains upon him than upon his neighbors, hoping to win recognition by some slight wincing on his part, driven to frenzy by his continuing to behave as if they did not exist. In just the same way the Germans are maddened by our spiritual immobility. At bottom, we have regarded the Germans as one regards flies on a hot day — they are a nuisance, one has to brush them off, but it would not occur to one to be turned aside by them. Now that the initial certainty of victory has faded, we begin to be affected inwardly by the Germans. In time, if we continue to fail in our military enterprises, we shall realize that they are human beings, not just a tiresome circumstance. Then perhaps we shall hate them with a hatred which they will have no reason to resent. And from such a hatred it will be only a short journey to a genuine *rapprochement*.

The problem which must be solved, if the future of the world is to be less terrible than its present, is the problem of preventing nations from getting into the moods of England and Germany at the outbreak of the war. These two nations, as they were at that moment, might be taken as almost mythical representatives of pride and envy — of cold pride and hot envy. Germany declaimed passionately, 'You, England, swollen and decrepit, overshadow my whole growth — your rotting branches keep the sun from shining upon me and the rain from nourishing me. Your spreading foliage must be lopped, your symmetrical beauty must be destroyed, that I too may have freedom to grow, that my young vigor may no longer be impeded by your decaying mass.' England, bored and aloof, unconscious of the claims of outside forces, attempted absent-mindedly to sweep away the upstart disturber of meditation; but the upstart was not swept away, and remains so far with every prospect of making good his claim. The claim and the resistance to it are alike folly. Germany had no good ground for envy; we had no good ground for resisting whatever in Germany's demands was compatible with our continued existence. Is there any method of averting such reciprocal folly in the future?

II

I think that if either the English or the Germans were capable of thinking in terms of individual welfare rather than national pride, they would have seen that, at every moment during the war, the wisest course would have been to conclude peace at once, on the best terms that could have been obtained. This course, I am convinced, would have been the wisest for each separate nation as well as for civilization in general. The utmost evil that the enemy

could inflict through an unfavorable peace would be a trifle compared to the evil which all the nations inflict upon themselves by continuing to fight. What prevents the acknowledgment of this obvious fact is pride, the pride which cannot bear to admit defeat.

The mood in which Germany embarked upon the war was abominable, but it was a mood fostered by the habitual mood of England. If we had realized the futility of empire, if we had shown a willingness to yield colonies to Germany without waiting for the threat of force, we might have been in a position to persuade the Germans that their ambitions were foolish, and that the respect of the world was not to be won on imperialist lines. But by our resistance we showed that we shared their standards. We, being in possession, became enamored of the *status quo*. The Germans were willing to make war to upset the *status quo*; we were willing to make war to prevent its being upset in Germany's favor. So convinced were we of the sacredness of the *status quo* that we never realized how advantageous it was to us, or how, by insisting upon it, we shared the responsibility for the war. In a world where nations grow and decay, where forces change and populations become cramped, it is not possible or desirable to maintain the *status quo* forever. If peace is to be preserved, nations must learn to accept unfavorable alterations of the map without feeling that they must first be defeated in war, or that in yielding they incur a humiliation.

It is the insistence of legalists and friends of peace upon the maintenance of the *status quo* that has driven Germany into militarism. Germany had as good a right to an empire as any other great power, but could only acquire an empire through war. Love of peace has been too much associated with a static conception of interna-

tional relations. In economic disputes, we all know that whatever is vigorous in the wage-earning classes is opposed to 'industrial peace,' because the existing distribution of wealth is felt to be unfair. Those who enjoy a privileged position endeavor to bolster up their claims by appealing to the desire for peace, and decrying those who promote strife between the classes. It never occurs to them that, by opposing changes without considering whether or not they are just, the capitalists share the responsibility for the class-war. And in exactly the same way, England shares the responsibility for Germany's war. If actual war is ever to cease, there will have to be political methods of achieving the results which now can be achieved only by successful fighting, and nations will have to admit voluntarily adverse claims which appear just in the judgment of neutrals.

It is only by some such admission, embodying itself in a parliament of the nations with full power to alter the distribution of territory, that militarism can be permanently overcome. It may be that the present war will bring, in the western nations, a change of mood and outlook sufficient to make such an institution possible. It may be that more wars and more destruction will be necessary before the majority of civilized men rebel against the brutality and futile destruction of modern war. But unless our standards of civilization and our powers of constructive thought are to be permanently lowered, I cannot doubt that, sooner or later, reason will conquer the blind impulses which now lead nations into war. And if a majority of the great powers had a firm determination that peace should be preserved, there would be no difficulty in devising diplomatic machinery for the settlement of disputes, and educational systems which would implant in the minds of the young an invincible

and ineradicable horror of the futile slaughter which the defenseless children are now taught to admire.

But besides the conscious and deliberate forces leading to war, there are the inarticulate feelings of common men, which, in most civilized countries, are always ready to burst into war-fever at the bidding of statesmen. If peace is to be secured, the readiness to catch war-fever must be somehow diminished. Whoever wishes to succeed in this must first understand what war-fever is and why it arises.

The men who have an important influence in the world, whether for good or evil, are dominated as a rule by a threefold desire: they desire, first, an activity which calls fully into play the faculties in which they feel that they excel; secondly, the sense of successfully overcoming resistance; thirdly, the respect of others on account of their success. The same desires, usually in a less marked degree, exist in men who have no exceptional talents. But such men cannot achieve anything very difficult by their individual efforts; to them, as units, it is impossible to acquire the sense of greatness or the triumph of strong resistance overcome. Their separate lives are unadventurous and dull. In the morning they go to the office or the plough; in the evening they return, tired and silent, to the sober monotony of wife and children. Believing that security is the supreme good, they have insured against sickness and death, and have found an employment where they have little fear of dismissal and no hope of any great rise. But security, once achieved, brings a nemesis of *ennui*. Adventure, imagination, risk, also have their claims; but how can these claims be satisfied by the ordinary wage-earner? Even if it were possible to satisfy them, the claims of wife and children have priority and must not be neglected.

To this victim of order and good organization, the realization comes, in some moment of sudden crisis, that he belongs to a nation, that his nation may take risks, may engage in difficult enterprises, enjoy the hot passion of doubtful combat, stimulate adventure and imagination by military expeditions to Mount Sinai and the Garden of Eden. What his nation does, in some sense he does; what his nation suffers, he suffers. The long years of private caution are avenged by a wild plunge into public madness. All the horrid duties of thrift and order and care, which he has learned to fulfill in private, are thought not to apply to public affairs: it is patriotic and noble to be reckless for the nation, though it would be wicked to be reckless for one's self. The old primitive passions, which civilization has denied, surge up, all the stronger for repression. In a moment, imagination and instinct travel back through the centuries, and the wild man of the woods emerges from the mental prison in which he has been confined. This is the deeper part of the psychology of the war-fever.

But besides the irrational and instinctive element in the war-fever, there is always also, if only as a liberator of primitive impulse, a certain amount of quasi-rational calculation and what is euphemistically called 'thought.' The war-fever very seldom seizes a nation unless it believes that it will be victorious. Undoubtedly, under the influence of excitement, men overestimate their chances of success; but there is *some* proportion between what is hoped and what a rational man would expect. Holland, though quite as humane as England, had no impulse to go to war on behalf of Belgium, because the likelihood of disaster was so obviously overwhelming. The London populace, if they had known how the war was going to develop, would not have

rejoiced as they did on that August Bank Holiday long ago. A nation which has had a recent experience of war, and has come to know that a war is almost always more painful than it is expected to be at the outset, becomes much less liable to war-fever, until a new generation grows up. The element of rationality in war-fever is recognized by governments and journalists who desire war, as may be seen by their invariably minimizing the perils of a war which they wish to provoke. At the beginning of the South African War, Sir William Butler was dismissed for suggesting (so I understand) that 60,000 men and three months might not suffice to subdue the Boer republics. And when the war proved long and difficult, the nation turned against those who had made it. We may assume, I think, without attributing too great a share to reason in human affairs, that a nation would not suffer from war-fever in a case where every sane man could see that defeat was very probable. The importance of this lies in the fact that it would make aggressive war very unlikely if its chances of success were very small.

The economic and political forces which make for war could be easily curbed, if the will to peace existed strongly in all civilized nations. But so long as the populations are liable to war-fever, all work for peace must be precarious; and if war-fever could not be aroused, political and economic forces would be powerless to produce any long or very destructive war. The fundamental problem for the pacifist is to prevent the impulse toward war which seizes whole communities from time to time. And this can be done only by far-reaching changes in education, in the economic structure of society, and in the moral code by which public opinion controls the lives of men and women.

III

A great many of the impulses which lead nations to go to war are in themselves essential to any vigorous or progressive life. Without imagination and love of adventure, a society soon becomes stagnant and begins to decay. Conflict, provided it is not destructive and brutal, is necessary in order to stimulate men's activities, and to secure the victory of what is living over what is dead or merely traditional. The wish for the triumph of one's cause, the sense of solidarity with large bodies of men, are not things which a wise man will wish to destroy. It is only the outcome in death and destruction and hatred that is evil. The problem is, to keep these impulses, without making war the outlet for them.

All Utopias that have hitherto been constructed are intolerably dull. Any man with any force in him would rather live in this world, with all its ghastly horrors, than in Plato's Republic or among Swift's Houyhnhnms. The men who make Utopias proceed upon a radically false assumption as to what constitutes a good life. They conceive that it is possible to imagine a certain state of society and a certain way of life which should be once for all recognized as good, and should then continue forever and ever. They do not realize that much the greater part of a man's happiness depends upon activity, and only a very small remnant consists in passive enjoyment. Even the pleasures which do consist in enjoyment are satisfactory, to most men, only when they come in the intervals of activity. Social reformers, like inventors of Utopias, are apt to forget this very obvious fact of human nature.

It would, of course, be easy to produce peace if there were no vigor in the world. Pacifism, if it is to be both victorious and beneficent, must find an

outlet, compatible with humane feeling, for the vigor which now leads nations into war and destruction. This problem was considered by William James, in an admirable address on 'The Moral Equivalent of War,' delivered to a congress of pacifists during the Spanish-American War of 1898. His statement of the problem could not be bettered; and, so far as I know, he is the only writer who has faced the problem adequately. But his solution is not adequate; perhaps no adequate solution is possible. The problem, however, is one of degree: every additional peaceful outlet for men's energies diminishes the force which urges nations toward war, and makes war less frequent and less fierce. And as a question of degree, it is capable of more or less partial solutions.

Every vigorous man needs some kind of contest, some sense of resistance overcome, in order to feel that he is exercising his faculties. Under the influence of economics, a theory has grown up that what men desire is wealth; this theory has tended to verify itself, because people's actions are more often determined by what they think they desire than by what they really desire. For this reason, public opinion has a great influence in directing the activities of vigorous men. In America, a millionaire is more respected than a great artist; this leads men who might have become either the one or the other to choose to become millionaires. In Renaissance Italy, great artists were more respected than millionaires, and the result was the opposite of what it is in America.

Some pacifists and all militarists deprecate social and political conflicts. In this the militarists are in the right, from their point of view; but the pacifists seem to me mistaken. Conflicts of party politics, conflicts between capital and labor, and generally all those conflicts of principle which do not involve

war, serve many useful purposes, and do very little harm. They increase men's interest in public affairs, they afford a comparatively innocent outlet for the love of contest, and they help to alter laws and institutions when changing conditions or greater knowledge create the wish for an alteration. Everything that intensifies political life tends to bring a peaceful interest of the same kind as the interest which leads to desire for war. And in a democratic community, political questions give to every voter a sense of initiative and power and responsibility which relieves his life of something of its narrow unadventurousness. The object of the pacifist should be to give men more and more political control over their own lives, and in particular to introduce democracy into the management of industry, as the syndicalists advise.

The problem for the reflective pacifist is twofold: how to keep his own country at peace, and how to preserve the peace of the world. It is impossible that the peace of the world should be preserved while nations are liable to the mood in which Germany entered upon the war — unless, indeed, one nation were so obviously stronger than all others combined as to make war unnecessary for that one and hopeless for all the others. As this war has dragged on its weary length, many people must have asked themselves whether national independence is worth the price that has to be paid for it.

There is a degree of interference with liberty which is fatal to many forms of national life — for example, Italy in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was crushed by the supremacy of Spain and Austria. If the Germans were actually to annex French provinces, as they did in 1871, they would probably inflict a serious injury upon those provinces, and make them less fruitful for civilization in general. For

such reasons, national liberty is a matter of real importance, and a Europe actually governed by Germany would probably be very dead and unproductive. But if 'hegemony' merely means increased weight in diplomatic questions, more coaling stations and possessions in Africa, more power of securing advantageous commercial treaties, then it can hardly be supposed that it would do any vital damage to other nations; certainly it would not do so much damage as the present war is doing. I cannot doubt that, before the war, a hegemony of this kind would have abundantly satisfied the Germans. But the effect of the war, so far, has been to increase immeasurably all the dangers which it was intended to avert. We have now only the choice between the certain exhaustion of Europe in fighting Germany and possible damage to the national life of France by German tyranny. Stated in terms of civilization and human welfare, not in terms of national prestige, that is now in fact the issue.

IV

Assuming that war is not ended by one state conquering all the others, the only way in which it can be permanently ended is by a world-federation. So long as there are many sovereign states, each with its own army, there can be no security that there will not be war. There will have to be in the world only one army and one navy before there will be any reason to think that wars have ceased. This means that, so far as the military functions of the state are concerned, there will be only one state, which will be world-wide.

The civil functions of the state — legislative, administrative, and judicial — have no very essential connection with the military functions; and there is no reason why both kinds of functions should normally be exer-

cised by the same state. There is, in fact, every reason why the civil state and the military state should be different. The greater modern states are already too large for most civil purposes, but for military purposes they are not large enough, since they are not worldwide. This difference as to the desirable area for the two kinds of state introduces a certain perplexity and hesitation when it is not realized that the two functions have little necessary connection: one set of considerations points toward small states, the other toward continually larger states. Of course, if there were an international army and navy, there would have to be some international authority to set them in motion. But this authority need never concern itself with any of the internal concerns of national states: it need only declare the rules which should regulate their relations, and pronounce judicially when those rules have been so infringed as to call for the intervention of the international force. How easily the limits of the international authority could be fixed, may be seen by many actual examples.

The civil and the military state are often different, in practice, for many purposes. The states of America are sovereign except in certain respects, but they do not have separate armies and navies. The South American republics are sovereign for all purposes except their relations with Europe, in regard to which they are subject to the United States: in dealings with Europe, the army and navy of the United States are their army and navy. The self-governing dominions of Great Britain depend for their defense, not upon their own forces, but upon our navy. Most governments, nowadays, do not aim at formal annexation of a country which they wish to incorporate, but only at a protectorate; that is, civil autonomy subject to military

control. Such autonomy is, of course, in practice incomplete, because it does not enable the 'protected' country to adopt measures which are vetoed by the power in military control. But it may be very nearly complete, as in the case of our self-governing dominions. At the other extreme, it may become a mere farce, as in Egypt. In the case of an alliance, there is complete autonomy of the separate allied countries, together with what is practically a combination of their military forces into one single force.

The great advantage of a large military state is that it increases the area over which internal war is not possible except by revolution. If England and Canada have a disagreement, it is taken as a matter of course that a settlement will be arrived at by discussion, not by force. Still more is this the case if Manchester and Liverpool have a quarrel, in spite of the fact that each is autonomous for many local purposes. No one would have thought it reasonable that Liverpool should go to war to prevent the construction of the Manchester Ship Canal, although almost any two great powers would have gone to war over an issue of the same relative importance. England and Russia would probably have gone to war over Persia if they had not been allies; as it is, they arrived by diplomacy at much the same iniquitous result as they would otherwise have reached by fighting. Australia and Japan would probably fight if they were both completely independent; but both depend for their liberties upon the British navy, and therefore they have to adjust their differences peaceably.

The chief disadvantage of a large military state is that, when external war occurs, the area affected is greater. The Quadruple Entente forms, for the present, one military state; the result is that, because of a dispute between

Austria and Serbia, Belgium is devastated and Australians are killed in the Dardanelles. Another disadvantage is that it facilitates oppression. A large military state is practically omnipotent against a small state, and can impose its will, as England and Russia did in Persia. It is impossible to make sure of avoiding oppression by any purely mechanical guarantees; only a liberal and humane spirit can afford a real protection. It has been perfectly possible for England to oppress Ireland in the past, in spite of democracy and the presence of Irish members at Westminster. Nor has the presence of Poles in the Reichstag prevented the oppression of Prussian Poland. But democracy and representative government undoubtedly make oppression less probable: they afford a means by which those who might be oppressed can make their wishes and grievances publicly known; they make it certain that only a minority can be oppressed, and then only if the majority are nearly unanimous in wishing to oppress them. Also the practice of oppression affords much more pleasure to the governing classes, who actually carry it out, than to the mass of the population. For this reason, the mass of the population, where it has power, is likely to be less tyrannical than an oligarchy or a bureaucracy.

In order to prevent war and at the same time to preserve liberty, it is necessary that there should be only one military state in the world, but that it should act, in different countries, according to the wishes of the civil government of those countries, except when disputes between different countries are involved, which should be decided by some central authority. This is what would naturally result from a federation of the world, if such a thing ever came about. But the prospect is remote, and it is worth while to consider why it is so remote.

The unity of a nation is produced by similar habits, instinctive liking, a common history, and a common pride. The unity of a nation is partly due to intrinsic affinities between its citizens, but partly also to the pressure and contrast of the outside world: if a nation were isolated, it would not have the same cohesion or the same fervor of patriotism. When we come to alliances of nations, it is seldom anything except outside pressure that produces solidarity. England and America, to some extent, are drawn together by the same causes which often make national unity: a (more or less) common language, similar political institutions, similar aims in international politics. But England, France, and Russia were drawn together solely by fear of Germany: if Germany had been annihilated by a natural cataclysm, they would at once have begun to hate one another, as they did before Germany was strong. For this reason, the possibility of coöperation in the present alliance against Germany affords no ground whatever for hoping that all the nations of the world might coöperate permanently in a peaceful alliance. The present motive for cohesion, namely, a common fear, would be gone, and could not be replaced by any other motive unless men's thoughts and purposes were very different from what they are now.

The ultimate fact from which war results is not economic or political, and does not rest upon any mechanical difficulty of inventing means for the peaceful settlement of international disputes. The ultimate fact from which war results is the fact that a large proportion of mankind have an impulse to conflict rather than harmony, and can be brought to coöperate with others only in resisting or attacking a common enemy. This is the case in private life as well as in the relations of states. Most men, when they feel themselves suffi-

ciently strong, set to work to make themselves feared rather than loved: the wish to obtain the good opinion of others is confined, as a rule, to those who have not yet acquired secure power. The impulse to quarreling and self-assertion, the pleasure of getting one's own way in spite of opposition, is native to most men. It is this impulse, rather than any motive of calculated self-interest, which produces war, and makes the difficulty of bringing about a world-state. And this impulse is not confined to one nation: it exists, in varying degrees, in all the vigorous nations of the world.

But although this impulse is strong, there is no reason why it should be allowed to lead to war. It was exactly the same impulse which led to dueling; yet now civilized men conduct their private quarrels without bloodshed. If political contest within a world-state were substituted for war, men's imaginations would soon accustom themselves to the new situation, as they have accustomed themselves to absence of dueling. Through the influence of institutions and habits, without any fundamental change in human nature, men would learn to look back upon war as we look upon the burning of heretics or upon human sacrifice to heathen deities. If I were to buy a revolver costing several pounds, in order to shoot my friend with a view to stealing sixpence out of his pocket, I should be thought neither very wise nor very virtuous. But if I can get sixty-five million accomplices to join me in this criminal absurdity, I become one of a great and glorious nation, nobly sacrificing the cost of my revolver, perhaps even my life, in order to secure the sixpence for the honor of my country. Historians, who are almost invariably sycophants, will praise me and my accomplices if we are successful, and say that we are worthy successors of

the heroes who overthrew the might of Rome. But if my opponents are victorious, if their sixpences are defended at the cost of many pounds each and the lives of a large proportion of the population, then historians will call me a brigand (as I am), and praise the spirit and self-sacrifice of those who have resisted me.

War is surrounded with glamour by tradition, by Homer and the Old Testament, by early education, by elaborate myths as to the importance of the issues involved, by the heroism and self-sacrifice which these myths call out. Jephthah sacrificing his daughter is a heroic figure, but he would have let her live if he had not been deceived by a myth. Mothers sending their sons to the battlefield are heroic, but they are as much deceived as Jephthah. And, in both cases alike, the heroism which issues in cruelty would be dispelled if there were not some strain of barbarism in the imaginative outlook from which myths spring. A God who can be pleased by the sacrifice of an innocent girl could be worshiped only by men to whom the thought of receiving such a sacrifice is not wholly abhorrent. A nation whose welfare can be secured only by suffering and inflicting hundreds of thousands of equally horrible sacrifices is a nation which has no very spiritual conception of its own welfare.

It would be better a hundredfold to forego material comfort, power, pomp, and outward glory, than to kill and be killed, to hate and be hated, to throw away in a mad moment of fury the bright heritage of the ages.

Men have learned gradually to free their God from the savagery with which the primitive Israelites endowed him: few now believe that it is his pleasure to torture most of the human race in an eternity of hell-fire. But they have not yet learned to free their national ideals from the ancient taint. Devotion to the nation is perhaps the deepest and most widespread religion of the present age. Like the ancient religions, it demands its persecutions, its holocausts, its lurid, heroic cruelties; like them, it is noble, primitive, brutal, and mad. Now, as in the past, religion, lagging behind private consciences through the weight of tradition, steals the hearts of men against mercy and their minds against truth. If the world is to be saved, men must learn to be noble without being cruel, to be filled with faith and yet open to truth, to be inspired by great purposes without hating those who try to thwart them. But before this can happen, men must first face the terrible realization that the gods before whom they have bowed down were false gods, and the sacrifices they have made were vain.

OF WATER AND THE SPIRIT

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

'I want to tell you — I *must* tell you all about it.'

With a kind of grave finality, the little woman in the deck chair next to mine snapped together the collapsible drinking-cup with which she had been playing, and sat up, laying a small eager hand on my arm. It was as if her groping thoughts had suddenly pushed open a door into action. I wondered if she guessed that I had been peeping at her from under dropped lids. She had the colorless make-up of a small middle-aged mouse, but her expression was amazing. It startled and arrested one. All the old lines of the face were set to small ambitions and sordid desires, but the look which should have accompanied these lines was clean gone — wiped into something big and still and simple — and her manner was that of an earnest child.

'I was in Belgium when it commenced,' she began. 'But I guess I better go back and tell it all right from the beginning,' she broke off.

'Please do,' I begged.

I did my best to speak naturally, but my voice seemed to break some spell, for her face blurred suddenly to self-consciousness.

'I — I reckon I ought to apologize for speaking to a stranger,' she stammered primly. And now her words exactly matched all the old small lines of her face. It was as if her little self, aware of something big and overwhelming that threatened to sweep her out of her depth, made a desperate clutch at conventionality.

'But I want to hear,' I protested eagerly. 'Please tell me.'

She must have seen that I was in earnest, for the little conventional self disappeared at that, and she answered simply, 'And I want to tell you — it seems like I've just *got* to tell you.'

It was September, 1914. We homing Americans were churning through an extraordinarily blue ocean toward New York and peace, while back there, just over our shoulders, a mad world was running red.

'It was like bein' torn all to pieces and put together again different,' she said. 'But I'll go back like I said, and start right from the beginning.'

For a moment she was silent, staring thoughtfully down at the cheap little metal cup, screwing the rings softly round and round, and drawing, as it were, inspiration from the sight of it.

'I come from Johnson's Falls,' she began at length. 'You wouldn't know where that is. It's just a little place down in West Virginia, but it's right close to the Virginia state line, and we have some mighty nice people in town. Why,' she exclaimed, 'I reckon we have some of the very best blood in the South there! But — but that is n't what I set out to tell you,' she caught herself up.

She fell into such a prolonged silence, turning the little cup, and looking at it, that at last I ventured a question to start her again.

'And I suppose,' I said, 'you belong to one of the oldest families there.'

I was sorry as soon as I had said it.

'No, I don't,' she answered simply, looking straight up at me. 'That was how it all commenced. My father kept the livery stable. But of course it would n't matter — keepin' a livery, I mean — if your family was all right. Jeff Randolph kept the grocery. Being a Randolph, of course he could. But my name's Smithson — Sadie Virginia Smithson — and my grandfather was a carpenter. I'm a dressmaker myself. That's the reason they did n't elect me to the Laurel Literary Society.' She paused a moment. 'I reckon you would n't understand about the Laurel Literary Society?' she questioned a trifle wistfully.

'Perhaps not,' I admitted.

'Well, it's a literary society, of course. The members read papers, and all like that, but it's a heap more'n that. Belonging to it kind of marks a person out in Johnson's Falls and gives 'em the — the — well, I reckon you'd call it the *entry* to all the best homes in town. If you don't belong — well, I reckon it came kinder harder on me, not belonging, than it did on some of the others. Why, I'd have said the girls that started it were my very best friends. We'd played together as children, and I called 'em all by their first names, and they *knew* I was just as smart, an' liked readin' an'all that just as well as any of 'em did. So when I was n't asked to join — well, it just seemed to knock me right out. I was n't but nineteen then, an' when you're young things hurt more, I reckon. Anyhow the slight of it got just fixed in my mind, an' I made a kind of a vow that I'd belong to that society some day if I died for it. And then, after a while it came to me, maybe if I could just save money enough to go abroad, they'd ask me to read a paper before the society when I got back, 'cause mighty few people have traveled much from our town. — Well,' she looked thought-

fully away at the blue water, 'many an' many a night I've put myself to sleep thinking how it would be when I read that paper. You know when you're young and kind of unhappy and slighted, how you make up things to sort of comfort yourself?'

I nodded.

'Well, I could just see the whole thing, me standing there reading an' all, and when I'd get through I could almost hear the applause. They'd some of 'em have on gloves, you know, so it would sound softer an' more genteel-like than just common bare-hand clapping. Well, it takes time for a country dressmaker to save. It took me twenty years. I did have most enough once, but then my sister was taken sick an' what I'd saved had to go for her. But I just gritted my teeth an' commenced again, and at last this spring I had enough, an' I joined a party and went. Ours was n't a regular party. It was just a professor an' his wife who were goin' anyhow, an' would take a couple of ladies with them, so there were just the four of us. Well, we traveled for a month or more, an' you better b'lieve I stretched my eyes to see all there was to see. An' then, all at once, the world just tipped itself right over an' went crazy.'

'We were in Brussels when it came. The professor was sure everything would quiet down in a little bit, an' he said we'd better stay right there. And anyhow, it was n't easy to get away. It was all just awful, with one country after another slipping in. Only things came so quick a person did n't hardly have time to catch their breath an' think "how awful," 'fore something worse was jumping right on top of it. Well, we stayed and stayed, till at last the Germans came. It certainly was a sight to see 'em — but I ain't goin' to tell about that, I'm just goin' to skip right along to what I set out to tell.

'The professor and his wife had left their only child, a mighty sickly little thing, with her grandmother in Paris, and when things got so bad they were pretty near distracted to get to her. Well, one morning the professor came in and told us he'd run across a young American, a Mr. Grenville, who was being sent to Paris on some special diplomatic business. He had a big automobile, and he thought maybe he could get it fixed to take us all, too. It looked like a mighty crazy thing to do, but there was n't any holdin' the professor an' his wife on account of their child, and me and the other lady, we was afraid to be left behind. Well, after a lot of runnin' around from one official to another, they did finally get it all fixed for us to go, an' the next day we started out with an American flag on the front of our car. Of course we were stopped a lot of times and all our papers gone through and everything, but each time they let us go on account of Mr. Grenville bein' a United States official. We'd started early, an' by noon we'd come a right smart piece, an' about that time we began to hear firing on in front. Did you ever hear them big guns?' she broke off to ask, her childlike eyes questioning me.

I shook my head.

'Well, you need n't never want to hear 'em,' she said. 'When they commenced we all kind of looked at one another, an' I reckon we was all scared. Anyhow, I know *I* was. Why, at home I'm 'fraid of a thunderstorm. But still we kept on. The sound of the firin' got louder an' louder, but it was never very close, and along late in the afternoon it sort of died off, an' we commenced to draw breath again, and think every thing was goin' to be all right. I'm 'most sure now we must have missed the way, for just about that time we ran upon a piece of road that was all tore up. There were big holes in it from

the shells, an' those tall poplars alongside were all snapped off, an' their branches stripped down like a child peels a switch. You could smell the fresh sap like you can in lumber camps at home. Well, we had to slow up an' kind of pick our way, and on round the very next turn we ran right up on them.'

'On the fighting!' I gasped.

'No — no; the fightin' was all over there. Just for a flash, comin' on 'em so quick like, I did n't know what they were. They looked like little sprawled brown heaps. But in the second I was wonderin', one of 'em flung up an arm and groaned.'

'How *awful!*' I cried aghast.

'Yes,' she assented simply, 'it certainly *was* awful. My words ain't big enough to tell you how awful. Runnin' up on 'em so unexpected like that, kind of cut my breath right off an' choked me. There they were, layin' all about acrost the road, an' in a wheat-field alongside, with the sun just shinin' down like it was any kind of a summer day. A good many of 'em were dead, but there were a plenty that were n't. They blocked the road so we had to stop, an' right where we stopped there was a young man layin' flung over on his back. He'd snatched his shirt open at the breast, an' the blood had all dripped down into the dust of the road. He opened his eyes, an' stared right up in my face, an' cried, "Water, for God's sake!" He said it over an' over in the awfulest voice, an' like it was all one word — "Water-for-God's-sake, water-for-God's-sake" — like that. I had this little drinkin' cup, an' there was a good-sized creek just a piece across the field, so I grabbed my hand-bag an' jumped out. Well, at that all of em' in the car commenced to holler an' scream at me to get back, that we could n't stop — it would n't be safe — an' we could n't do anything,

an' anyhow the stretcher-bearers would be along d'rectly. But I just said, "He wants water, an' I've got my cup here, an' there's the branch, an' anyhow," I says, "he looks kind of like my sister's oldest boy," an' with that I started on to the creek.

"Well, the professor an' Mr. Grenville jumped out of the car an' came runnin' after me, but I just turned 'round an' looked at 'em. "You all go on," I says. "He asked me for water for God's sake, an' if you try to put me back in that car I'll fight you like a wildcat." I never did anything like that,—fightin', I mean,—she broke off to explain earnestly, 'but I would have then, an' I reckon they knew it. The professor tried to argue. "You'll be a raving maniac if you stay here," he says. "Well," I says, "look what's here now — what difference does it make if I am?" Somehow that was the way I felt. Everything was so awful it did n't seem to matter whether anything awful happened to me or not. So I just kept on to the creek, and Mr. Grenville said, "For Heaven's sake, let her stay if she can do anything. I wish to God I could stay too." But he could n't, he was carryin' some mighty important dispatches that he just *had* to get on with. An' then he calls out to me, "Good luck and God bless you, Miss Smithson!" An' when I looked back he was standin' with his hat off. He was a mighty nice young man. But all the time the other ladies in the car was screamin' an' hollerin' for them to come on, so they had to go.'

"They left you all alone!" I cried.

"They had to," she returned. "Mr. Grenville had to get on with his dispatches, an' it was the last chance the professor an' his wife had of gettin' through to their child. An' the other lady — Well, she could n't do nothin' but scream anyhow. By the time I was comin' back from the creek the car was

just pullin' out of sight. Somehow, to see it go like that gave me a kind of funny feelin'. I was scared, I reckon, but all the same I felt kind of still too. It seemed like for the last few weeks I'd been hustled along in a wild kind of a torrent, but now I'd touched bottom an' got my feet under me. I reckon a woman does touch bottom when there's anything she can do — anyhow, one raised to work like I've been does. But, oh, my Lord!" she cried suddenly, dropping her face to her hands, 'I wish I could keep from seein' it all still — an' hearin' it too! Did you ever hear a *man* scream?' she demanded. 'Not just groan, but shriek, an' scream?'

"In hospitals," I said, uncertainly, 'I've heard people screaming when they were coming out of ether.'

She shook her head. 'That's different. You knew there were people, nurses and doctors, to do things for 'em; but out there was n't anything but the trampled wheat, an' the big empty sky. There was plenty of 'em who wanted water, an' begged an' cried for it; but I just said, "I'll be back to you all presently," an' went on to the first one. He was kind of delirious, but he could drink the water, an' was mighty glad to get it. I brushed the flies all away, an' spread a clean handkerchief over his wound, — he was too far gone to try an' do anything else for him, — an' went on back to the creek. Water, that was the main thing they wanted. The most of 'em that could be were bandaged already. Some of the medical outfit had been around an' got 'em tied up, but after that, I reckon the fightin' must of changed an' cut 'em off from their friends, for the stretcher-bearers did n't come, an' didn't come.

"It was all so strange an' kind of shut away there, like destruction had lit for a spell an' then flown on to the next place. The wheat was all laid over

an' tramped, and lumpy with khaki bodies, an' with caps an' guns an' things flung around in it, an' the red sun sailin' down an' down in the West, an' every here an' there awful splatters of blood in the wheat. But I did n't have time to look an' think too much — an' it was mighty lucky I did n't have. They were all English an' had run upon a German battery an' been shot to pieces 'fore they hardly knew what was happenin'. I guess some of 'em must have got away, but there was a plenty that did n't. They'd been layin' there since dawn, an' — an' they were *hungry* —' her voice broke. 'An' I did n't have anything to give 'em,' she whispered.

'They say after a while you get kind of numb to things,' she went on presently, with her grave simplicity. 'I don't know how that is, but I know the things I saw made me stop every now an' then down by the creek out of sight, an' just wring an' wring my hands together in a kind of rage of pity. Once, goin' through the wheat, I tramped on something soft, an' when I looked, it was — it was just a piece of a man. I thought I'd lay right down then an' die, but I says to myself, "They want water, they want water" — an' that way I kind of drove myself on. But all the time I could see my heart under my waist just jumpin' up an' down, like it was fightin' to jump out an' run away. An' then another time —' But she broke off. 'No,' she said, 'I won't tell about that. It's so peaceful here with that blue water an' sunshine an' all, I reckon I ought n't to tell what it's like underneath when Hell takes the lid off. An' maybe some day the Lord'll let me forget.'

'But it's funny,' she went on again presently, 'how your mind grabs ahold of any foolish thing to steady you.' She paused, staring down at the little cup as though she drew remembrance from it. 'I recollect as I went back

and forth, back and forth, weaving out paths through the wheat, a silly song that we used to sing to a game at school kept runnin' in my head: —

I don't want none of your weevily wheat,
An' I don't want none of your barley;
An' I don't want none of your weevily wheat
To bake a cake for Charley.

'I was mighty glad it did. For all it was so silly, it kept me from flyin' right off the handle. An' so I kept on an' on, carryin' 'em water. Some of the men thought it was funny I should be there, an' they wanted to talk an' ask me questions; but the most of 'em were sufferin' too bad to care, an' some of 'em were busy goin' along into the next world, an' were done with bein' surprised over anything in this. Most of 'em called me "Nurse" or "Sister," an' some way I liked to have 'em do it. Some of 'em certainly were brave, too. Why, I saw one young fella jump straight up to his feet an' fling his arms out wide, an' holler right up at the sky, "Are we downhearted? — No!" an' pitch over dead. You know,' she paused to explain simply, her extraordinarily childlike eyes lifted to mine for understanding and sympathy, 'it just seems to snatch the heart right out of you to see a person stand up to death like that — 'specially when they're so young like that little fella was.'

'Of course,' she went on after a moment, 'I did n't just give 'em water. I'd do any other little thing I could besides. An' every time I could do anything, I certainly was glad. Doing things seemed to ease up a little that terrible rage of pity I felt. I took my skirt off an' rolled it up for a pillow for a little fella who could n't move an' was layin' with his head in a kind of a sink-hole. He tried to thank me but he could n't, — he just sobbed, — but he caught ahold of my hand an' kissed it. That made me cry. It was so sort

of young an' pretty of him. After that I went on for a spell with the tears just pourin' down my cheeks. But presently I found the one who could n't drink the water, an' I quit cryin' then. My tears were n't big enough; only God's would have been big enough for that.

'The man's face was all gone—eyes, mouth, everything,—an' still he was alive. He must have heard me an' known somebody was there, for he commenced to scream an' moan, tryin' to say things down in his throat, an' to reach out his hands an' flop about—O my God! It was like a chicken with its head off! I thought I'd *have* to run. But I did n't. I just sort of fell down beside him, an' caught ahold of his hands, an' patted them an' talked to him like you do to a child in a nightmare. I don't know what I said at first. Just a crazy jumble of pity, I reckon; but after a little bit I found I was prayin'. I know I needed it, an' it seemed to help him too, for after a little bit, he stopped that awful tryin' to speak down in his throat, an' lay still just grippin' my hands. I was so crazy I could n't think of a thing to say but "God bless us an' keep us an' make his face to shine upon us an' be merciful unto us." An' I just said that over an' over.

'I guess it was n't the words that he wanted, it was the feelin' of havin' God there in all that awful dark and blood, an' some human bein' beside him who was sorry. Anyhow, every time I'd stop he'd snatch at my wrists so hard it would hurt; look—' She broke off to push up her gray sleeve, and there on her thin wrist, still vividly black and blue, were the bruised prints of fingers. 'But I was glad to be hurt—I wanted to be hurt. I wanted to have a share in all the sufferin'. It just seemed like my heart would break. An', she added with great simplicity, 'I reckon that's

just what it did do, for I know I broke through into something bigger than I ever had been.

'Well, after a while, God did have mercy on that poor soul, for he quit pullin' at my hands, and began to die, an' when I came 'round again to him he was gone. But that got me started, an' I left off sayin' that foolishness about the weevily wheat, an' said the little prayer instead. I said it to myself first, but after a little bit, I found I was sayin' it out loud. I don't know why, but it seemed like I *had* to say it every time I gave one of 'em water. Just "God bless us an' keep us an' make his face to shine upon us and be merciful unto us." It was somehow like a child's game—like havin' to touch every tree-box goin' along the street, or steppin' over every crack. Each one of 'em had to have the water an' the little prayer, an' then on to the next, or back down to the creek for more. Most of 'em did n't seem to notice, but some of 'em laughed, an' some stared like I was crazy,—an' maybe I was a little,—an' again some of 'em were glad of it.

'So I kep' on an' on, an' the sun went down, an' the dark came, an' it seemed like a kind of a lid had shut us away from all the world. It was n't right dark, for the stars were shinin'. It was about that time that I found the little officer. He was dyin', off in the wheat all to himself, an' he got me to take down some messages for his folks. I wrote 'em in my diary. I had a pocket flashlight in my bag, an' it made a round eye of light that stared out at every word I wrote. They were the simplest kind of words. Just love, love to mother, and love to father, and Snippy and Peg, an' good-bye to 'em all, an' how he was glad to die for England. But they look mighty strange jumpin' out there in my diary alongside of travel notes about Brussels. It's like something big an' terrible had

smashed its fist right through all the little fancy things.

'But it was funny,' she went on after a minute, 'how sort of like children so many of the men were, so trusting an' helpless. There was one little fella always said the same thing to me every time I came 'round. "They'll sure be around for us soon now, won't they, sister?" he'd say. An' I'd always answer, "Oh, yes, just in a little bit now." An' he'd settle back again, so trusting an' satisfied, an' like I really knew. That was the way they all seemed to me — just children. Even the ones that cursed an' screamed at me. An' another thing was funny,' she added lifting her grave child's eyes to mine; 'I've never been married — never known what it was to have children — but that night all those men were my children, even the biggest an' roughest of 'em. I felt 'em all *here*' — She put her hands up tight against her breast. 'An' I b'lieve I would have died for any one of 'em. I reckon bein' so crazy with pity had stretched me up out of bein' a scary old maid into bein' a mother.

I recollect there was two loose horses gallopin' about. They were wild with fear, an' they'd gallop as hard as ever they could in one direction, an' then they'd wheel 'round an' come to a stand with their heads up, an' their tails cocked, an' nicker, an' snort over what they smelt, an' then take out again. Well, once they came chargin' right down on us, an' I thought sure they were goin' right over the men. I never stopped to think: I ran straight out in front of 'em wavin' my arms an' hollerin'. They just missed gallopin' right over me. But I did n't care; I b'lieve I'd almost have been glad. It was like I said — I *wanted* to be hurt too. That was because it was all so lonesome for 'em. Death an' sufferin' is a lonesome thing,' she stated gravely. 'When they'd scream, I felt like I'd

tear my heart out to help 'em. But all I could do was just to stand on the outside like, an' watch 'em sufferin' an' maybe dyin' inside there all alone. That's why it seemed like bein' hurt too would make it easier.

'Well, along late in the night, the guns broke out again awful loud, an' presently off against the sky I saw red streaks of flame go up in two places, an' I knew they were towns on fire. I just stopped still an' looked, an' thought what it was like with the folks scurryin' 'round like rats, an' the fire an' the shells rainin' down on 'em. "That's Hell — right over there," I says out loud to myself, an' then I went on down to the creek faster than ever. Maybe I was gettin' kind of light-headed then, an' God knows it was enough to make anybody so; anyhow, I felt like I had to hold Hell back. It was loose right over there, an' the only thing that held it off was the cup of water an' the little prayer. So I kept on back an' forth, back an' forth from the creek, faster an' faster. I thought if I missed one of 'em it would let Hell in on all the rest, so I kept on an' on. The guns were boomin', an' the flames goin' up into the sky, an' all Hell was loose, but the little prayer an' the cup of water was holdin' it back. An' then at last, when it commenced to freshen for dawn, I knew I'd won.'

She drew a deep breath, and paused, looking up at me with clear, far-away eyes.

'That was because I knew He was there,' she said.

'He — ?' I questioned, awestruck by her tone.

She nodded. 'Yes, God,' she answered simply. 'An' after that, that terrible lonesomeness melted all away. I knew that though I had to stand outside an' see 'em suffer, He was inside there with 'em — closer to 'em even than they was to themselves. So I

knew it was n't really lonesome for 'em, even if they were sufferin' an' dyin'. An' I'm right sure that a good many of 'em got to know that, too — anyhow, the faces of some of the ones that had died looked that way when I saw 'em in the mornin'. Maybe it was because I cared so much myself that I kind of broke through into knowin' how much more God cared. Folks always talk like He was a father 'way off in the sky, but I got to know that night that what was really God was something big an' close right in your own heart, that was a heap more like a big mother.

'An' it was all bigger an' sort of simpler than I'd ever thought it would be. Right over there was Hell an' big guns, an' men killin' each other, but here where we were, were just stars overhead, an' folks that you could do things for, an' God. I reckon that's the way,' she said with her grave simplicity, 'when things get too awful you suffer through to God, an' He turns you back to the simplest things — just the little prayer, an' the cup of water for men that were like sick children. This is the cup,' she added, holding it out for my inspection. 'An' — an' that's all, I reckon,' she concluded. 'When daylight came the stretcher-bearers did get through to us. There was a sort of doctor officer with them, an' I never in my life saw any one look so tired.

"Who are you, an' what in thunder are you doing here?" he stormed out at me — only I don't say it as strong as he did.

I reckon I must have looked like a wild woman. I had lost my hat and

my hair was all falling down, an' I only had on my short alpaca underskirt, 'cause I'd taken off my dress skirt to make a pillow like I said; but I just stood right up in the midst of all those poor bodies, an' says, "I'm Miss Smithson — Sadie Virginia Smithson — an' I've been holdin' Hell back all night."

'I knew I was talkin' crazy but I didn't care — like the way you do comin' out of ether.'

'He stared at me for a spell, an' then he says, kind of funny, "Well, Miss Sadie Virginia, I'm glad you held some of it back, for everybody else in the world was letting it loose last night."

'He was mighty kind to me, though, an' helped get me to one of the base hospitals, an' from there over to England. But I don't know what happened to the professor an' his party.'

'Well,' I ventured after a long pause, and not knowing quite what to say, 'the Laurel Literary Society will be glad enough to have you belong to it now.'

She flashed bolt upright at that, her eyes staring at me.

'But — but you don't understand,' she cried breathlessly. 'I've been face to face with war an' death an' Hell an' God, — I've been born again, — do you reckon any of them little old things matter now?'

I was stunned by the white look of her face.

'What does matter — *now?*' I whispered at last.

'Nothin',' she answered, 'nothin' but God an' love an' doin' things for folks. That was why I had to tell you.'

BREAD AND SALT

BY ABRAHAM MITRIE RIHBANY

I

To an Oriental the phrase 'bread and salt' is of sacred import. The saying, 'There is bread and salt between us,' which has been prevalent in the East from time immemorial, is equal to saying, 'We are bound together by a solemn covenant.' To say of one that he 'knows not the significance of bread and salt' is to stigmatize him as a base ingrate.

A noble foe refuses to 'taste the salt' of his adversary — that is, to eat with him — so long as he feels disinclined to be reconciled to him. Such a foe dreads the thought of repudiating the covenant which the breaking of bread together forms. In the rural districts of Syria, much more than in the cities, is still observed the ancient custom that a man on an important mission should not eat his host's bread until the errand is made known. The covenant of 'bread and salt' should not be entered into before the attitude of the host toward his guest's mission is fully known. If the request is granted, then the meal is enjoyed as a fraternal affirmation of the agreement just made. So in the twenty-fourth chapter of the book of Genesis we are told that Abraham's servant, who had gone to Mesopotamia, 'unto the city of Nahor,' to bring a wife of his master's kindred to his son Isaac, refused to eat at Laban's table before he had told his errand.

Of all his enemies, the writer of the Forty-first Psalm considered the 'familiar friend' who went back on this

simple covenant to be the worst. 'Yea,' he cries, mournfully, 'mine own familiar friend, in whom I trusted, which did eat my bread, hath lifted up his heel against me.'

As the son of a Syrian family I was brought up to think of bread as possessing a mystic sacred significance. I never would step on a piece of bread fallen in the road, but would pick it up, press it to my lips for reverence, and place it in a wall or some other place where it would not be trodden upon.

What always seemed to me to be one of the noblest traditions of my people was their reverence for the *aish* — bread; literally, 'the life-giver.' While breaking bread together we would not rise to salute an arriving guest, whatever his social rank. Whether spoken or not, our excuse for not rising and engaging in the cordial Oriental salutation before the meal was ended, was our reverence for the food, — *hirmet-el-aish*. We could, however, and always did, invite the newcomer most urgently to partake of the repast.

At least once each year, for many years, I carried the *korban* — the bread offering — to the *mizbeh* (altar of sacrifice) in our village church, as an offering for the repose of the souls of our dead as well as for our own spiritual security. Bread was one of the elements of the holy Eucharist. The mass always closed with the handing by the priest to the members of the congregation of small pieces of consecrated bread. The Gospel taught us also that Christ was the 'bread of life.'

The *aish* was something more than mere matter. Inasmuch as it sustained life, it was God's own life made tangible for his child, man, to feed upon. The Most High himself fed our hunger. Does not the Psalmist say, 'Thou openest thine hand, and satisfieth the desire of every living thing'? Where else could our daily bread come from?

I have often heard it said by 'up-to-date' religionists in this country that the saying in the Lord's Prayer, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' was at best a beggar's lazy petition. It has been suggested that those words should be omitted from the prayer, because they pertain to 'material things.' And at any rate we can get our daily bread only by working for it.

Yes; and the Oriental understands all that. But he perceives also that by working for his daily bread he does not *create* it, but simply *finds* it. The prayer, 'Give us this day our daily bread' is a note of pure gratitude to the 'Giver of all good and perfect gifts.' The Oriental does not know 'material things' as the Occidental knows them. To him organic chemistry does not take the place of God. He is, in his totality, God-centred. His centre of gravity is the altar and not the factory, and back of his prayer for daily bread is the momentum of ages of mystic contemplation. The Oriental finds kinship, not with those who go for their daily bread no farther than the bakery, but with the writer of this modern psalm: —

Back of the loaf is the snowy flour,
Back of the flour the mill;
Back of the mill is the wheat and the shower
And the sun and the Father's will.

It is not my purpose to exaggerate the piety and moral rectitude of the Oriental. I am fully aware of the fact that he is lamentably lacking in his efforts to rise to the height of his noblest traditions. Nevertheless, those who know the Oriental's inner life know

also that from seed-time until harvest, and until the bread is placed upon the family board, this man's attitude toward the 'staff of life' is essentially religious. In the name of God he casts the seed into the soil; in the name of God he thrusts the sickle into the ripe harvest; in the name of God he scatters his sheaves on the threshing floor and grinds his grain at the mill; and in the name of God his wife kneads the dough, bakes the bread, and serves it to her family.

In my childhood days 'kneading-day' at our house was always of peculiar significance to me. I had no toys or story-books to engage my attention, and it was with the greatest interest that I watched my mother go through the process of kneading. Her pious words and action made kneading a sort of religious service.

After making the sign of the cross and invoking the Holy Name, she drew the required quantity of flour out of a small opening near the bottom of the earthen barrel in which the precious meal was stored. It was out of such a barrel that the widow of 'Zarephath which belongeth to Zidon' drew the 'handful of meal' she had, and made of it a cake for Elijah, for which favor the fiery prophet prayed that the widow's barrel of meal 'shall not waste.'

Then my mother packed the flour in the shape of a crescent on one side of the large earthen *maajan*, — kneading basin, — which is about thirty inches in diameter. She dissolved the salt in warm water, which she poured in the basin by the embankment of flour. Then with a 'God bless' she took out the leaven — a lump of dough saved from the former baking — which she had buried in flour to keep it 'from corruption,' that is, from over-fermentation. This leaven she dissolved carefully in the salt water, and by slowly mixing the meal with this fluid, she

'hid' the leaven in the meal. It was this process which Jesus mentioned very briefly in the parable of the leaven in the thirteenth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel. 'The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened.'

The kneading done, my mother smoothed the surface of the blessed lump, dipped her hand in water, and with the edge of her palm marked a deep cross the whole length of the diameter of the basin, crossed herself three times, while she muttered an invocation, and then covered the basin and left the dough to rise. The same pious attitude was resumed when the raised dough was made into small loaves, during the baking, and whenever the mother of the family put her hand into the basin where the loaves were kept, to take out bread for her family's needs.

Does it now seem strange, unnatural, or in any way out of harmony with the trend of her whole life, for such a woman to pray, 'Give us this day our daily bread'? Shall we receive the gifts and forget the Giver? However circuitous our way to our daily bread may be, the fact remains that we do feed on God's own life. 'The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof.'

The use of iron stoves was unknown to the Syrians in my childhood days; and this modern convenience is now used only by some of the well-to-do people in the large cities. The rank and file of the people, as in the days of ancient Israel, still bake their bread at semi-public ovens, a few of which are found in every village and town. This baking-place is mentioned often in the Bible, but the word 'oven' in the English translation is somewhat misleading. It is so because the *tennûr*—translated 'oven' in the Bible—is unknown to the English-speaking world,

if not to the entire Occident. The *tennûr* is a huge earthen tube about three feet in diameter and about five feet long; it is sunk in the ground within a small, roughly constructed hut. The women bake their bread at the *tennûr* in turn, certain days being assigned to certain families. The one baking comprises from one hundred to two hundred loaves. The fuel, which consists of small branches of trees, and of thistles and straw, is thrown into the *tennûr* in large quantities. It is to this that Jesus alludes in the passage, 'If then God so clothe the grass which is to-day in the field, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith?'

When I recall the sight of a burning *tennûr*, I do not find it difficult to imagine what the old theologians meant by the 'burning pit.' The billows of black smoke, pierced at intervals by tongues of flame issuing from the deep hole, convert the chimneyless hut into an active crater. No one who has seen such a sight can fail to understand what the prophet Malachi meant when he exclaimed, 'For behold, the day cometh that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble.' And no one who has seen that little hut virtually plastered with the blackest soot can fail to understand the full meaning of that passage in the fifth chapter of the book of Lamentations which says, 'Our skin was black like an oven, because of the terrible famine.'

A large baking is a source of pride as well as a means of security. A Syrian housewife is proud to have the oven all to herself for a whole day. It is a disgrace — nay, a curse — to have a small baking, or to buy bread in small quantity, 'one weight' at a time. One of the terrible threats to Israel, recorded in the twenty-sixth chapter of the book of Leviticus, is this: 'When I have

broken the staff of your bread, ten women shall bake your bread in one oven, and they shall deliver you your bread again by weight: and ye shall eat and not be satisfied.' My mother often admonished us to be thankful that we were not like those who had to buy their bread by weight — that is, in small quantities.

II

The hospitality of Orientals is proverbial the world over. And while some Westerners have an exaggerated idea of Oriental generosity, the son of the East is not unjustly famous for his readiness to offer to wayfarers the shelter of his roof and his bread and salt. The person who fails to extend such hospitality brings reproach, not only upon himself, but upon his whole clan and town.

But whether hospitality is extended to strangers or to friends, it is the man who entertains, and not the woman. The invitation is extended in the name of the husband alone, or, if the husband is not living, in the name of the eldest son. In the case of a widow who has no male children, a man relative is asked to act as host. The man of the house should not allow a wayfarer to pass him without offering him a 'morsel of bread to sustain his heart.' So did Abraham of old extend hospitality to the three mysterious strangers who came upon him 'in the plains of Mamre,' as stated in the eighteenth chapter of Genesis: 'And he lift up his eyes and looked, and lo, three men stood by him: and when he saw them, he ran to meet them from the tent door, and bowed himself toward the ground, and said, My Lord, if now I have found favor in thy sight, pass not away, I pray thee, from thy servant . . . and I will fetch a morsel of bread, and comfort ye your hearts: after that ye shall pass on.'

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How natural and how truly Syrian all this sounds! Sarah was not at all slighted because Abraham did not say, 'Sarah and I will be glad to have you stop for lunch with us, if you can.' On the contrary, she was greatly honored by not being mentioned in the invitation.

We have another striking illustration of this Syrian custom in the parable of the prodigal son, in the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke's gospel. Here we are told that, when the wayward boy returned to his father's house, desolate but penitent, it was the father who ran out to meet the son and 'fell on his neck, and kissed him.' It was the father who said to his servants, 'Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet; and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat and be merry.' I know well that the mother of the prodigal could not have been less affectionate nor less effusive in her welcome to her poor son than his father was. But in harmony with the best traditions of the East, and without the least intention of slighting the good mother, the record takes no notice of her.

It should be stated here that the prominent mention in the Gospels of Mary and Martha as Jesus' friends and entertainers is due to the fact that to those women the Master was not merely a *guest*, but a *saint*, nay, the 'promised One of Israel.' As such Jesus was a privileged personage. Yet — and it is not at all strange in view of Oriental customs — Jesus took with him none of his women friends and disciples on such great occasions as the Transfiguration and the Last Supper.

To extend hospitality in genuine Syrian fashion is no small undertaking. Brevity on such occasions is the soul of stinginess. Oriental effusiveness and intensity of speech are never more strenuously exercised than at such

times. The brief form of the American invitation, 'I should be pleased to have you dine with us, if you can,' however sincere, would seem to an Oriental like an excuse to escape the obligation of hospitality. Again, the ready acceptance of an invitation in the West would seem to the son of the East utterly undignified. Although the would-be guest could accept, he must be as insistent in saying, 'No, I can't,' as the would-be host in saying, 'Yes, you must.'

Approaching his hoped-for guest, a Syrian engages him in something like the following dialogue, characterized by a glow of feeling which the translation can only faintly reveal: —

'Ennable us [*sherrifna*] by your presence.'

'I would be ennobled [*nitsherref*] but I cannot accept.'

'That cannot be.'

'Yea, yea, it must be.'

'No, I swear against you [*aksim aleik*] by our friendship and by the life of God. I love just to acquaint you with my bread and salt.'

'I swear also that I find it impossible [*gheir mimkin*] to accept. Your bread and salt are known to all.'

'Yea, do it just for our own good. By coming to us you come to your own home. Let us repay your bounty to us [*fadlek*].'

'Astaghfero Allah [by the mercy of God] I have not bestowed any bounty upon you worth mentioning.'

Here the host seizes his guest by the arm and with an emphatic, 'I will not let you go,' pulls at him and would drag him bodily into his house. Then the guest, happy in being vanquished 'with honor,' consents to the invitation.

Do you now understand fully the meaning of the passage in the fourteenth chapter of Luke's gospel? 'A certain man made a great supper, and bade many . . . and they all with one

consent began to make excuse. . . . And the Lord said unto the servant, Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled.' So also did Lydia, 'a seller of purple, of the city of Thyatira,' invite the apostles, who had converted her to the new faith. In the sixteenth chapter of the book of Acts, Paul says, 'And when she was baptized, and her household, she besought us, saying, If ye have judged me to be faithful to the Lord, come into my house, and abide there. *And she constrained us.*'

In the interior towns and villages of Syria the ancient custom still prevails that, when a stranger arrives in a town late in the day, he goes and sits in the 'open space' [*saha*]. While not designed to be so, this open space corresponds to the village common. In the English Bible it is called 'the street.' Streets, however, are unknown to Syrian towns. Sitting in the saha, the stranger is the guest of the whole village. The citizen who first sees such a wayfarer must invite him to his home in real Syrian fashion. Failing in this, he brings disgrace, not only upon himself, but upon the whole town. It is needless to say that no people ever rise to the height of their ideals, and that failure to be 'given to hospitality' occurs, even in the East.

In the nineteenth chapter of the book of Judges we have the record of a stranger who sat in the saha of a certain village, but was not offered the usual hospitality very readily. This man was a Levite, and, with his wife, servant, and a couple of asses, was on his way from Bethlehem 'toward the side of Mount Ephraim.' 'And the sun went down upon them when they were by Gibeah, which belongeth to Benjamin. And they turned aside thither, to go in and to lodge in Gibeah: and when he went in, he sat him down in the street of the city; for there was no man that

took them into his house to lodging. And behold there came an old man from his work out of the field at even. . . . And when he had lifted up his eyes he saw a wayfaring man in the street of the city: and the old man said, Whither goest thou? and whence comest thou? And he said unto him, We are passing from Bethlehem-Judah toward the side of Mount Ephraim . . . but I am going to the house of the Lord; and there is no man that receiveth me to house.'

And in order to add to the shame of the inhospitable village the stranger adds, 'Yet there is both straw and provender for our asses; and there is bread and wine also for me, and for thy hand-maid [the wife], and for the young man which is with thy servants: there is no want of anything.' What a rebuke to that community!

'And the old man said, Peace be with thee: howsoever, let all thy wants lie upon me; *only lodge not in the street.* So he brought him into his house, and gave provender unto the asses: and they washed their feet, and did eat and drink.'

The old man saved the name of the town.

One of the noblest and most tender utterances of Job is the thirty-second verse of the thirty-first chapter. Here the afflicted patriarch, in pleading his own cause before the Most High, says, 'The stranger did not lodge in the street, but I opened my doors to the traveler.'

Syrian rules of hospitality make it improper for a householder to ask a guest who has suddenly come to him such a question as 'Have you had your lunch?' before putting food before him. The guest, even though he has not had the meal asked about by the host, considers it below his dignity to make the fact known. Upon the arrival of such a visitor, the householder greets him with the almost untranslatable words,

'Ahlan wa sahlan.' Literally translated, these words are 'kindred and smooth ground'; which, elucidated further, mean, 'You have come not to strangers but to those who would be to you as your kindred are, and among us you tread smooth and easy ground.' And even while the guest is being yet saluted by the man of the house in the protracted manner of Oriental greeting, the good wife proceeds to prepare 'a morsel' for the wayfarer, whatever hour of the day or night it may happen to be. The food then is placed before the guest and he is 'compelled' to eat.

There is in the eleventh chapter of St. Luke's gospel a parabolic saying which is uncommonly rich in allusions to Syrian home life. Beginning with the fifth verse we read: 'And he said unto them, Which of you shall have a friend, and shall go unto him at midnight, and say unto him, Friend, lend me three loaves; for a friend of mine in his journey is come to me, and I have nothing to set before him. And he from within shall answer and say, Trouble me not: the door is now shut, and my children are with me in bed; I cannot rise and give thee.'

Here we have a man to whom a guest comes at midnight; he must set something before him, whether the wayfarer is really hungry or not. The host happens to be short of bread, and he sets out to borrow a few loaves. Owing to the homogeneous character of life in the East, borrowing has been developed there into a fine art. The man at the door asks for three loaves. Three of those thin Syrian loaves is the average number for one individual's meal. It was for this reason that the Master used this number in the parable, and not because that was all the bread the occasion required. For obvious reasons, the host needed to put before his guest more than the exact number of loaves necessary for one adult's meal. Perhaps

because he is very sleepy, the man 'within' runs counter to the best Syrian traditions in his answer. His excuse — that because the door is shut he cannot open it and accommodate his friend — has been a puzzle to a host of Western readers of the Bible. Could he not have opened the door? Or, as a certain preacher asked in my hearing, 'Could it be possible that the man, because of fear of robbers in that country, had a sort of combination lock on his door which could not be easily opened?' The simple fact is that in Syria as a rule the door of a house is never shut, summer or winter, until bedtime. The words of my father and mother to me whenever they thought that I had 'remained wakeful' — that is, 'stayed up' — longer than I should after they had gone to bed, — 'Shut the door and go to sleep,' — still ring in my hearing. What the man 'within' meant was, not that he could not open the door, but that at such a late hour, *after the door had been shut*, it was no time to call for such favors as the neighbor asked for.

'And my children are with me in bed.' From this it may be inferred easily that individual beds and individual rooms are well-nigh unknown to the common people of Syria. The cushion-mattresses are spread side by side in the living-room, in a line as long as the members of the family, sleeping close together, require. The father sleeps at one end of the line, and the mother at the other end, 'to keep the children from rolling from under the cover.' So the man was absolutely truthful when he said by way of an excuse, 'My children are with me in bed.'

In the remaining portion of this parable, as in that of the unrighteous judge, Jesus emphasizes, by commanding to his disciples, the Syrian habit of importuning. 'I say unto you, though he will not rise and give him, because

he is his friend, yet because of his importunity he will rise and give him as many as he needeth.' Again, the Master gives dignity and elevation to the common customs of his people by using them as means of approach to high spiritual ideals, when he says, 'And I say unto you, ask and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.'

III

The best rules of Syrian hospitality require that when a guest from a distant town makes it known what day he expects to take his leave, the host should do his best to trick his visitor into forgetfulness of the time set, or devise some other means to delay his departure as much as possible. On the day he wishes to depart, the wayfarer says to his host, 'Your exceeding bounty has covered me, far above my head; may God perpetuate your house and prolong the lives of your dear ones. May He enable me some day to reward you for your boundless generosity. And now I who have been so immersed in the sea of your hospitality [*baher karamek*] beg you to permit me to depart.' Then the host, confessing his unworthiness of such praise and manifesting great surprise at the sudden announcement, begs his guest to 'take no thought of departing.' The guest insists that he 'must go,' even though he could stay. The host says, 'Stay, I pray you [*betrajjak*], until you partake of our noon meal; then you may depart.' After the noon meal the host says, 'I beg you to consider that the day is already far spent, and your journey is long, and the road is dangerous for night travel. Tarry until the morrow, and then go.' The same performance takes place on the morrow, and perhaps another morrow, until the guest prevails.

In the nineteenth chapter of the book of Judges, in the story of the Levite mentioned above, we have a fine example of a generous Syrian host. His words are so much like those I often heard spoken in Syria on such occasions that it makes me feel homesick to read them. The ancient Bethlehemit was entertaining his son-in-law, who had stayed with him three days, the traditional length of such a visit in the East. So the record says: 'And it came to pass on the fourth day, when they arose early in the morning, that he rose up to depart; and the damsel's father said unto his son-in-law, Comfort thine heart with a morsel of bread, and afterward go your way. And they sat down, and did eat and drink, both of them together; for the damsel's father had said unto the man, Be content, I pray thee, and tarry all night, and let thine heart be merry. And when the man rose up to depart, his father-in-law urged him; therefore he lodged there again. And he arose early in the morning on the fifth day to depart; and the damsel's father said, Comfort thine heart, I pray thee. And they tarried until after noon,¹ and they did eat, both of them. And when the man rose up to depart . . . his father-in-law, the damsel's father, said unto him, Behold, now the day draweth toward evening, I pray you tarry all night . . . lodge here that thy heart may be merry; and to-morrow get you early on your way, that thou mayest go home. But the man would not tarry that night, but he rose up and departed.'

When an honored guest takes his departure, as a mark of high regard his host walks with him out of town a dis-

tance the length of which is determined by the affectionate esteem in which the host holds his visitor. At times we walked for a whole hour with our departed guest, and desisted from going farther only at his most urgent request. So in the eighteenth chapter of the book of Genesis we are told that Abraham's guests 'rose up from thence and looked toward Sodom: and Abraham went with them to bring them on the way.' The English phrase, however, 'to bring them on the way,' falls far short of expressing the full meaning of the term *shy-ya*'.

Pilgrimages to holy places and fraternal feasts — such as are enjoyed on betrothal occasions, weddings, baptisms of children, and great holidays — are practically the only occasions the common people of Syria have to bring them together. On such occasions the guests are invited in families; therefore the number of those who come to the feast is never exactly known in advance. The food is served in large quantities, but not in such great variety as in the West. The table appointments are very simple. There are no flowers, no lace doilies, nor the brilliant and sometimes bewildering array of knives, forks, and spoons which grace an American host's table on such festive occasions. The guests sit close together on the floor, about low tables, or trays, and eat in a somewhat communistic fashion from comparatively few large dishes. If twenty guests are expected, and thirty come, they simply enlarge the circle, or squeeze closer together. Their sitting so close to one another makes the 'breaking of bread together' for these friends more truly fraternal.

Of the feasts which are considered more strictly family affairs, I will speak of two which live in my memory clothed with romantic charms. The one is that which we enjoyed at the 'killing of the sheep.' As a rule every Syrian family

¹ The more accurate rendering of this sentence in the Revised version is, 'And tarry ye until the day declineth.' In the hot season a good excuse to delay a departing guest is to beg him to wait until the cool late afternoon, 'The decline of the day [assar]. — THE AUTHOR.

fattens a sheep during the summer season. The housewife feeds the gentle animal by hand so many times during the day and so many during the night, until he is so fat that he 'cannot rise from the ground.' No person is expected to speak of this sheep or touch him without saying, 'The blessing from God' (be upon the lamb). Oh, if I could but feel again the thrilling joy which was always mine when, as a small boy, I sat beside my mother and rolled the small 'morsels' of mulberry and grape-leaves, dipped them in salted bran water, and handed them to my mother to feed the 'blessed sheep'!

Early in the autumn came the time for 'killing.' Wherever my father was, he came home, for the father of the household must kill the sheep. As a rule the blood of the animal was shed upon the threshold—a custom which echoes the ancient Semitic practice of thus honoring the household god. Now, however, perhaps for sanitary reasons, the sheep is killed a short distance from the door. The solemnity of the act robbed it for us of its cruelty. On the day of 'killing' we sharpened the knives, crushed the salt in the stone mortar, and fed the sheep only sparingly. As the day began to decline the animal was 'led to the slaughter,' and laid gently on the ground, as the ancient sacrifice was laid before the Lord. My father, holding with his left hand the animal's head, made the sign of the cross with the knife on the innocent throat, and, in the name of God, slew the sheep.

The fact that many householders in a community 'kill the sheep' on the same day makes the occasion a reproduction of the night of the exodus from Egypt. In the twelfth chapter of the book of Exodus, Jehovah speaks to Moses concerning Israel, saying, 'In the tenth day of this month they shall take to them every man a lamb, ac-

cording to the house of their fathers, a lamb for an house. . . . And ye shall keep it up until the fourteenth day of the same month: and the whole assembly of the congregation of Israel shall kill it in the evening.'

With a few intimate friends we feasted at the killing of the sheep, and then cut the red meat in small pieces 'the size of a fledgeling's head,' fried it in the fat, and sealed it in glazed earthen jars for our winter use.

The other most joyous feast was that of the *Marafeh*—the carnivals which precede the Great Lent. For about two weeks before Lent begins, the Christians of the East give themselves over to feasting. The dish which is a great favorite on this occasion is called *kibbey*. It is made of meat and crushed wheat. The meat is 'beaten' in a stone mortar, with a large wooden masher, until it is reduced to a very fine pulp. Then the crushed wheat, soaked in cold water, is mixed with the meat, together with a generous supply of spices and salt. The whole mixture is then 'beaten' together so thoroughly that when rightly done it resembles a lump of dough.

The writer of the book of Proverbs, with characteristic Syrian intensity, alludes to the process of *kibbey*-making in one of his assaults upon 'the fool.' In the twenty-second verse of the twenty-seventh chapter he says, 'Though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him.'

Be that as it may, the craving of a Syrian for *kibbey* (and I fully know whereof I speak) makes the craving of a Bostonian for baked beans and fish-balls for a Sunday breakfast pale into insignificance.

During *Marafeh* friends and neighbors feast together until the last night that precedes the beginning of Lent.

The feast of that night is one of family solemnity, upon which no outsiders may intrude. The members of the family come together to eat the last feast and drink their cup of wine before entering upon the solemn period of self-denial, fasting, and prayer. As at the ancient sacrificial feasts, all the members of the family must be present. It was this very custom which afforded Jonathan the excuse to send his beloved friend David away from King Saul's court, and thus save him from the murderous design which that monarch had against the son of Jesse. So it was when the suspicious Saul asked his son, 'Wherefore cometh not the son of Jesse to meat — either yesterday or to-day?' Jonathan answered Saul, 'David earnestly asked leave of me to go to Bethlehem: and he said, Let me go, I pray thee; for our family hath a sacrifice in the city; and my brother, he hath commanded me to be there.'

On that solemnly joyous evening my mother spreads the feast, and with most tender and pious affections my parents call their sons and daughters to surround the low table. My father pours the wine. To us all the cup is symbolic of sacred joy. Holding the cup in his hand, my father leans forward and says to my mother, 'May God prolong your life and grant you the joy of many returns of this feast.' And to us, 'May your lives be long; may we be granted to drink the cup at your weddings; may God grant you health and happiness and many future feasts.' We all answer, 'May your drinking be health and happiness and length of days!' My mother, after wishing my father the blessings he wished for her, and imploring the Most High to bless and keep him 'over our

heads,' drinks next. Then the wine is passed to every one of us. 'Drink ye all of it' is my father's command; for who can tell whether the family circle shall remain unbroken until the Easter festival? Not a trace of the feast is kept in the house until the morrow. What is not eaten is burned or thrown away, for on the next day no meat, eggs, or milk is permitted to the faithful. Wine also is not supposed to be indulged in during Lent, until the Easter bell heralds the tidings of the Resurrection.

So did the Master speak to his disciples on the eve of his suffering. In the twenty-sixth chapter of St. Matthew's gospel we read, 'And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it. . . . But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it anew with you in my Father's kingdom.'

Thus from the simplest conception of bread as a means to satisfy physical hunger to the loftiest mystic contemplation of it as a sacramental element, the Orientals have always eaten bread with a sense of sacredness. 'Bread and salt,' 'bread and wine,' 'Christ the bread of life,' 'For we, being many, are one bread,' 'Give us this day our daily bread,' these and other sayings current in the Bible and in Oriental speech all spring from the deepest life of the ancient East.

And the sacredness of this common article of food has been of most inestimable value to Oriental peoples. In the absence of other means of social cohesion, and the higher civil interests which bind men together, it has been a great blessing indeed to those much-divided Orientals to find peace and security in the simple saying, 'There is bread and salt between us.'

RECENT REFLECTIONS OF A NOVEL-READER

I

WHY has no psychologist taken more serious note of the 'will to romance'? It is one of the most interesting phenomena of the spirit because one of the most creative in regions where other influences hardly penetrate. As a man thinketh in his heart, so he becomes, and the further his thought is from the sheer fact of himself and his surroundings, the more likely it is to transform both of these. This statement needs no proof. Our wills

are the very, the only,
The solemn event of things;

and of all springs to release the will, none is so potent as some half-disregarded romantic statement or consideration in the back of his mind, which appeals to a man because it does, and by virtue of that appeal re-creates him and all his circumstance. Something seems beautiful to him, in other words, and toward that beauty his whole nature sets with all its force.

The mechanistic scientist would doubtless like to explain this deep turning of the will as some yet-imperfectly-visualized form of heliotropism — for the mechanistic scientist is a greedy gentleman who is not going to be satisfied unless he can cover the phenomena of consciousness as well as grosser biological facts by his formulæ. Dr. Loeb, writing in the *Yale Review*, has recently denounced the pernicious effects of romanticism in philosophy and politics on the present world-conflict. Romanticism in philosophy just now means Bergson's doctrine of the intuition, and he finds it not accidental that the

'noisy and reactionary' element among the younger French patriots are Bergsonians, or that the German militarists have read and digested Nietzsche. All nations, he concludes, should turn to their scientific men for political leadership! That scientific men usually abound neither in general views nor in human sympathies is something he overlooks here, as well as their undeniable deficiency in the powers that charm and coerce their fellows. These are the necessary defects of their otherwise useful qualities. It is doubtless true that no men would sacrifice their lives for ideas in an era of entirely triumphant mechanistic science. There would be, indeed, no ideas in such an age, and one doubts if there would be anything to call men. If life is stripped of all its alleged 'romantic' elements and faiths, the sooner we return to dust, the happier we. The race would die out almost as quickly as if you cut off its supply of oxygen.

Dr. Loeb gravely suggests that if the intuition is really a good guide, its disciples be invited to solve by its aid some of the minor problems in physics — which seems to indicate a careless examination of his Bergson, since the very basis of Bergson's implied doctrine of the intuition in man is that it applies to those super-physical problems which the intellect, shaped by matter for skilled reaction upon matter, is unable to handle. If one is unconscious of the existence of super-physical problems, there is nothing more to be said.

Of course, there are good romanticists and bad romanticists. Nietzsche was as certainly a bad romanticist as he

was an insane man. If one follows insane ideas and an insane leader, no Berserk fervor can carry one to an end that the sanity of the world will approve. And the consensus of the competent down the generations has pretty definitely decided who's who among the romanticists.

To come down to such lesser manifestations of romance as commonly appear in literature and in life, we find the demand for them basal. The more our actual life becomes narrow and confined, the more does the spirit become adventurous, foot-loose, forthright, seeking the joy of marvel, the glitter of dream. The classic illustration of this in English fiction is still *Jane Eyre*, that perfectly impossible romance of quite impossible people, which is forever one of the great novels of the world because, with all its falsity to fact, it is eternally true to human feeling—and, beside this, truth to fact is negligible. This, indeed, is the great realism and the ultimate literary triumph. To recognize the truth of this makes us tender toward even feeble and ineffectual efforts in the romantic direction.

It is trite enough to liken literary romance to sweets, but there is more in the comparison than hits the eye. The food-value of sugar is reckoned by the energy it lets loose. The food-value of romance has the same measure. In either case over-feeding is deplorable, but this is not to deny such a food its place in a balanced ration. Some books gain their place in the season's menu for their sugar-value. The only thing one does not understand is that there are not more of the highest grade.

We cordially recommend *Straight Down the Crooked Lane*¹ as the best example the winter affords of an absorbing and delightful story of the fine, old-

fashioned type that enmeshes even the veteran novel-reader and holds him thrall till the last page is turned. Myself stopped only for perfunctory attention to dinner between five when the book was begun and ten-thirty when it was finished. The tale is as healthy as barley-sugar. And it is not because it is about a great lost diamond, or because there is 'something doing' on every page, that it delights, although these are elements in its singularly successful course. The charm of the personalities involved is a greater attraction than the deftness of the plot and the dash of the narrative. Each one is clear-cut and most are lovable. That, after all, is the thing one returns to! One takes sides, has one's favorites; one shares Loveday's devotion to Val, a perfectly useless but most engaging gentleman. One has one's opinion of Violet, a very worldly mother with mitigations; and one is arrested by the very individual quality of Elsie's speech and learns to know her through her fantasies—as often happens in life but seldom in books. Maturity has added to the touch of the author of *The Helmet of Navarre* precisely those human and heart-warming qualities that maturity ought to add. One hopes she will not cease from story-telling.

In *Open Market*,² as once before in *The Inheritance*, Mrs. Bacon also has written an old-fashioned romance with a plot that intrigues the imagination because it is so improbable and because it is handled by its clever and worldly-wise concocter so very differently from the way it would have been handled in the seventies! One cannot love Evelyn Jaffray as one quite helplessly loves Loveday, but one can and does follow with absorption her career in marrying a backwoods cripple whom she purposes merely to train and educate in

¹ *Straight Down the Crooked Lane*. By BERTHA RUNKLE. New York: The Century Co.

² *Open Market*. By JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON. New York: D. Appleton Co.

return for a fair share of his fortune. It is a good tale, and more than well told.

Miss Mary Johnston, in returning to the fields of mediæval romance where she formerly gathered such garlands, has done a thing so clever one might almost call it shrewd. She has taken back with her to that feudal life of guarded crag and castle and desolated plain, an up-to-date, modern heroine, plain, intelligent, competent. Almost as much business ability as Emma McChesney, has Princess Audiart the Ugly, daughter and adviser of Gaucelm the Fortunate of Roche-de-Frêne!¹ In time she becomes his heir, and men know her as Audiart the Wise — which has a prettier sound. It is as if Miss Johnston said to her admirers, ‘A mediæval romance, will you? Certainly, since you desire it! But I insist upon giving you the only kind of heroine I have any respect for. Even in those days, look you, brains were a queenlier thing than beauty, and Audiart shall make this clear.’ And indeed Audiart does this gallantly, save in one point. By what is surely an error in technique, Miss Johnston evades writing out in direct discourse Audiart’s most spectacular triumph, the ‘big scene’ of the whole book. The lands of Roche-de-Frêne are harried and her castle besieged by Montmaure, allied with Richard the Lion-Heart and aided by him. The princess, humbly disguised and with one attendant only, crosses the war-torn country to seek Richard and lay the case of her demesne before him, knowing that if his help is withdrawn Montmaure’s siege must fail. Richard stands for chivalry and justice, but for impulse and hot-headedness as well. That justice will prevail with him is most uncertain. But it is Audiart’s last hope, and she carries her

plan through to success. Miss Johnston, however, omits precisely the things that would enthrone her heroine and conquer her reader. The great interview with Richard takes place ‘off-stage.’ Audiart’s plea is hinted at, not depicted. This is undramatic and unconvincing. Certainly it would have been a hard scene to do, but not too hard for Miss Johnston, and it is the obvious climax of Audiart’s career and the proof of her quality. The friendly reader desires to share her triumph, and to applaud.

II

The public, I think, never weary of books like these. But candor compels me to admit in passing that romancers sometimes tire of their own trade. Consider the surprising case of Mr. James Branch Cabell. He has done quite the most distinguished romance-writing — except Miss Johnston’s very best — published in this country during the last twenty-five years. Now, in *The Rivet in Grandfather’s Neck*,² he produces a satire of life and love-making in that quarter where many of us like to fancy it is still at its best. If hearts are not fervent and faithful in Virginia, where shall we look for fervency and faith? ‘The vitality of the legend is remarkable,’ as one of the characters puts it. Mr. Cabell, who knows his Virginia, handles it more severely than any one else has dreamed of doing. The Southern gentlemen of day-before-yesterday were ‘proud, brave, thrifless, a greedy and lecherous race who squeezed life dry as one does an orange and left us the dregs,’ says the same character; ‘it was they who compounded our inheritance — all that we were to have in this world of wit

¹ *The Fortunes of Garin.* By MARY JOHNSTON. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

² *The Rivet in Grandfather’s Neck.* By JAMES BRANCH CABELL. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.

and strength, desire and endurance.' The result is, according to Mr. Cabell, that unless the Southern gentleman of to-day leaves his home and develops his mental muscle wrestling with the world elsewhere, his life becomes a pure futility. Good manners, yes; an ordered and leisurely way of living, assuredly. That is all. He is 'ornamental and profoundly self-satisfied,' without real achievement. The irony of the book is very keen, its wit trenchant. We are made to suspend judgment on all the love-making and the eloquence, all the good poses and gestures, because the author suspects them of the histrionic quality. He does admit, at the very end, the unbreakable tie binding us to those with whom we once 'climbed to the stars,' and shared the most potent magic. That tie, so often frayed and slashed in life, will, nevertheless, hold in death. This is the romancer's sole concession to romance.

One cannot quarrel with Mr. Cabell about Mr. Cabell's own Virginians, but — what is real achievement? One recalls that cry of Queed, 'These people are so *kind!*' and one sympathizes less with the author's irony than with the optimism of Rudolph Musgrave, the Sebastian into whom he shoots indefatigably the arrows of his wit. Says Musgrave, 'We have lived a courteous, tranquil, independent life, just as our fathers taught us. . . . We have defiantly embroidered life and converted its commonest happenings into a comely thing. We have been artists, not artisans. . . . It may be — in the final outcome of things — that will be found an even finer pursuit than the old one of producing Presidents.'

A form of romance whose appeal is more universal than that of the love-story, though the latter is usually involved in it, is the tale of high-hearted youth facing a world which must somehow be grappled with and made some-

thing of. Small wonder youth does not understand the world, since nobody ever explains and the young person would be constitutionally incapable of understanding him if he did! There are many new novels of this sort, and one can guess something as to the author's age from his attitude. Anthony Hope, for instance, in *A Young Man's Year*¹ is discreetly sympathetic but indubitably middle-aged; while one feels that the authors of *Why, Theodora!*² and *The Crown of Life*³ are unquestionably young. Both the latter are tales of nice girls vivaciously at odds with stuffy folk like fathers and aunts and chaperones generally. Theodora is the more perplexed and winning, Ruth Holworthy the more positive and audacious, and both work through to the age-long solution of a young girl's problems. Owen Johnson in *Making Money*⁴ seems to be just rounding thirty. His buoyant account of Bojo Crocker's early experiences, just out of college, just into Wall Street, unites the confidence of the twenties with the cautions and conclusions of the following decade. Sinclair Lewis is palpably younger than that. *The Trail of the Hawk*⁵ is a truly lifelike chronicle of the fortunes of 'Widow Ericson's boy Carl,' of Joralemon, Minn., who becomes 'Hawk' Ericson, the daring aviator, and marries a very nice girl indeed. They had promised to find new horizons for each other, and when the resources of a New York flat in the way of horizons are exhausted, they sail for South America, where they are

¹ *A Young Man's Year*. By ANTHONY HOPE. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

² *Why, Theodora!* By SARAH WARDER MC CONNELL. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

³ *The Crown of Life*. By GORDON ARTHUR SMITH. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

⁴ *Making Money*. By OWEN JOHNSON. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.

⁵ *The Trail of the Hawk*. By SINCLAIR LEWIS. New York: Harper & Bros.

said to be much happier. Were their historian mature, he would be less confident that changing the skies can change the mind. It is proverbially considered to be but a temporary alleviation of human nature.

There is a distinction, however, between simple change of scene, which seems all that the Hawk Ericsons aim at, and the profound alteration of work and caste which really does reshape the being. *The Lady Aft*,¹ reminiscent of Conrad in its vigor and felicity, shows us a lawyer's clerk who hears the summons of the sea as he is walking along the water-front. He throws his bag of papers into the gutter and ships as a seaman as he stands. One is quite willing to believe it re-created him. *The Real Man*² is a study of a similar transformation. The author offers the theory that comfort, social success, a conventionally ordered life, take a young man along the lines of least resistance, and that his personality is an artificial thing which any sudden upheaval of circumstance may alter completely, bringing to light, swiftly and surely, the real man whose hidden identity has been as unsuspected by himself as by others.

Teddy Earp, the Cockney genius in *The Rose of Youth*³ resembles the Hawk Ericsons in that the lure of change and travel, of the wonderful world beyond his horizons — in this case it is Albania and the Balkans generally — calls him irresistibly. A little London clerk, he is offered love, a competence, and the chance to manage and put right the abuses of the shop where he formerly sweated and revolted. It is his best chance for doing something he had

mighty believed ought to be done, but altruism is not good enough — not when compared with the lure of the Balkans.

*The Ollivant Orphans*⁴ are a family of very genuine young people whose homely experiences Mrs. Gilmore touches with a hand light but very sure. Her confidence that the orphans must turn out well and her skilled delineation of their hesitations at the cross-roads, certainly belong in the mid-thirties — that period when one is still near enough to youth to be fond and proud and patronizing all in one.

*The Story of Julia Page*⁵ tells the story of a young girl remade by the power of an idea. She has no 'bringing-up.' Her squalid, fretful mother and her lax, easy-going father separate. There is alimony enough for bread-and-butter, and pretty, pert, careless Julia grows up, looking forward to the stage as her obvious destiny. But an accidental week-end at a good house where she learns that she is 'common,' together with an experience in sex-life which fills her with loathing, transforms Julia by a renewing of her will which thereafter sets passionately toward physical and mental cleanliness as the only possible conditions for her, however it may be with others. It is easy to believe in Julia, though where her transforming force of character comes from is not clear. An outright gift of Heaven, perhaps. Her life turns out like other lives, not very happy, but certainly not miserable, since she always keeps her unusually clear perception of what is righteous and wholesome. Mrs. Norris does not preach; she simply tells an interesting, human story whose ethical implications are all on the side of the practicable.

¹ *The Lady Aft.* By RICHARD MATTHEWS HALLET. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

² *The Real Man.* By FRANCIS LYNDE. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

³ *The Rose of Youth.* By ELINOR MORDAUNT. New York: The John Lane Co.

⁴ *The Ollivant Orphans.* By INEZ HAYNES GILMORE. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

⁵ *The Story of Julia Page.* By KATHLEEN NORRIS. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

III

You observe that all these accounts of youth represent it as self-seeking, as carrying out its inner demands solely for its own ends. But there is a type of youth, commoner to-day perhaps than ever before, that feels first for others; there is a type, too, that feels for the advancement of the race as well as for the greater ease of the individual; then, also, there is a type seeking its own full expression because *it must so be* — that is to say the type of genius carrying its gift blindly yet surely.

In *The Song of the Lark*,¹ Miss Cather has drawn this type solidly, ruggedly, well. It is an achievement far beyond any of her recent work, recalling, although on a wholly different plane, the dexterity of her earliest writing. Thea Kronborg, child of the Swedish pastor in a Colorado town, exists in three dimensions. Touch by touch is built up a picture of the development of this singer, who is great, not only, or even chiefly, by virtue of the physical qualities of her voice, admirable as these are, but even more because her voice is the flexible instrument of her idea. She is a great artist, in other words, and such are not easy to depict. A third of the book is given over to her childhood and all who influenced those early but not plastic years. Kronborg was never plastic, and her creator manages to intimate that creative ability is not and cannot be plastic. It must go its own way, feed on its own food, seek its own ends. This definite, rather repellent thing is put into Thea's character without alienating the reader's interest. I had almost said affection, but affection is precisely the thing one does not feel for this struggling, self-centred girl. One respects her im-

mensely for following her inner light. While yet she knew nothing of her distinctive talent, she knew that there was a voice within herself, a thing that sang in the heart, something to which she came back, with which she was at home. Said Wunsch, the drunken music-master, 'There must be something in the inside from the beginning. . . . Yes, when you are barely six you must know that. That is the beginning of all things.' This nascent creative consciousness is palpable to the reader from the first. The book is tense with it, yet it is rendered indirectly and with much restraint. We are held by the desire to see how it works out at last. Nothing perhaps is much more difficult to achieve in literature than just this indescribable but very real thing. It is Miss Cather's substantial triumph that she has made it actual.

In passing one may note that *The Genius*² by Theodore Dreiser wrestles with a similar problem. But while both authors believe that passion is the root of creative power, Mr. Dreiser recognizes no passion but that of the body, while Miss Cather knows that there are passions of the soul. For Mr. Dreiser the soul does not exist. His industry and observation are immense, quite Teutonic in fact, and one would be glad to admire their product, but, simply, it can't be done. One's gorge rises. The mechanistic scientist — to return to the quarrel with which we began — may find satisfaction in such records of man the beast that perishes after satiation, but the romanticist knows better things. While there are tables spread with fine linen and set with good bread and meat, he really cannot consent to feed indefinitely from the garbage-can. And Mr. Dreiser has now definitely aligned his great energy and his talent on the side of that philosophy

¹ *The Song of the Lark*. By WILLA SIBERT CATHER. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin Co.

² *The Genius*. By THEODORE DREISER. New York: The John Lane Co.

which reduces life to 'filth and froth.' Each man must think as he can, no doubt, but still — it is not good enough. No! By whatever taught the evolving brute the emotions for which he found such words as decency, valor, self-sacrifice — it is not good enough!

The heroine of *The Bent Twig*¹ is another instance of the higher, more altruistic type of young person, or, more accurately, the book shows the development of that type under the pressure of heredity and training, out of material that otherwise would have made an accomplished *mondaine*. Sylvia Marshall is the daughter of a professor of economics in a small Western college. She has natural affinities for a decorative background, the amenities, social success; and chance brings the opportunity for her to test these matters. The story would be a stronger one if Miss Canfield had resisted the temptation to make all her characters in easy circumstances (save the hero who renounces untold millions) tainted with an unpleasant worldliness. This does not accord with the facts. It really is not absolutely needful that a woman should wash her own dishes or even button her own frocks to live here and now in the Kingdom of Heaven. But the elder Marshalls think it is (we suspect a little more assistance with the housework would have saved Mrs. Marshall's life and her husband's reason) and they live according to their faith. The simple life is a very difficult thing to make attractive in fiction, because oxygen and hardihood are almost indescribable. But the characterization of this wedded pair is the best thing in the book except, perhaps, that of the other daughter, Judith, who has the mother's repression and force. The story is vivid, thoughtful, and worth while, though it seems a little less ma-

ture than some of the author's work. Its value as a sociological exhibit depends upon how often Miss Canfield has really seen the Sylvia Marshalls of this world refusing rich, adorned, complicated lives, in favor of simplicity, service, and farm-life. The title gives her best argument. The daughter of Sylvia's parents could not do otherwise than Sylvia did. This must be granted, even if one's preference is for less uncompromising personalities.

*The Freelands*² is first of all one of those richly wrought pictures of contemporary English life of which Mr. Galsworthy has the secret. In reading it one seems to be treading on deep, resilient beds of living moss, or handling thick, soft old tapestries woven in innumerable strange blues and greens. It is a curious gift for a man who is always up-to-date and almost always ironic — this power of so handling the English language that it affords the reader an almost physical delight. He is indebted neither to his timeliness nor to his criticism of life for a good half of his readers. They are drawn by sheer satisfaction in this picture-making, word-handling power. He shows us the characteristic figures of three generations of an English family of the finer quality, each in his appropriate setting. The background is filled in with landscape of the most exquisite, and a good deal of discussion of the English peasant and his inevitable disappearance from the land. But the central interest of it all is in the exposition of that type of flaming youth which literally cannot bear the sufferings of others, or, apparently, its own.

Two of the young Freelands, Derek and Sheila, are revolutionists, partly through the example of their Highland mother and partly through sympathy for the circumscribed freedom of the

¹ *The Bent Twig.* By DOROTHY CANFIELD. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

² *The Freelands.* By JOHN GALSWORTHY. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

agricultural laborer. Derek organizes an unsuccessful strike at hay-harvest, and encourages Bob Tryst to fire hayricks after a self-righteous landlord evicts him because he wants to marry his deceased wife's sister. Of course the laborer pays the penalty and finally kills himself because he cannot endure imprisonment. His fellow-laborers send word to poor Derek that 'we can't do no more dyin' for you.'

The boy, half-mad with remorse, is allowed to marry his adorable cousin Nedda, and they go to New Zealand to live, because Derek 'feels too much in England.' Their harassed love-affair is one of the most perfect idylls in English fiction, and Nedda almost equals the incomparable Nanda of *The Awkward Age* as a delineation of the nice girl as she really is. But though the book is marvelously beautiful Mr. Galsworthy offers no solutions. His whole conception of the human predicament in England is clarified and mature, but painful in its 'sad lucidity.' It is as if he said, 'Even in the hot-headed generosity and eager striving of youth, there is no hope. All is futility. I see no way whereby this country can be wholly saved.'

This unusual number of books about youth, its aspirations, its powers, its selfishnesses, and its altruisms make up the only group in the season's fiction that seems coherent, motivated. Other novels with basal ideas may have been written during the last year and a half, but they have not succeeded in getting themselves published. If one asks one's self what this sudden turning toward youth as a subject means, there seems to be but one answer possible. What can it mean if not that, in the present threatened failure of all that the last century fought for and believed it had established, those critics of life, our novelists, are searching, perhaps only half consciously, the oncoming men

and women, to determine, if by any means they may, how this racked old world will fare in their hands? It is a scrutiny — and an appeal.

IV

Naturally enough it has fallen to Mr. H. G. Wells to exploit most exhaustively the topic of the consecration of the young person to the redemption of society, and, so far as the present critic is concerned, most absorbingly. *The Research Magnificent*¹ is a documented account of a young man with a great idea. It presents William Porphyry Benham seeking from his tenderest years, with immense effort, deliberation, sacrifice, the Noble Life. For the sake of a name he calls it the aristocratic life. In boyhood it takes for him the comparatively simple form of overcoming physical fear. As manhood comes on, he perceives that one must overcome indulgence also. Later he adds jealousy and prejudice to the list of the things that hold us back and defeat our finer purposes. Later also it dawns upon him that 'one cannot be noble, so to speak, *in vacuo*, and he set himself to discover a Noble Society. He began with simple beliefs and fine attitudes and ended in a conscious research. He spent the greater part of his life studying and experimenting in the nobler possibilities of man. He never lost his absurd faith in that conceivable splendor.'

One recalls a passage in some book of Wells's in which a group of youths are talking about the possible regeneration of life. Says one, 'We must revive the idea of aristocracy and set it to work.' That is the central notion of *The Research Magnificent*. It is the imposing record of a pig-headed struggle toward the impossible. It shows how eager

¹ *The Research Magnificent*. By H. G. WELLS. New York: The Macmillan Co.

youth can be, how selfish in its unselfishness, how superb and how entirely and hopelessly futile. Wells, who certainly grows more perspicacious with each advancing year, shows clearly enough that the Benhams, hardly bent upon betterment, live and die to themselves, neglecting every human relation and duty. One may possibly concede reluctantly that Benham did not treat his father and mother *very* much more disgracefully than does the average man; but one cannot forgive him Amanda, and his small son who disappears early from the pages of the book because he did not strike Benham as an interesting object at birth. This parental attitude, not infrequent in fiction, one fails to verify in fact. What really happens is that the man who has supposed he did not care about children goes absolutely crazy with amazement and delight at the sight of that exceptional being, His Son — But that is another story. Amanda, married to Benham at nineteen, is devoted, joyous, a comrade. There are the ‘makings’ of something very fine in Amanda; she was even capable of becoming devoted to the Great Idea, as she showed on the only occasion when her husband condescended to talk about it, had he in turn shown any interest in her own great adventure — the baby, to wit. But Benham, though never quite easy in his conscience, threw Amanda to the dogs and plodded obstinately on alone, going to and fro in the world and up and down in it, making notes and hunting material to throw light on the Noble Life. In China he willfully sacrifices the life of his old friend Protheroe, whom he dragged to the Orient, in a fit of indignation because Protheroe insists on fulfilling his nature as completely as Benham fulfills his own. But Benham still plods on. The ultimate result is death in a street riot in Johannesburg, and a room full of docu-

ments and observations on his quest in London.

It is magnificent but it is *not* war. Not thus do the forts of Folly fall; not thus does man come into his kingship. Probably great prophets should lead detached and consecrated lives, though it is unsafe to generalize from paucity of material, since we know of a scant half dozen of great prophets in some seven thousand years of human history. Benham was trying to do a prophet’s work without a prophet’s spiritual equipment. Few things are sadder than a prophet *manqué*. But this account of one affords Wells opportunity for a peck or two of his most felicitous remarks.

Whatever one may think about Benham, it is worth while to be Wells. But there are signs that Mr. Wells, who really gets more and more kinetic as his contemporaries get more and more static, is not satisfied with being himself. He wants to be *Boon*,¹ for instance. In this volume, which is a prolonged and only half-acknowledged skit, he indulges himself in all the satire and folly to which it evidently does not seem wholly in character to subscribe his own considerably revered name. Part of it is most amusing, some of it is a little dull, and ‘The Last Trump’ in particular is a bit of irony absolutely vitriolic. The author seems entirely out of patience with human nature. If this is true, the results will be even harder for Mr. Wells than for human nature.

v

Except these studies of youth and the world, there are few novels that set us thinking. Automatically one blames the publishers for this. Between those who write and those who read, stands the man who selects. Our judgment of

¹ *Boon*. New York: George H. Doran & Co.

a season's output of fiction is, first of all, a judgment passed upon his discrimination. It is obvious that he is cutting off what he regards as superfluities. Just as in hard times a grocer buys fewer delicacies and more corn-meal and bacon, so in these stressful, uncertain days the publisher also reverts to what he believes to be staples. His problem is far from simple. Bacon is always bacon, but who can say what food the minds of men demand under conditions that have no parallel in history?

Confronted with this problem, most of the publishers have made the easy, conservative choice. They offer chiefly standardized tales by tested favorites. This is 'playing safe,' perhaps, yet might not one expect this to be a better season for strange flavors, bizarre compounds, outlandish brews, than quieter times?

It may be our own nerves that make the tales of some of these tested favorites less acceptable than their wont. They seem to be written according to the old *formulae* but without the old spontaneity. Yet possibly this only means that we demand a stronger anodyne, a finer magic than usual from those who have recreation in their keeping.

To become concrete at once, is it our fault or the author's that Locke's *Jaffery*¹ seems so much less diverting than one has ever found Locke before? The plot is clever, but handled as if the author's mind were perpetually somewhere else and he only concerned with the number of words *per diem* to be turned off. This from Locke, once such a sure refuge from boredom! Are we mistaken when we feel that *Dear Enemy*² makes a painstaking but un-

¹ *Jaffery*. By WILLIAM J. LOCKE. New York: The John Lane Co.

² *Dear Enemy*. By JEAN WEBSTER. New York: The Century Co.

successful effort to recapture the genuine gayety and pathos of its predecessor? Is it doing an injustice to *Emma McChesney & Co.*³ to find that Emma (for whom we once had a hearty affection) is unpleasantly, almost cheaply, self-assertive? Where once she seemed wise, she now seems only 'smart.' Yet one will not swear the fault is wholly hers! One is decidedly more sure that *Heart's Kindred*,⁴ with all its large assertions of universal brotherhood, its earnest efforts to propagate the peace-spirit, is Miss Gale's weakest work, having no tithe of the warm humanity that endeared Friendship Village to many another town. If the dream of universal peace were indeed destined to an early fulfillment, one cannot help suspecting that its literature would be better—just as one feels that Mr. Ford's pacifist theories cannot be as convincing as his automobiles, or they would run the streets with equal frequency and favor.

Nicky-Nan, Reservist,⁵ and *The Little Iliad*⁶ are certainly not up to the level we expect of Quiller-Couch and Maurice Hewlett; and *David Pensthen*,⁷ while a fine, solid piece of work, lacks the richness and variety of certain of Richard Pryce's earlier novels.

To offset these disappointments, it is worth noting that in *The Money Master*⁸ Sir Gilbert Parker has done work that closely approaches his best, and is certainly more admirable than anything he has turned out for some years. Richard Harding Davis never wrote

³ *Emma McChesney & Co.* By EDNA FERBER. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.

⁴ *Heart's Kindred*. By ZONA GALE. New York: The Macmillan Co.

⁵ *Nicky-Nan, Reservist*. By SIR A. T. QUILLER-COUCH. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

⁶ *The Little Iliad*. By MAURICE HEWLETT. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

⁷ *David Pensthen*. By RICHARD PRYCE. Boston & New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

⁸ *The Money Master*. By SIR GILBERT PARKER. New York: Harper & Bros.

better stories than are contained in *Somewhere in France*.¹ *Old Delabole*² is worth while, as Eden Philpotts almost always is; and *Felix O'Day*,³ the last tale we shall have from the friendly pen of Hopkinson Smith, maintains the faith he stood for. While he lived he believed and taught that this world is fairly good and might easily be better if all people but enjoyed the simple pleasures as they can. Take the joys of eating good food, talking good talk, loving your friends and helping the helpless while you may — this was the creed he preached by implication, and the wide appeal of his work shows that human nature still responds eagerly to such suggestion.

The group of stories in *Around Old Chester*⁴ are as strongly vital as anything Mrs. Deland has written about the deep-rooted, wide-branching, full-fruited, if occasionally gnarly-boughed village life of thirty years ago. To have put *Old Chester* on the map, clearly and completely, for all men to behold, is no mean contribution to the civilization of the twentieth century.

*The High Priestess*⁵ reminds us skillfully of some of the things that were of immense importance recently. How interested we were day before yesterday in the newest woman, the prospects of feminism, the importance of living

one's own life! They are all tarnished topics now. When one is driven to praying for the salvation of civilization itself, the economic independence of the married woman is no longer a burning question. No one less clever, bland, and ironic than Judge Grant could interest us as he does in a creature so opinionated and self-righteous as Mary Thornton Randall, the high priestess of the new marriage. She has everything on earth, including a national reputation as a landscape gardener, two lovely children, an admiring husband, and a delightful home. Having installed a dear and charming friend as housekeeper, to leave herself free for her professional duties, she is outraged on returning from one of her business journeys to find her husband attempting — unsuccessfully — to kiss the charming friend. Mary leaves home at once with her children and remains away for seven years, being drawn to return at last only by the belated discovery in herself of the remnants of such quaint, old-fashioned emotions as jealousy and love. No one else could so embroider and develop this theme as does the author. As usual, he is serious and smiling at once. The book is a very highly finished and delicious discussion of questions that will come to the front again, no doubt — next year, we hope, or the year after; yet conceivably not for two hundred years. The question rises in one's mind — as we may be sure that Judge Grant meant it to do — if the modern American woman with everything in her favor can handle opportunity and freedom no better than Mary Randall did, does she not, perhaps, deserve to lose them?

¹ *Somewhere in France*. By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

² *Old Delabole*. By EDEN PHILPOTTS. New York: The Macmillan Co.

³ *Felix O'Day*. By F. HOPKINSON SMITH. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

⁴ *Around Old Chester*. By MARGARET DELAND. New York: Harper & Bros.

⁵ *The High Priestess*. By ROBERT GRANT. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

DESTINY NOT MANIFEST

BY H. M. CHITTENDEN

In the January *Atlantic* I discussed certain events in which the course of American history was in accordance with what we have come to speak of in this country as manifest destiny. There are other events of importance in which no such relation existed, or at least was discernible at the time, but rather quite the contrary; and one of these seems of sufficient interest to justify separate consideration. The selection made will no doubt jar the sensibilities of ardent patriots; but they need not worry, for at best it is only a harmless speculation upon what might have been. I was about to use the word idle instead of harmless; but such speculations are really not idle or valueless, impotent though they may be to alter in the slightest degree the record as already made up. Events once enacted are irrevocable; but philosophy assumes that they might have been changed beforehand. The practical value of history is based upon this assumption. It is the fixed belief that mankind, of its own volition, can control events to some extent, which makes it desirable to consult the experience of the past, and justifies speculation as to how the course of history might have been changed to the advantage of the race.

The event which we are about to subject to such speculation is the fundamental fact of United States history. The American Revolution was not in accordance with manifest destiny, but rather in violation thereof. Figuratively speaking, it was a family imbroglio

— something which is neither natural nor inevitable. Harsh and oppressive treatment of an offspring by a parent, so that the offspring feels constrained to abandon the parental abode, is a negation of normal tendencies. The natural course of events is the development of the offspring under parental guidance and protection, with growing freedom and independence, eventuating in separation more or less complete, but in an unimpaired maintenance of the filial tie, and possibly in a continuous working relationship.

This was the universal feeling among the American colonists immediately prior to the Revolution. They never sought separation as a thing in itself desirable. It was with genuine grief that they decided to go, and only as a last resort. The affection of the child for the parent was deep and sincere, and nothing but blind and contumacious treatment by the parent could have led to such a step. The colonists knew how valuable to them was an honorable dependence upon the mother-country. They were proud of their ancestry, proud of the history of England, proud of her example of constitutional liberty, and they were reliant upon her for protection and for commercial advantages which could not be had without her. Manifest destiny was that this relation should continue, essentially as it has with Canada, which has practical autonomy in all local matters, but is united to the mother-country in those interests common to both. Let us assume that Great Britain

had pursued this generous policy, and consider what would have been the course of American history under that hypothesis.

As to territorial expansion, essentially the same acquisitions would have taken place as early as they actually did. That of Alaska is most doubtful, though it might have come with the Crimean War, and, if not, would certainly come with the adjustments of the present European war. British North America would be practically what the United States and Canada are to-day. Of the islands, events could scarcely have failed to lead to the acquisition of Hawaii, with a strong presumption in favor of West Indian acquisitions.

In commercial and industrial development, progress would have been more rapid, orderly, and substantial than it has been in either the United States or Canada. The immense handicap of Great Britain's opposition on the ocean, the loss of our rich West Indian colonial trade, the many years of misunderstanding and commercial paralysis that culminated in the War of 1812, would all have been avoided. There would never have been any destruction of our merchant marine. The development of that common highway, the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence, so that heavy ocean vessels could reach every port on the Lakes, would long ago have been an accomplished fact. The intricate physical problems connected with the St. Lawrence system would be handled by a single authority instead of by the cumbersome method of joint commissions, which have never yet proved effective so far as any expenditure in actual work is concerned. Intercourse across the border would have been as free as across our state lines. The immense cost of the frontier customs service, the handicap on interchange, the inevitable friction and

estrangement, would all have been absent. At the same time the abounding energy of the whole people would have had freer scope; awkward situations like that created by the Alaska boundary would not exist, and the united evolution of the whole country would have been more normal and effective. The Panama Canal would have been built just the same, doubtless much sooner than it was, and the long diplomatic controversies relating to it would never have taken place.

In political and foreign affairs, the advantages of maintaining the old relation would have been inestimable. The differences which led to the War of 1812 would never have developed, or the persistent spirit of antagonism between the two nations which has disappeared only in this generation. And that most unnecessary and regrettable of all our wars—the War of the Rebellion—how different it would have been! The very foundation upon which the legal fabric of rebellion—the right of secession—was built would have been non-existent. The South had the logic of the argument on its side in the claim that the Union was a compact from which any state could legally withdraw; but no such right could have been claimed as against the mother-country. Withdrawal would have meant revolution, without any legal justification. On the slavery question, which was, of course, the moving force behind secession, not only would the sentiment of the North have been against it, but that of the mother-country as well. The wholly unnatural sympathy of England with the South which actually did exist during the Civil War would have been with the North. Against such odds the slave power would never have undertaken armed resistance. In some way or other, on an equitable and peaceful basis, emancipation would have been worked out; and the frightful loss of life, the

industrial prostration of the South, the political and social sins of reconstruction, would have been avoided. By any just estimate of cause and effect, as applied to the painful history of the slavery question in this country, the method of settlement finally resorted to was one of those calamities which must be pronounced unnecessary. Manifest destiny did not lead in that direction until after it was violated in the American Revolution.

In that matter which touches our national life more nearly than almost any other, — the character of our population, — we have undoubtedly been losers by the separation. The mother-country would certainly have placed *some* restraint upon the indiscriminate influx of immigrants. When we reflect that, in proportion as immigration has increased, the native birth-rate has declined; that under the earlier birth-rate and without immigration our population would have increased as fast as it actually has; that immigration has therefore meant, not growth of population, but displacement of the original stock, — a stock to which we still love to refer as the foundation of our national character; when we reflect on these things, the course of our history in this vital matter can bring satisfaction only to the unthinking. With that smug complacency which is one of our chief national weaknesses, we extol the virtues of the great ‘American melting-pot,’ never pausing to consider that a melting-pot should have intelligent supervision of its ingredients if it is to yield a valuable product. A non-assimilable mixture of good, bad, and indifferent would make a sorry mess in the physical laboratory. Have we any right to assume that it will have a wholly contrary effect in this great national laboratory?

Coming down to the immediate present, when a firmer establishment of

world-peace is becoming one of the greatest objects of human endeavor, consider what an all-controlling factor in the problem would be an actual union of the English-speaking peoples. Its control of the seas would be absolute as against any conceivable combination; and used, as it would be, as the English sea-power for a generation has been, not to prevent the legitimate expansion of trade by any state, but to maintain freedom of intercourse, it would be a power for peace such as it is impossible to look for under existing conditions.

If we study our national history with a frank and open mind, — as an impartial outside critic might study it, — we must admit that our separation from the mother-country was not by any means an unmixed blessing. It brought, as the violation of natural relations is always likely to do, many and grave misfortunes in its train. The estranged offspring has indeed grown to a lusty adult, but there is no evidence that its growth has been so well-rounded and harmonious, or even so vigorous and healthy, as it would have been if that estrangement had never taken place.

All this, as we said, is, in a sense, idle speculation, for the past is fixed and immutable. But the imaginary view here given of the reverse side of the picture which enthusiastic patriotism always holds before our eyes, may give us a more rational conception of our relation to the great people from which we sprang. It suggests the hope that some of the blessings which we forfeited by separation may be restored by a union — not, of course, political, but of a nature to deal with those common problems which it seems to be the manifest destiny of the English-speaking peoples to work out together. Could there be any better beginning for a genuine league of peace than a working

agreement between Great Britain and the United States? We talk much of a Pan-American union, but our ties with South America are not, nor can they ever be, so close as are those with England. The *natural* bond is there, and also the bond of material interest. Into such a union France would inevitably be drawn — France, who helped separate America from England, but who is now a loyal friend to both. A maritime coalition like this would in-

sure peace upon the ocean and indirectly promote it upon the land, and would gradually draw other nations into its fold. The remarkable concurrence of events of the times in which we live has made such a beginning of practical world-organization a possibility of this generation. Is it too much to hope that Pan-Anglicism in this twentieth century may permanently heal the sores left by the Anglo-schism of the eighteenth?

MRS. MAXWELL AND THE UNEMPLOYED

BY FLORENCE CONVERSE

THE great idea came to her on the way home from the Unemployed Committee meeting at the Settlement, where she had spent a bewildered afternoon. The committee, enlarging at discretion and in need of funds, had taken her on because she was Mrs. Gilbert Maxwell. But Gilbert's orders had been explicit: —

'Don't let the philanthropic sharks get your goat, Posy. If it's the psychology of the unemployed they're after, feed 'em up on my state of mind since the Stock Exchange shut down. But leave your check-book at home.'

Hence, when the committee adjourned, there were still a great many thousand men, including Gilbert, out of work in the city, and the subtle chairman somehow conveyed the impression that this was Posy's fault.

Limousine upholstery cannot cushion a bruised spirit, and the car was creeping snail-fashion through streets clogged with seedy idleness. Dull, envious

eyes, in rows along the curb, watched the very-much-employed chauffeur.

'I know she thinks we might engage another indoor man,' moaned Posy, obsessed by the chairman's displeasure. 'I just know she does.'

And suddenly, like a Japanese sparkler, the idea coruscated.

It was characteristic of Posy's simplicity that she did not unfold her plan to Gilbert that evening. Experience with the most indulgent of husbands had taught her that the surest way of doing as she liked was to do it first, and to tell him about it afterwards. So when he asked if her committee had solved the problem of the unemployed, she only said, 'How could they, when you would n't let me subscribe anything?' and tried to pretend she saw the joke, because Gilbert laughed.

In the morning, when he had read the war news and cursed the stock market — for those were the early days of the war — and had gone down to the

street where now there was 'nothing doing,' she sent word belowstairs by Taplow the butler that she wanted to see all the servants in her sitting-room in half an hour.

Taplow looked horribly startled, for him, but he only said, 'Will you 'ave them one at a time, Mrs. Maxwell, or hall at once?'

'Oh, no; not one at a time, Taplow,' said Posy. 'And we shall need two or three more chairs.'

Taplow paused in the doorway. 'Did you say *chairs*, m'm?' he inquired.

Posy hesitated, blushed, but decided that she had said *chairs*.

'Has he failed, do you think?' whispered Cook to Nurse, as they creaked upstairs in the wake of the younger, sprightlier servants.

'Well, if he has,' murmured Nurse, 'he's made somethin' out of it. I would n't ask to see a cheerfuler human bein' than kissed the baby good-bye this mornin'. But then, he'd laugh at a funeral; he's that kind.'

'Maybe she's missed somethin',' said the housemaid anxiously. 'She leaves her things around somethin' awful.'

'Well, it's nothing out of the wash that's missing, I tell you that,' the laundress declared truculently. 'I'll bet she's after shifting the work, or expecting me to finish in less than my three days a week, or putting in his collars and cuffs; but I tell you right now, I'll not do them. I-will-not-do-them-collars-and-cuffs.'

'She can't cut my wages and keep me,' the chauffeur remarked succinctly to Taplow, who awaited them at the door of the sitting-room.

'You'll go in first, Mrs. 'Anlon,' said Taplow to Cook, 'and the rest'll follow.'

'Turn to the left around the coffin,' said the chauffeur. He was an American.

'Come in, everybody,' called Posy. 'Come in, Cook, and sit down. I want you all to sit down.'

But when Taplow had marshaled them to chairs, and every eye of dread was turned her way, Posy's well-meaning little heart was smitten with bewildering compunction.

'Oh, — don't look so scared!' she cried. 'It's nothing serious!'

It was only that there were thousands and thousands of people out of work in the city. Did they know?

They did. Cook had two nephews living off their mother, and her taking in laundry to support the three of them. Nurse's cousin's husband was that discouraged, had n't he turned to drink? And the housemaid's young man — three years they'd been keepin' company, and all his savin's meltin' away since he was laid off. — Posy patted her hand. — 'And my husband,' said the laundress, 'he just sets at home and reads the shipping news, to see if there ain't some chance for him loading to the docks. That's his job, when he works.' And Posy patted her hand, too. And was n't the butler's 'alf brother in England on strike? Munitions 'e made, Jack Johnsons and bums. As for the chauffeur, his ten fingers couldn't count the husky young fellahs, skilled mechanics, every one —

'But we can't engage them all,' fluttered Posy. 'I mean, I want to do something about it. Don't you? But Mr. Maxwell's business — he's as unemployed as anybody, since the war. And the New York and New Haven — so I must n't ask him to increase expenses now.' Posy's pretty hands went out appealingly. 'But could n't we do something together? What if you and I coöperated? I've thought it out, and if each of you will do with a dollar a week less wages, I will hire another indoor man. Not a trained man for that money, but one who — who is hungry;

who needs the work.' Her eyes were wistful. 'It's for you to decide. I'm not going to urge you. But I suppose charity never is real unless we feel the pinch.'

The laundress, true to her emotional nature, spoke first. 'It's a grand scheme,' she said in a teary voice, 'and just like yourself, Mrs. Maxwell.'

'It is that!' cried Cook.

And Nurse said, 'God bless you, mum!'

'It's us that ought to be ashamed not to think of it first,' said the housemaid. 'And me thinkin' you'd lost your pearl necklace, m'm, and we'd have to be searched.'

The chauffeur looked puzzled, as if he were doing mental arithmetic; but when Taplow's admonitory voice suggested that they could n't 'ave the women monopolizin' generosity, he hastened to say, 'Sure!'

Later, when they were filing downstairs, he said, 'Can she cut my wages, and keep me, what?'

He said it thoughtfully, in Taplow's ear. And Taplow, turning a meditative, baffled eye backward over his shoulder, gazed at him intently, silently, a moment, then moved on down the staircase like a man in a dream.

So it was settled. And Gilbert was really moved when Posy told him.

'What a good sort they are!' he rumbled. 'I tell you, the fellow was dead right that said the backbone of the nation is the common people.'

An hour later, he laughed aloud.

'Tell me the joke,' pleaded Posy.

'Darling, I would n't for worlds.'

'Oh, if it's that kind, you need n't,' she deprecated hastily.

Whereupon his laughter burst all bounds.

To avoid domestic complications and charges of favoritism, neither Nurse's cousin's husband, nor the housemaid's young man, nor Cook's nephew, nor

even the laundress's melancholy helpmate, was withdrawn from the army of the unemployed. The Settlement kindly found the indoor man for Posy — a weedy young Polish Jew, sweatshop pale, and desperately smiling.

'Indoor work?' said he. 'Sure, lady, I never done nothing else for five year since I come to America. Pants I stitched and ladies' cloaks.'

'This would be — a little — different,' stammered Posy. 'Taplow, do you think you could train him?'

Taplow acknowledged that it was a hexperiment, but thought there would be no 'arm in trying.

Curiously enough, the servants all liked him. It may have been their secret consciousness of being his benefactors, that pleased them; it may have been his ingratiating, anxious smile; but before the end of the first week he was peeling potatoes, ironing Gilbert's silk négligé shirts, sterilizing the baby's rubber nipples, brushing Posy's skirts, polishing the motor-car brasses, and washing windows and cleaning silver, to say nothing of pressing Gilbert's gray trousers in a truly professional manner.

'Jove! but your new man's a genius, Posy,' said Gilbert at breakfast, in the second week. 'As I came through the library just now he was tangoing and reading Tolstoi simultaneously.'

'Solomon is polishing the floor, sir, with the new French imported foot-polishers,' Taplow explained. 'But I'll see that he leaves the books alone.'

'Oh, I would n't, Taplow,' Gilbert protested good-naturedly. 'As long as Tolstoi's on the shelves somebody might as well read him. If he's lying round I may even read him myself.'

Taplow preserved a skeptical silence.

And the days passed. Twenty-six days, to be exact, for in the fourth week Solomon vanished, suddenly, without hint or warning.

'He'll be back for his week's wages, don't you fret,' said Gilbert.

But three more days passed.

The servants were inconsolable.

'I would n't 've believed I could miss an ignorant foreigner so much,' sighed Nurse, as she modified the baby's milk.

'Take it from me, now, he's been done for in some dark alley,' cried the laundress. 'Poor young Sheeny, the kind heart he had!'

'And the afternoon before, him an' me was talkin' together that friendly, Mrs. Maxwell,' said Cook, 'and him explainin' his quare notions of government. "Cook," he says, "when us Socialists brings in the coöperative commonwealth, everybody'll do his turn," he says, "and there won't be no unemployed." "Sure!" I says. "Coöperatin' is it?" I says to him. "Ain't we begun it right here?" An' I told him how we was all coöperatin' with you, Mrs. Maxwell, to give him a job. And the face of him! "You fell for it?" he says. "Sure, we fell for it; ain't we all Christians?" I asks him. Now would that hurt his feelin's, do you think, m'm? Him bein' a Jew?"

Posy suggested this solution at the breakfast table next morning, but Gilbert was busy with his mail and did not attend.

'Hullo!' he said. 'Some joker has

sent me a copy of the Socialist daily; they say it's rather clever.'

'Cook says,' repeated Posy, 'that Solomon was a Socialist. Just what does being a Socialist mean, Gilbert?'

But Gilbert, very purple, was swearing over the newspaper.

'Read!' he spluttered, thrusting the crumpled sheet at her. And Posy read Solomon's 'Letter to the Editor,' in which Mrs. Maxwell's Solution of the Problem of the Unemployed was nakedly set forth. 'And why we don't apply it in the factories and department stores?' queried Solomon. 'If in a factory of one thousand operatives we can save one thousand dollars a week, how many unemployed will benefit? Search me. By the self-docking system we will make possible the six-hour day for everybody. And the capitalist gets his profits just the same. Workingmen, here is your chance to save yourself. If you don't do it, nobody else will.'

Posy went round to where Gilbert sat with his face in his hands. 'Dearie,' she chirruped, 'don't mind! Of course, it's not good taste to have one's left hand find out one's right hand's charity. But for the sake of humanity, if it solves the problem —'

'Durn that Tolstoi book,' he groaned irrelevantly. 'What was it he said about getting off their backs?'

'Whose backs, dearest?' asked Posy.

THE SCHOOLMASTER

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

THE School, not the College, is the hearthstone of education. The heads of private schools in America must take charge of the cultivation of the country if we are to have cultivation. You cannot make an educated man of a boy whose passion for education begins at eighteen, any more than you can make a violinist of one whose interest in music begins at eighteen. It is the first- and second-formers who are important. You must give the keys of life to the young. The American Rhodes Scholars have, with a few distinguished exceptions, made a lamentable showing at Oxford. This is because they were competing against men who had had good teaching since they were eight years old.

The headmasters of our private schools are the natural custodians of the sacred fire; and it happens that the headmasters of our private schools are to-day among the most competent and serious men in America. They are enthusiasts and missionaries by nature, and their contact with the young tends to enoble them, as contact with the young always does. The human side of education, which often gets lost in a college, is strong in a school; and the domestic and religious elements, without which literature cannot exist, are a part of the natural atmosphere of a school. This human heat shows in the cheeks of our schoolmasters. It is this heat which must be preserved and passed on to the universities, if we are to have a robust learning in America. The little flames must never go out in

the children. The lowest classes ought to be taught by the highest ability; for if a child is once headed right, he can be entrusted to any competent guide. The great teacher, the man of genius, must be used at the start.

Our headmasters, with all their good qualities, labor under certain disabilities which are terrible and are well known. A school is a kingdom, and a headmaster spends most of his time in administration. There is a kind of greatness that comes out of good administration; but its nature is almost antipodal to the nature of scholarship. As a fountain of inspiration, your administrator will be apt to run dry unless he is a great man. Moreover the schoolmaster is always more or less a slave to public sentiment. The public imposes upon him his curriculum, and bids him prepare boys for college. His school is a little spindle in the vast mill of national habit and of contemporary thought. The errors and prejudices of the age are recorded on his bulletin-board and in his mind; in ten thousand ways he and his school are rolled over in the waves of society.

The great American public, when it began to awaken to the idea of higher education, conceived of the colleges as the imaginative seat of the Muses. It began building up our universities. It built great altars for the fire, trusting that the fire would descend. But fire rises. Fire comes from small tinder-boxes and little, trifling matches. Our public does not know this; and thus the schoolmaster is subjected to the

college boards: he must teach what they require.

Now it happens that the colleges are peculiarly hampered through their subjection to public opinion in the form of Alumni Associations. The American college is the creature of its Alumni — that is to say, the creature of the consolidated prejudices of half-educated persons in the previous generation. Suggest any reform in education to a college — The Alumni. Suggest any such change as the introduction of honor-degrees and pass-degrees — The Alumni! The Alumni Associations of our colleges are the great clog upon American education. A school, on the contrary, has no such incubus as a college has; for a headmaster is a kind of god, and the school Alumni Associations have hitherto been harmless social bodies. I admit that they must always represent a danger because they represent money and endowment — money which will be advanced only if the prejudices of the donors are respected.

We see then that our schoolmaster lives in subjection to colleges, which, in turn, have been governed according to the prejudices of ignorant people. These conditions are not permanent: they are transitory. They represent an equilibrium of things which has existed during an era of house-building. They are changing rapidly to-day with the advance of intelligence and of the courage that goes with intelligence.

It is already time for our schoolmasters to assume the lead, and to dictate to the colleges. These men have lived under the shadow of the age, and it is impossible for them in one moment to get rid of the idea that college is the goal. The recent change in the system of admissions to college has lifted a great weight from our schoolmasters, and laid a terrible ghost which used to keep both boys and masters rigid

with fear. Nevertheless, the masters are somewhat preoccupied with the marks of their boys in college, and I suppose this is inevitable. Yet marks are a small part of college and a misleading part of education. Every master has under his own hands the living ambitions, the young possibilities of scholarship; and he should content himself with making scholars of his boys and then sending them out into the world, merely warning them against the chill of the world, and bidding them keep their faith alive while they pass through the valley of the shadow of college.

Instead of doing this they often adore the false gods of the universities. The distortion of our schoolmasters' imagination can be traced immediately to the power of an illiterate public, which conceives that universities, not schools, are the seat of education, and which has put the schoolmaster in chains. It says: 'We want our boys to go to college'; it says: 'Of course there must be schoolmasters to prepare the boys.' The illiterate public — by which I mean all America — does not know that four years of good schooling are more valuable for any boy than a whole lifetime of college. The schoolmasters themselves do not realize this. When they find it out, being men of character and force, and very much more in earnest than the college boards, they will rearrange their own curricula, and will persuade the colleges to accept the new régime.

The defect of American education is diffuseness. The children are bothered and confused by being dragged across the surfaces of too many studies in a day. All of our schools, both public and private, and all our universities and colleges, suffer from this same national vice, which is a vice in the American character, a weakness in our temperament. It ought to be met and cor-

rected in every field of life. In the field of organized education it can be most readily dealt with in the private school, because here is the most plastic region of education. Any single headmaster can, if he will, disregard public opinion, introduce a sensible arrangement of studies, and thereby set up in his school that intellectual concentration which the country lacks. To do this he will have to brave the colleges and the parents. He will have to brave his own boys, who will come to him with circulars in their hands and tears in their eyes, saying, 'Please, sir, this is what we want.' He may console himself, on the other hand, by remembering that any well-trained lad, if trained in defiance of our current system, will find nothing to terrify him in any American college, nor indeed in the national life which follows it.

What we need is depth. Depth can be imparted through the teaching of anything. It can be imparted through Latin grammar, through handwriting, through carpenter work, through arithmetic or history. The one element required is time. Depth cannot be imparted quickly, or in many subjects at once. Leisure is necessary,—a slowing down, a taking of things, not easily, but slowly, determinedly, patiently,—as if there were plenty of time and nothing else counted. This is the road to rapid and brilliant work, and there is no other. The smallest children should be set on this road, and guided and governed and helped and slaved over by the best of your masters. One subject understood means the world mastered. My friend, Frederick Mather of Yale, puts the thing as follows:—

'If one of our small colleges should, after the manner of the English colleges, devote itself to a few old-fashioned subjects, such as Latin and Greek, and some kind of History and

Philosophy, and should really teach these things, its graduates would soon be so famous and so eminent that banks and railroads would be clamoring for them at the college doors.'

The epigram summarizes the present needs in American education.

The schoolmaster who begins to meet this need must not think he can help matters by getting up an association and writing circulars about it. Associations and circulars are the enemy. They are the very vernacular of diffuse, shallow, pretentious American haste. They are the symbol of a cowardice that fears to act alone, and of an ignorance that thinks numbers add to spiritual power. Our passion for getting up associations is a bad symptom of intellectual feebleness. Every trade and profession among us, every interest and prejudice, every aspiration, hypothesis, or question about a question, has a gang of club members at its back. The fashionable mothers get up societies to determine what plays their children shall see during the holidays. I know of one woman who was not able to decide whether she should give a rubber ring and a coral to her teething child, or should leave him to nature and the thumb. She accordingly formed a society. It is called the Ring and Coral Association and meets twice a month; and it has recently split into two organizations through the secession of the anti-ring-and-corallites. By means of these two societies any mother may to-day escape the mental anguish of making a decision for herself upon this teething matter.

In the case before us, namely, in the question of getting a child to think deeply and reason accurately, the whole matter is a personal one. You must find some well-developed intellect, set it in contact with your child and allow them both time to do good work. This is the essential thing, and it is a

thing that any schoolmaster not only can do, but must do alone.

The problem of doing good always resolves itself into giving something that people don't want. Nobody among us wants education, or has any use for accurate thought. We want colleges, degrees, lists of studies, bills of fare, associations, prospectuses, reports, numbers, loyalty, success; but never depth. By the time the children of eleven are sent to school they have been taught to despise depth and can be counted upon to kick against it instinctively. Parents corrupt their children; and if it were not for this we should have the millennium to-morrow. In corrupting their children parents speak with the authority of the great world.

And this leads us back to the greatness which is demanded of a schoolmaster; because he must be a part of the great world in order to meet the malign influence of the great world which that world sends into his school with every infant that comes to him. He must be a public man with the authority of a public man, as well as a scholar with the authority of a scholar. I know of no more hopeful sign in our recent history than the reverence which is beginning to be felt for leading schoolmasters. This reverence is clouded by fashion, and padded out by false loyalty, and made odious by wealth; but it represents, nevertheless, a sincere understanding of the part which these men play in the life of the nation.

I have spoken of the headmasters of our important private schools, because they are the key-logs in the great dam of our education. The whole system includes our public schools and our high-schools and primary schools, and is a vast and rigid structure — a coalescence of academies. The system is vast by reason of our hundred million inhabitants, and rigid by reason of the

uniformity of our population. It has, during the last forty years, undergone the process of being steadily standardized. This process we cannot regret, because the standards have, as a whole, been raised, and because the development was inevitable. Nevertheless, it is sad to think that our schools and colleges east and west, north and south, teach the same things. It will be more wholesome when California shall turn out a local type of cultivated man, and when a Williams College man or a Union College man shall have an independence and a flavor of his own. Such an outcome must be sought only through natural law. It cannot be manufactured; it must come by growth. It will arrive as the result of a general increase in cultivation, in which every educational influence in the world has a share. The point I make here is that to bring cultivated men into contact with the young is the most visible and obvious way of assisting natural law.

The headmasters in private schools have more freedom of action than any other officers in the hierarchy of education. The headmaster must emancipate himself. But this is not enough. He must set free his under-masters. How idle it is to expect a competent man to take the post of assistant master under the present system — which bids him banish from his work all that gives dignity and sanctity to the teacher. You cannot induce good men to stick at an occupation which will turn them into dry drudges if they do their work conscientiously. We have here no mere question of salary, but a question of temperament. The headmasters, then, must give scope to the talents of their younger assistants. They must rearrange their whole school system with this end in view. Time and leisure must be so allowed for, that the teachers may become the friends and intellectual guides of the boys. Whatever

sacrifice of present aims and current arrangements may be involved, that sacrifice must be made.

The public schools will follow — at no great distance perhaps — in the wake of the private schools. For this whole school-world is a web and a garment without seam. If you disentangle a knot in any part of it, the relaxation will be felt in every fibre of the web. I am quite confident that our public-school system is to-day full of men who mourn over the fact that they have no chance to give the best of themselves to their pupils. A diffuse and senseless curriculum is prescribed by law and lived up to by commissioners.

The whole situation is merely the outcome of deficient general education. The country has been so populous that there were not teachers enough. The ignorant and the half-educated had to be drafted into the service, for the emergency required them. All honor

be to all the men who have aided in our great struggle! They have given the best that was in them and we have needed every man. Our laws have been drawn by men whose education was superficial and whose conceptions were crude. All honor be to these men! They did their best. Education, education, was the cry. But we did not know what education was. We conceived of it as lying in subjects; whereas education does not lie in subjects, but in persons. To-day, after vast effort, after much necessary and valuable wallowing, we have made a great discovery, — and not a day passes without more men finding it out, — namely, that we want wise men who shall operate, as it were, like seed; that such men cannot be miraculously multiplied; that all we can do is to revere and treasure those we have, and permit them to inspire others; for only thus can the nation be enlightened.

THE UNDERPAID PEDAGOGUE

BY FREDERICK WINSOR

THE causes of the underpayment of the teaching profession are partly historical and partly the result of circumstances inherent in the profession itself.

Historically, education has been a charitable or, at least, semi-charitable affair ever since the Middle Ages. At the time when churchmen were the only people who as a class were educated, the Christian world became adjusted to the idea that education was a province of the Church. Early educational foundations were all made for

the purpose of giving instruction to those who were preparing for the ministry, whether they took the form of the establishment of new institutions or of scholarships and fellowships in existing institutions. Teaching, too, was long in the hands of the ecclesiastics — a tradition which survives to this day in many instances, notably in the not uncommon requirement that the position of headmaster shall be filled only by a clergyman.

The result of this historical attitude

toward education is important in three directions: first, the establishment of endowed institutions; second, the universal ignorance of the real cost of education; third, the idea that school-teachers, like clergymen, ought to be too much occupied with the missionary aspect of their work to care for the things of this world as represented by adequate salaries.

The present-day situation then is this. As a result of the event of the past, people feel that education should be free, or at least be received at less than cost. Any private school to-day meets unfair competition on two sides, on the one hand from the endowed schools and on the other from the public schools. A mere handful of these private schools have acquired such a reputation for success that they can charge rates high enough to pay adequate salaries to their teachers. The others, to attract pupils at all, must make their charges so low that they have to underpay their teachers.

Furthermore, the tradition that people ought not to be highly paid for moral qualities is hard to combat. It has already established a low scale of salaries for clergymen and teachers. Moreover, it is not without its justification. There is danger, if such qualities are richly rewarded, that clever men may pretend to virtues which they do not possess, with the result that hypocrites may be found where there should be saints. All teachers cannot be saints, but, nevertheless, it is a sound instinct which makes us wish our moral leaders to be above the suspicion of sordid ends. We are properly shocked by the taint of hypocrisy suggested by the expression 'a fat living,' or 'a scholastic sinecure.' We want our teachers to be moral leaders, and as such we want them to be above reproach: we have learned by experience that the born teacher finds so many rewards in his

work which have nothing to do with money and are much more precious than money, that he can be counted on to stick to the profession even at a meagre salary. A hard-headed generation is not going to run the risk of attracting hypocrites by high pay, when it finds it possible to retain in its service at almost starvation wages men of sincerity and devotion.

In addition to these historical and traditional influences causing the underpayment of the teaching profession, there are two causes inherent in the profession itself. First, the excellent methodization of most of the subjects taught, including all which belong to the group of traditional subjects. In the course of centuries of experience, instruction has been so systematized and the evolution of text-books has been so complete, that in most of these subjects the teacher is hardly a necessary factor in the work. In order to obtain very fair results he need only make sure that the pupils perform the work prescribed by the book. This requires little more than conscientious persistence, a quality which never commands high pay.

Our second inherent influence causing a low level of salaries, is the presence in the field of many temporary workmen using the profession as a stop-gap or as a step toward other work. Young women who are only waiting for a husband to turn up, and young men who are waiting for what they call a real job, who know that they can teach without training, even as they themselves have been taught by those who had no training, flood the teachers' agencies. Moreover, it was long the practice in this country for students to work their way through college by teaching in the country districts. Rural schools used so to adjust their sessions to college sessions as to make it possible for college students to

take charge of them in their vacations. The practice has almost disappeared now; but even to-day the most natural means of obtaining funds for a professional education is to teach school for a few years after graduation from college. Temporary workmen in any field force down the general level of wages.

The fact that these conditions have been characteristic of educational work for generations has not actually prevented improvement in that work, to be sure, for improvement has taken place, but it has undoubtedly seriously hindered its progress. Education is severely handicapped by the presence of these amateur teachers and temporary workmen, and by the fact that the payment of teachers is so low as not to attract men of power and initiative. The result has been that education is proverbially conservative, not to say hide-bound. It is in a rut. Innovations fail because the only salvation of the incompetent and unimaginative teacher is slavish devotion to a textbook, and it requires several school generations to perfect a good textbook. Before the good textbook can be produced the innovation is condemned, not because it is not a step in advance but really because it is one. The profession is largely made up of humdrum men, who can do only humdrum work in humdrum subjects. They cannot meet that demand which is daily becoming more insistent for teaching that is vital and inspiring. Live teaching requires live men, and live men will not in any large numbers choose education as their profession so long as the work remains underpaid.

What can be done to remedy the situation? The answer would be easy if education were on a business basis: it would be, to get the best possible men into the work, no matter what you had to pay them to attract them, know-

ing that the results would be so superior that the public would gladly pay the additional charge necessitated by the increased salaries. But it has already been pointed out that education has never, except in isolated instances, been on a business basis. Endowments and state appropriations have made that impossible. We must look, then, first to endowments and then to state appropriations for our remedy. Indeed, the colleges and larger schools are already busy raising funds for this very purpose — teachers' endowment funds.

It is much to be questioned, however, whether these teachers' endowment funds are the best or the most economical remedy for our troubles. The general level of pay in the profession is not seriously low: indeed, the pay for beginners is unduly high. This is to tempt into the work candidates of ability, in the hope that missionary zeal will make them continue in it. The trouble with the profession is that there are no prizes in it: when a man or a woman has worked up to the very top, he receives only a little more than the seniors who are working under him. If he were a lawyer or a banker or a business man, the corresponding step would probably mean that his income would suddenly be increased to four or five times its previous amount, and that he would be relieved for the rest of his life from financial worry. When he becomes a headmaster or a college president, however, his income is probably not more than doubled, while the expenses inseparable from his new duties are so large as to eat up much of the increase.

It is the pay of the administrative and executive heads in teaching that is the vital point. The need is not for a general horizontal increase but for the endowment of the presidencies of colleges, and the principalships of schools.

These positions require the same abilities that command high salaries in the business world, and to get young men of the right calibre to take up teaching as a life work, all that is necessary is to let them see before them the possibility that success in teaching may gain for them, if they are good enough to reach the top, something comparable to the rewards of success in other directions. The truth of this statement has been amply demonstrated in England, where there are several headmasterships worth well over \$30,000 a year, and a dozen or more worth \$20,000. The existence of these prizes attracts into teaching annually the very best of the university graduates. With the millions which are being given to education in this country it would be entirely possible within a comparatively few years to duplicate that situation here.

A dozen endowed headmasterships carrying salaries of \$20,000 would be a grand start. The result would be the release of the present salaries of the positions, which could go to the increased reward of men growing old in the service; the establishment of additional endowed principalships owing to the competition between schools; for if some one should give a well-known

school like Exeter a salary of \$20,000 a year for its principal we cannot conceive of Andover's existing long without trying to go Exeter one better. There would follow an increase in the pay of principals of public high schools, as a result of the increases of pay for like positions in endowed schools. And finally, most important of all, there would be attracted to the work of teaching young men of power, imagination, and initiative.

We want the very best men there are as teachers of our children; they cannot be too good for the work of preparing the oncoming generation for life. To-day the best men go elsewhere. They feel it in their bones that they can succeed in whatever they undertake. When you try to persuade them that teaching is the greatest of professions they say, 'If I had to consider myself alone I believe I should like to do it, but some day I shall want to marry. I cannot condemn my wife and my children to a life of comparative poverty.' If one could show these men that success in teaching would bring liberal rewards which would make up for some years of economy and perhaps hard sledding, their answer would be different. A few big prizes would solve our problem.

COMMUNITY MUSIC

BY THOMAS WHITNEY SURETTE

In the preceding articles in this series I have dealt with special musical subjects, and have constantly referred to music as a distinct and independent art having its own reasons for existence. I have dealt, also, with some of its special functions as well as with its relation to education. In the present article it is my purpose to discuss music in its relation to communities large and small, and this necessitates treating it on the broadest possible grounds.

By community music I mean, first, music in which all the people of a community take part; second, music which is produced by certain members of the community for the benefit and pleasure of the others; and third, music which, while actually performed by paid artists, is nevertheless somehow expressive of the will of the community as a whole. I shall take no refuge behind generalities or theories of aesthetics. I want to reach everybody, including the person who says, 'I don't know anything about music but I know what I like,' and that other extraordinary person who says, 'I know only two tunes, one of which is "Yankee Doodle"'—each of these statements being quite incomprehensible, since it is a poor person indeed who does n't know what he likes, and anybody who 'knows' 'Yankee Doodle' has no excuse whatever for not knowing what the other tune is, or, so far as that goes, what any other tune is. I am, in short, appealing on common grounds about a common thing. My only question is this: If there is a means of interesting, delight-

ing, and elevating a large number of people at very small expense, by something which they can all do together and which brings them all into sympathy with one another, and if the result of this coöperation is to produce something beautiful, is it not worth doing? I intend to make as full an answer to this question as space permits.

It is in the 'doing' and the 'doing together' that the crux of the matter lies, for a purely external connection with music never brings about a complete understanding of it. It is no exaggeration to say that our connection with nearly all artistic things is largely external. We do not draw; we do not train the eye to see or the hand to feel and touch, and artistic objects remain in a measure strange and unintelligible to us. The whole tendency of modern life and of modern education is to 'delegate' those functions which have to do with our inner being. We delegate our religion to a preacher or to a dogma; we delegate our education to a curriculum smoothed out to a common level; some of us even delegate the forming of an opinion on passing events to a leader who presents them to us in a 'current events' class. The religion, the knowledge, the opinion of many a person belongs to some one else. Many a man prefers an inferior novel because the author not only writes it, but reads it, for him, whereas to the wise man the author might almost be called an amanuensis. In any case, a writer of genuine power never does more than his share. He depends on us to complete

him. And in like case, if we expect to understand and love music we must use it; the composer depends on us as much as the author does.

I

As a preliminary to this discussion it will be well to look at the present status of music among us, and to see how near we come to this necessary intimacy with the art.

In any small American community the first impression one gets about music is that it is useful to fill up gaps. At the theatre, before public meetings, at social affairs of one sort or another, music is performed to a ceaseless hum of conversation or while people are entering and leaving. The art becomes, in consequence, like the cracking of the whip before the team starts, or like the perfunctory speeches and gestures of social amenities; it is nothing in itself, and falls in our estimation accordingly. It is true that, at such times, only trivial music is usually played, but this only makes the situation worse, because, after all, it passes as music.

Real musical activity in such a community is limited to a very small number of its inhabitants. Only a few people sing; a much smaller number play some musical instrument. There are, here and there, choirs made up of volunteer singers, but the spirit that animated the old choirs—the spirit which Hardy has celebrated so lovingly in *Under the Greenwood Tree*—has disappeared. Hymn singing in church is often distressingly bad, and with good reason, since the composers of modern hymn tunes seldom take into consideration the needs and wishes of congregations. Church music has been delegated by us to paid singers, and our church music becomes a thinly disguised concert, or, when the really abominable vocal quartette supplies the

music, a concert outright. Women's clubs provide a certain sort of musical life to small communities. They foster the performance by members of rather variegated programmes of pianoforte pieces and songs, with an occasional concert by a paid performer from abroad, and they sometimes make a study of a composer or of a period of music. Many of them lose sight of the only possible means of vitally influencing the musical life of their own members and of the community at large.

In some of the communities of which I am writing there are choral societies. In very few is there any well-sustained and continuous choral organization giving concerts year after year supported by the general public. The record of choral-singing in America shows a constant endeavor to attain grandiose results rather than to foster the love of choral-singing *per se*. Small societies are continually wrecked by the expense of highly paid singers, and are continually striving for something beyond their reach.

This statement would not be complete were we to omit the instruments which play themselves. The educational possibilities of these instruments have not been realized, for they are used chiefly to amuse. In spite of the extraordinary selections of music which one finds in people's houses, and in spite of the seemingly incorrigible propensity to hear singing, as opposed to hearing music,—I mean the exaggerated and grotesque singing of certain famous people who care chiefly for sensation,—the graphophone, which has the practical advantage of being portable and inexpensive and has transformed many a lonely farmhouse, and the mechanical piano-players have become so popular that one can but conclude that there are multitudes of people whose desire for music has never before been satisfied.

This completes the list of our own personal activities in music. And we have to admit that the most discouraging item of all comes at the end. For we make little music of our own, by our own firesides where all good things should begin, and where we should find the community in embryo.

This somewhat meagre showing of musical activity does not completely represent our connection with the art, however, for nearly all but the smallest communities spend considerable sums for concerts by paid performers from abroad. But it is doubtless true that the majority of the people in any small community hear very little real music at all save at occasional concerts, and if a fine composition is performed they seldom hear it again, so that it is clearly impossible for them to understand it. In towns of from five to twenty thousand people all over the country there is very little consciousness of what music really is. Highly paid performers occasionally appear, and local pride asserts itself to provide them with the adulation to which they are accustomed, but real musical activity or musical feeling is confined to a few.

In large communities these conditions are duplicated and even exaggerated. There nearly all the music is bought and paid for, and very little is home-made. Nearly all choirs are composed of paid singers. Choral societies there, as in the country, are struggling to find men who care enough about singing to attend rehearsals. There, too, children go their rounds of 'music' lessons. The only possible way to estimate the state of music in our cities is to look at the population as a whole. By counting up the number of fine concerts in fashionable halls one arrives at no significant conclusions. Do we sing at home, or when we are gathered together in friendly converse? Are there small centres in cities where good music

can be heard? Is there any good music within reach of people of small means? The millionaire regales his friends with the playing of his private organist, in imitation of the old patron days of art, but generally without the love and understanding of music which was the sole justification for the proceeding; but does the dweller in the modest flat ever have a chance to hear good music? These are questions we need to ask if we want to estimate the state of music in our great cities. Is not all this grand music, as I have said, merely a largess of our prosperity?

The most grandiose and disconnected form of our musical activity is the opera. And when we consider the love of drama which finds expression in nearly every small community in a dramatic club, we cannot but deplore the almost complete detachment of opera from our natural thoughts, feelings, and instincts. Of this detachment there is no doubt whatever; the whole plan of American operatic productions is exotic, aristocratic, and exclusive.

It is quite true that we are continually improving our musical status. The effect of all our fine music may indeed be observed, but our progress is undeniably slow, particularly when we remember with what a liberal endowment we start. That endowment is very little less than other peoples possess. Our children are musical, and there is no reason why we should not be. Moreover, the strain of ideality which runs through American life, however naïve it may be, would seem to make us especially qualified to love and understand music.

II

I have indicated in a former article something of our needs as regards the musical education of children. The problem before me now is how to persuade American men and women into

active coöperation in making music. It is obvious that there is only one way of doing this, and that is by singing. Only an infinitesimal number of people can play musical instruments, but nearly everybody can sing. To play requires constant practice. Singing in groups does not. In their right estate every man and every woman should sing.

Now my urgent appeal for singing does not mean that every village, town, or city should turn itself bodily into a huge singing society. Some people will sing better than others and will enjoy it more, or have more time for it. But there are constant opportunities for large groups of people to sing—in church, on Memorial Day, at Christmastime, at patriotic gatherings, or at dedications. Nothing is more striking on such occasions than the total lack of any means of spontaneously expressing that which lies in the consciousness of all, and which cannot be delegated. What a splendid expression of devotion, of commemoration, of dedication, of sacred love for those who died in our Civil War would a thousand voices be, raised up as one in a great, eternal, memorial hymn! What do we do? We hire a brass band to be patriotic, devout, and commemorative for us. This inevitably tends to dull our patriotism and our devotion. To live they must spring forth in some sort of personal expression. In a village I know well, this custom mars an otherwise deeply impressive observance of Memorial Day. The 'taps' at the soldiers' graves in their silent resting places, the sounds of minute guns booming, the long procession of townspeople, the calling of the roll of the small company of soldiers who marched away from that village green half a century ago, with only an occasional feeble 'Here' from the handful of survivors, the lowering of the flag on the green with all heads uncovered, all eyes straining upward—these

make the ceremony fine and memorable. It needs to complete it only some active expression on the part of every one such as singing would provide.

'I know not at what point of their course, or for how long, but it was from the column nearest him, which is to be the first line, that the King heard, borne on the winds amid their field music, as they marched there, the sound of Psalms—many-voiced melody of a church hymn, well known to him; which had broken out, band accompanying, among those otherwise silent men.' So relates Carlyle, in *Frederick the Great*, of the march of Frederick and his army before the battle of Leuthen. 'With men like these, don't you think I shall have victory this day?' says Frederick. Is not such singing a wonderful thing? Those soldiers, with a common dedication to duty, and a common disdain of death, send up to some dimly discerned Heaven, from the very depths of their being, a song. How otherwise could they express the thoughts and feelings that must have been clamoring for utterance in their sturdy breasts? Their bodies were marching to battle. What of their souls? Shall the very spirit of them slumber on their way to death?

And we? We watch from afar; we are dumb; we look on this profoundly moving ceremony, this simple pageant, and utter nothing of what we feel and what we are.

At Plattsburg, last summer, where so many patriotic and fine spirits gathered for military instruction, it seemed a futile thing that they should, as they marched, whistle a fine military tune. Whistling seemed entirely inadequate and inappropriate in comparison with the fine ringing song they might have uttered. Why do we not sing? Is it not partly because of that selfconsciousness which hangs about us like a pall, and partly because we were never made

to like singing well enough to pursue it? The former difficulty we could overcome easily enough if the right opportunity continually offered itself. The latter, too, would disappear as occasion arose when we could sing something worth singing. 'The Star Spangled Banner' is a candle-snuffer on the flame of patriotic feeling; never was there an air more unsuited to its purpose. Since we have almost no indigenous national melodies, why should we not sing the old songs, chorals, and hymns that have survived all sorts of national changes and belong to every people? The tune for 'America' is not an American tune, neither is it English. It originated in Saxony. There is no nationalism to stand in the way of such music, because it speaks elementally and universally. There are scores of fine melodies which we could well use.

The one place where singing might be fostered is in church. But where the worshipers are asked to sing a hymn pitched too high for them, or one that moves too quickly, or is full of unfamiliar and difficult progressions in both melody and harmony, what other result can be expected than poor singing and the gradual abandonment of all music to a paid choir? The real purpose of the hymn tune has been lost. It was intended to serve the needs of all the people, and to do this it must be simple in both melody and harmony, and within the range of every man, woman, and child in the congregation. The sturdy old hymns and chorals of our forefathers were so. Nothing is finer in church music than good unison singing in which every one takes part. No skilled choir singing can ever take its place. The decline in hymn singing is evident enough. Save in churches where a liturgy restrains the ambitions of the choir, almost anything is possible; and even under that restraint there is a constant tendency toward display.

What is the office of church music? Is it to astonish or delight the congregation? Is it to supply them with a sacred concert or fine singing? To take their minds off the situation in which they find themselves? To ease the effect of a dull sermon, or obliterate the effect of a good one? To draw people to the church who would not otherwise go? Or is it to induce devotion and religious feeling, to keep the moment sacred and without intrusion? If the choir is to sing alone, why should we accept from it display pieces, or arrangements from secular music, or silly 'sacred' songs over-burdened with lush sentiment, or anthems of a certain fluent type composed by anybody who can put a lot of notes together in agreeable sequence? Is there, then, no reality behind church music? Is it merely any music set to sacred words? He who has ever studied any art knows that this cannot be true. The finest church music — of which Palestrina and Bach are the greatest exponents — is based on something more than a casual association with sacred words.

There is no difficulty whatever in procuring good music for choirs. There is a supply suitable for solo singing or chorus, for small choir or large, to be purchased at any music shop. There are a dozen fine composers whose music is never heard in most American churches: composers such as Palestrina, Vittoria, and others of the great period of church music, or Bach, or Gibbons, Byrd, and Purcell, whose music is in the true idiom, an idiom now almost entirely lost. Many choir directors would doubtless like to use such music, but are hindered from doing so because they feel upon them the weight of the opinion and taste of the congregation, and perhaps of the preacher. Everybody, regardless of his qualifications for doing so, feels at liberty to criticize the music he hears in church.

If all the people in a community expressed themselves at appropriate times and seasons by singing, it would naturally follow that a goodly number of them would form themselves into a singing society. This society would satisfy the desire of the community to hear such music as can be performed only after considerable practice. I cannot emphasize too strongly the connection between the community and the singing society. The latter should be the answer to the community's desire, and not be a spectacle — if I may mix my metaphors to that extent.

III

I live in a town of some six thousand inhabitants which about answers to the description given near the beginning of this article. There was a singing society in the place about thirty years ago, but since then there has been little choral-singing. Two years ago I asked some thirty people to come together to practice choral-singing. I then stated that I should like to train them if they would agree to two conditions: first, that we should sing none but the very best music, and second, that our concerts should be free to the townspeople. These conditions were at once agreed to and we started rehearsing. We found it possible to get the use of the largest church with a good organ, and we found four people who played the violin and two the violoncello. Our little orchestra finally grew until we had some eight or ten string players. We borrowed kettle-drums and one of our enthusiasts learned to play them.

We have given three concerts, at each of which the church was more than filled — it seats about six hundred people. Our programmes have contained Brahms's *Schicksalslied* (Song of Fate) and parts of his *Requiem*, Bach's Motett 'I Wrestle and Pray,' arias from

the *St. Matthew Passion*, and similar compositions. Our soloists have been members of our chorus, with little previous experience of such music as we have been singing but with a profound sensibility to it brought about by continued practice of it. The townspeople who have come to hear our music have given certain evidence of a fact which I have for many years known to be true, namely, that when people have a chance thoroughly to know a great composition it invariably secures their complete allegiance. Knowing this, we have repeated our performance of these various works, sometimes singing one piece twice in the same concert. We have given, for example, the *Schicksalslied* three times in two years, and both singers and audience are completely won over to it.

Our singing society is supported by the payment of fifty cents each by any individual who cares to subscribe. We give two open concerts a year, at which six hundred people hear the finest choral music at a total annual expense of about seventy-five dollars. Every one connected with the project gives his or her services free. Our concerts take place on Sunday afternoons. At the last one I tried an interesting experiment. Bach's Motett, 'I Wrestle and Pray,' is based, as is common in his choral pieces, on a chorale which is sung by the sopranos in unison, with florid counterpoints in the other parts. At the end the chorale is given in its original form, so that the congregation may join in the singing of it. It was a simple matter for us to get six hundred copies of this chorale reproduced by mimeograph, and these were distributed in the pews. The result was almost electrifying to one who had heard the feeble church singing of feeble hymns in our churches. The second time the Motett was sung — we performed it at the beginning and at the end of this concert — nearly every one

joined in and the echoes rolled as they had never rolled before in that church. Why? These very same people send up feeble, timid, disorganized, slightly out-of-tune sounds every Sunday morning in their various churches. Has a miracle happened that they are lustily singing together? Not at all. They have merely been offered an opportunity to do what they are all quite capable of doing, namely, singing a hymn suited to them. This chorale has a range of but five tones — from *f* to *c*; it is largely diatonic, proceeding step by step of the scale, and it is noble and inspiring. How often had such an opportunity been presented to them before? Why not?

The members of our chorus are such people as one would find in most American towns of the same size. Perhaps we are more than usually fortunate in our solo singers and our orchestra. I believe the chief reason why a project like this might be difficult in many places is because it might not be possible to find a leader who cared more for Bach and Brahms than for lesser composers. The technical problem is not extreme, but the leader must have unbounded belief in the best music and tolerate nothing less. The moment this latter condition lapses, choral singing will lapse — as it would deserve to do.

There are many small communities where choral concerts on a large scale are occasionally given. Great effort and great expense are not spared. Several hundred voices, a hired orchestra, and hired soloists make the event notable. But the music performed is of such a character that no one wants to hear it again; neither the singers who practice it nor the audience who listen to it are moved or uplifted. There have even been systematic efforts in some middle western states to establish community singing. The effect of such efforts depends there, as here, on the

kind of music which people are asked to sing, for this is the heart of the whole matter. No advance in music, or in anything else, can be expected without constant striving for the very best. And it is quite within bounds to say that most of these efforts are nullified by lack of a really high standard. Finally, let me say that a concert of good music by a local choral society is, to the people of any community, immensely more valuable than a paid musical demonstration by performers from abroad which costs five times as much money.

IV

Leaving this actual experience and its effects on the community, let us ask ourselves what this singing means to the individuals who do it. In the first place it makes articulate something within them which never finds expression in words or acts. In the second place, it permits them to create beauty instead of standing outside it. Or, to speak still more definitely, it not only gives them an intimate familiarity with some great compositions, but it accustoms them to the technique by means of which music expresses itself. They learn to create melodic lines, to add a tone which changes the whole character of a chord; they learn how themes are disposed in relation to each other; they come into intimate contact with the actual materials of the art by handling them. This, we do not need to say, is the key to the knowledge and understanding of anything. You cannot understand life, or love, or hate, or objects, or ideas, until you have dealt in them yourself. Singing has the profound psychological advantage of giving active issue to that love of beauty which is usually entirely passive.

The artist has two functions: he draws, or paints, or models; he uses language or sounds. This comprises

his technique. But he also possesses imaginative perception. Now, nothing is more certain than that our understanding of what he does must be in kind. We learn to understand his technique by actual experience of it. So, also, we learn to enter into the higher qualities of his art by the exercise of the same faculties which he uses. Our feelings, our minds and our imaginations must take a reflection from him as in a mirror. If the glass is blurred or the angle of reflection distorted we cannot see the image in its perfection. The light comes from we know not where.

Let any reader of these words ask himself if the statement they contain of the qualities of music and of our relation to it could not with equal force be applied to his own business or occupation. Is not his understanding of that business or occupation based on these two essentials: first, familiarity with its methods and materials, and, second, on some conception of the real meaning, significance, and possibility that lie behind its outward appearance and manifestation?

I have not laid sufficient stress on the advantage to men of singing. Not only does it enable them to become self-expressive, but it gives them the most wholesome of diversions, it equalizes them, it creates a sort of brotherhood, it takes their minds off their cares and gives them a new and different insight. This is, of course, not accomplished by the kind of music men now sing, which is chiefly associated with sports and conviviality. So long as music is only outside us, so long as we educate our children without bringing them into actual contact with its materials, giving them little real training in the development of the senses, just so long will it remain a mystery, just so long will its office be misunderstood. What a perplexity it is now to many of us! How it does thrust us away! We have

got beyond being ashamed to love it, but we love it from afar.

From a sociological point of view this discussion has thus far been somewhat limited. Now, the possibilities in music to weld together socially disorganized communities have never been fully realized in America. Were we to set about using it directly to that end, we should find out how valuable it is in breaking down artificial barriers. By choral singing, people in any one locality can be brought into a certain sympathy with each other. Groups who attend the same church, the fathers and mothers of children whom the settlements reach — wherever there is a 'neighborhood' there is a chance for singing. It needs only a person who believes in it, and who will rigidly select only the best music. And where neighborhood groups have been singing the same fine music, any great gathering of people would find everybody ready to take part in choral-singing. This would make community music a reality, and would doubtless so foster the love of the art as eventually to affect the whole musical situation. Any one who has ever had personal experience of bringing fine music to those who cannot afford to attend concerts knows that such people are as keen for the best as are those who can afford it. There is no one so quick to appreciate the best as the person who lives apart from all these social usages of ours which constitute our silk-spun cocoons. There we lie snugly ensconced, protected from sharp winds, completely enshrouded, while these other folk are battling with life itself. We may be satisfied with a gleam or two through the mesh; they are not. They meet reality on every hand and know it when they see it. No make-believe can deceive them.

Let us not misunderstand this situation. I am not writing about painting or sculpture, for I know that these arts

involve certain perceptive and selective qualities of the mind which require long training. I am writing about music, which appeals to a sense differentiated and trained long before the sense for color-vibration or for beauty of form was developed, a sense which we possess in a highly developed state in very childhood. There is absolutely no comparison between, say, Beethoven and Rembrandt in this respect.

Imagine a small opera house in the lower East Side of New York or in the North End or South End of Boston, which the people there might frequent at sums within their means; imagine a small western city with such an opera house; and compare the probable results with those now attained by our gorgeous and needlessly expensive operatic performances which, whether at home or abroad, leave little behind them but a financial vacuum, and a dim idea that somehow opera means famous 'stars' singing in a highly exaggerated manner in a strange language, in stranger dramas, where motives and purposes are stranger still. Concerts and operatic performances such as these would supplement and complete our own musical activities. These paid artists would be playing and singing to us in a language we ourselves had learned by using it. Music would be domestic; we should understand it better and love it more.

I am familiar with the old argument that concerts and operas so conducted would not pay. To this I reply that it is probably true. Does settlement work pay? Does a library pay? Does any altruistic endeavor anywhere pay? No; nothing of this sort ever shows a money balance on the right side of the ledger. But we do not keep that column in figures. It foots up in joy, not in dollars. The best kind of social 'uplift' would be something that made people happier. The real uplift is of the soul, not of the

body. Let a rift of beauty pierce the dull scene. Let us have a taste of Heaven now; and let it be not yours or mine but theirs. In music everybody makes his own Heaven at the time.

The inevitable conclusion to be drawn from an investigation of our musical situation is that we need only opportunities of expressing ourselves. Every village contains a potential singing society, every church contains a potential choir, every family in which there are children might sing simple songs together. There is a singing club hidden away in every neighborhood. Every city might have, on occasion, thousands of people singing fine songs and hymns. What is the present need? Leaders: educated musicians who have learned the technique of their art and have, at the same time, learned to understand and appreciate the greatest music, and who prefer it to any other. Our institutions for training musicians are sending out a continual stream of graduates, many of whom begin their labors in small towns and cities. Nearly every community has at least one man with sufficient technical knowledge of music to direct groups of singers, large and small. What kind of music does he, in his heart, prefer? The answer is to be read in programmes here and there, in the record of unsuccessful singing societies, in the public performances of 'show pieces.' Should not our institutions pay more attention to forming the taste of their students? Is it really necessary to teach them technique through bad examples of the art of music? Can they safely spend several years dealing with distinctly inferior music for the sake of a facile technique? Is rhetoric or oratory superior to literature? There is no such thing as teaching violin or piano-playing and teaching music. If the violin or piano teaching deals with poor music which the pupil practices several hours a day,

no lessons in musical history, theory, form, or æsthetics can counteract the effect of that constant association. We cannot advance without leaders. We look to the training schools for them. And these schools cannot expect to supply them to us unless they so conduct their teaching as to develop in students a love and understanding of the best.

This article, then, expresses my conviction that the average American man or woman is potentially musical. I believe the world of music to be a true democracy. I am convinced that our chief need is to make music ourselves. I believe that under right conditions we should enjoy doing so; I think all art is closely related to the sum of human consciousness. And just as I see great

music based on what we are and what we feel, so I see the expert performance of music as being merely our own performance magnified and beautified by extreme skill. I see, in short, a necessary and natural connection between ourselves and both composer and performer. I believe that all the great pictures and sculpture and music lay first in the general consciousness and then became articulate in one man. I believe no statesman, no philosopher, no, not even a Christ, to be conceivable save as he lies first in men's hearts. What they are *in posse*, he is *in esse*. That we all are more musical than we are thought to be; that we are more musical than we get the chance to be — of this there is no doubt whatever.

GREAT DARKNESS

BY GRETCHEN WARREN

"*O Charides, what is there beneath?*"
"Great Darkness."

SHE knew how, far beneath the river,
Under the swiftness, lies the dumb black earth,
Remote, indifferent to death or birth
Or memory, or blessed gift and giver.

That Time all scent from bloom is reaving,
She knew, and that no mortal hands can hold
The spring, whose journey's end lies dark and cold,
Unreached, unmoved by mortal hope or grieving.

How that deep night her day must sever
From mine, and how death's everlasting sleep
Perchance no dream of love or loss may keep,
She knew — and knowing, bound us one, forever.

WOMAN'S MASTERY OF THE STORY

BY GEORGE MALCOLM STRATTON

I

THE eminence which women have reached in writing fiction they have attained in no other of the creative arts; and this is surprising, since in these other arts also they take delight.

For if one looks to music he will find that its pleasure comes freely to women, and many are trained to song and to the instrument; and yet the great composers are not of them. And women show a refinement and a joy in color, and many enter schools of painting, but the foremost painters ever have been men. The theatre in its turn adds its own testimony; for the play is to woman a daily and a nightly pleasure, and she knows its art both as observer and as actress; yet women have never been among the first composers of the drama.

In the minor art of dancing, and in the nobler work of reproducing the music of the great composers, as in acting the characters of the great dramatists, there are women of high, and even of highest, rank. But to leave these more interpretative or reproductive arts, only in fiction does she approach the mark of men. For here she must be counted with the great of the craft. And even should some crabbed soul insist that the rare company in which are George Eliot, Jane Austen, George Sand, Madame de Staël, and the Queen of Navarre, does not include the one who is greatest in the guild, yet there is no discomfort felt in naming these women along with Scott and Dickens, Hugo, Cervantes, and Boccaccio. But

speak of the other creative arts, and we feel at once the chill: Chaminade looks ill at ease in the presence of Beethoven; Joanna Baillie, with Shakespeare; Angelika Kauffmann, with Michelangelo.

This wide success in the one direction and the hesitant mediocrity in the other are the more puzzling when one considers how inapplicable are the ever-ready explanations. Even were it clear or probable that the native intellect of women is less than that of men, yet fiction is certainly no less 'intellectual' than is painting; indeed it would seem to make sterner demands on thought, and to have less of its substance in the region of mere sense. Nor can custom and convention here explain. For while the approach to the writing of fiction, it is true, has been easy and open, yet the way to acting has often been stony and forbidden; and if convention in the past could have prohibited, we should have no actresses to-day. In Shakespeare's England it was against custom for women to appear upon the stage. And until recently with us — as in ancient Rome, and in China to this day — there has been a moral suspicion of the actor's work, that must have been to many a woman of talent for the stage a very lion in the path. The readier explanations, as I have said, here lead to nothing, and one is restless until he strikes a truer course. But with fresh endeavor and a favoring gale, one may still hope to reach the haven.

And first let us see, if possible, the wings of the novelist's fancy unfolding

from the silken chrysalis. Thus we shall discern already something of the secret of woman's power.

In a former issue of the *Atlantic* I gave an account of experiments upon the tale-composing faculty in children, where the girls proved far more skillful in handling the story-maker's gear. But the products there examined were made upon request and under a watchful eye, and one would like to know what the child does when not in bondage to the Egyptian. Only then shall we know his impulse and free genius. Of their own heart and will, do both boys and girls make stories, and often, and with equal grace? Does story-imaging have a like honor in the life of each?

The answer to such questions cannot be sought direct in school or nursery; for the timid facts we are after would hide at our approach. Better fortune I find with persons more mature, and yet still young, recalling their ways in childhood. Thus through the memory of many hundreds of generous young men and women, there has been afforded some glimpse of the imagination at its play.

And if I may at once share with the reader what is found, I notice that spontaneous story-composing is almost universal among children. Rare is the boy who has not yielded to its spell; and rarer still the girl. And in the subject-matter of these tales, while much is common to the boy and girl, drawn from the experience of common living made rosy by some hidden light within, yet the situations imagined by the girls seem to have wider range and contrast. The imagination of your usual lad, when it is not engaged in practical planning, runs easily to adventure with Indians and outlaws, adventure on the sea, and the deeds of heroes — perhaps Richard the Lion-hearted. The girl, if she be a fair example, will include some

of this, but she will more readily enter regions still more remote, guided as by Ariel and Puck in turn, and even by Caliban. One girl made nightly visits in her still-waking fancy to a cavernous land of wart-faced tusky dwarfs. Another imagined herself clad in rich raiment, riding a beautiful elephant up and down the streets of Spokane! Another had at call a winged pony, glossy black, to whisk her off to cloudbland. Under the warm light of girls' intelligence, also, conscious life springs up in all things — in animals, flowers, and trees, and even the common instruments of home. And with the wider region traversed, there is a more varied stir of feeling. The girls in their emotion appear less confined to fright and to a sense of conquering strength; but keeping some taste of these, they pass easily on to mirth, affection, and beauty, and to all those strangely mingled emotions that come from fairies, goblins, and magicians.

Dull counting would indicate that with the girls are found the many who have known the spell of story-making. But — what is perhaps of greater import — among the girls who feel the spell, more have yielded heart and soul. One finds here and there a lad who gives to this invisible art much room, but with the girls we find a more frequent surrender, deep and complete, as to an enchantment. 'I have lived so much in imaginary places and as imaginary persons,' writes one, who speaks for many, 'that I still find myself exaggerating fact into fiction. I imagine events so strongly that I tell them as having occurred.'

This solid reality of what is imagined comes more rarely to the boy, and even then is often honeycombed with doubt. Listen to these confessions, from among the boys who are nearest to having faith. 'The stories were not real to me at first,' says one young dog of an unbe-

liever, 'but after telling them several times they would become a part of me and at times would feel as though they really happened.' 'The stories were quite real when first begun,' says another, 'but even as a child one recognizes their utter impossibility.' And still another, 'The stories were very real to me, and I could almost make myself believe that things occurred which I had only imagined.'

'Not real to me at first,' 'At times,' 'I could almost make myself believe' — out upon a fancy so sicklied o'er with thought! But hearken to the girls. 'My stories were very real to me.' 'They were very real, being my companions when alone. If I was with others, the stories were real, but were now in the background as old friends.' 'The stories were always very real; the pictures of the events passed through my mind with almost the vividness of hallucinations at times, especially at night.' Here is no faltering; the stories call forth the very throb and tremor of life.

And if I may illustrate from still another side this fuller surrender by the girls, we find them often, not 'making' the story, but passive, themselves carried along on the story's own career. 'These stories seemed to come naturally into my mind with no effort whatever,' is the testimony of one, 'and my supply of them seemed unlimited.' Indeed the tale sometimes takes the bit in its teeth and runs away. 'The stories were always most real at night,' writes one young woman, 'and began almost automatically when I laid my head on the pillow, arousing almost as much emotion as actual events. The habit came to keep me awake to such an extent that it was necessary to cut it off for the sake of health, and for years a continual strong effort was made to banish the stories at night, although they always greatly interfered with work or study in the daytime.' We should hard-

ly find in an obsession such as this the promise of the highest art; it is too similar to 'automatic speech,' or to improvisation in music, which lack the virtues that come only by critical control; yet it tells us of the girl's nature, seeming to show that the currents of her imagination have their source less in the high open spaces held by the will and judgment, than in the depths and recesses of the mind.

II

If the girl's story often comes from subterranean and more constant sources, this would help to explain another quality. For in her who finds the greater joy in the art and yields herself to its pleasure, the story's characters and action might well reveal a strange persistence. And thus among the girls we more often find stories woven upon the same thread, day after day, for months and even years — a feature which Miss Leroyd had already come upon, and my own findings amply confirm her account. One young woman tells me that her imaginings throughout childhood were all upon a single theme, the doings of a group of monsters half-human and half-beast. Another girl continued her story for as many as twelve years. And further, there are girls and rarely a boy, I find, in whom run several 'continued' stories abreast; and now one and now another develops, as the mood may lead. With the boys there is also a frequent persistence, but usually of another kind: they work their tales over, or repeat them without retouching. In part this shows some poverty of imagination, but it may also show more deliberation and less impulse. Their creation comes by sweat of brow, as to smith or potter. With the girls the story *grows*. And even where there is no continued story, in the usual sense, yet former charac-

ters reappear and act anew, in this way outliving the interruptions of the story-process. The experience here is not unlike those others, — which also, so far as my own evidence goes, are less rare among girls, — where for years the child has as his playmate some wholly imaginary creature.

Although it has a larger place and deeper hold and continuity, the story-power among girls more often moves in secret; its fabric is something never to be revealed. The boy will often tell his tale as from the house-tops, though sometimes keeping it as for the hawthorn-shade. But to the girl any unguarding of her treasures, even to a closest friend, may seem a violation, almost a profaning. 'I could never bring myself to share them with any one,' writes one; and another says of her stories, 'No one ever knew of these dreams of mine. They were as real and as sacred as anything could be.' This secrecy, with all its tangled motives, shows how intimate the story is with the composer's heart and self.

And this close bond is shown in a further and unexpected way. The man-child is of course born to the purple, born to be lord of the world; and with all the call that is heard within and without to egotism, why should he not weave his tale about himself! Yet we find that the girls oftener than the boys are in the centre and thick of the fray. It is from the women that one commonly gains testimony such as this: 'I was always a character in my stories. In fact my stories were but a part of my life, as much as any real actions were.'

Her stories were 'part of her life, as much as any real actions were,' — will not this perhaps give the key to the anomaly? With boys and girls there is of course self-seeking, the desire for self-aggrandizement; but surely there cannot be more of this in girls. Have we not here, rather, some appearance

in unmellowed form of what there must be in all great art: the artist putting himself into his work? The girl more often appears in her story, not from exceptional egotism, but because her tale is vital to her, and she must of necessity feel herself within it, sharing its risk and happy outcome. In miniature and distantly it reflects that noble self-consciousness, almost as of divine ordination for the work, which is revealed in Milton and in Dante.

III

Yet the presence of the girl in her own tale points further and offers a clue to more for which we seek. Thus far we have been observing a contrast in imagination, which appears too distinct and early to come wholly by education or by moulding custom; in the main it seems rather to be natural and of endowment. But now we may see how endowment is fortified by circumstance.

One of our witnesses testified that in her more intimate stories, told in her heart alone, she was the *hero*, and not the heroine. And may this not help us on our way? Men have less need to imagine a world with themselves as centre, because they more nearly possess it in reality. It is the woman's life that is more hedged about; and what she has not, she seeks. Fancy is the great supplement of reality, the correcter of its lacks; and in its realm the moral law is reversed, and to him that hath not shall be given.

Indeed if we wish to stimulate the imagination, what better device could be conceived than to fan desire and hinder the act itself? Where the world offers a hundred outlets for will and energy, there is less occasion to live an imagined life. Your weakling boy it is who dreams of feats of strength. 'On account of a physical infirmity which I have had since my early childhood,'

writes a youth I know, 'I was always very much alone; and my great diversion was the weaving of tales—of myself in characters which I could never hope to fulfill—such as sailor, soldier, or adventurer.' This is the old truth which Professor Shaler illustrates in his autobiography, that as an unusually timid boy he persistently thought of himself in deeds of bravery in war. It is also tender, frail Stevenson over again, who in drollery, yet with a shade of wistfulness, saw heaven as a place where we might all at last be pirates.

In the imagination, then, our prison doors fly open. And just because each human life is in some degree imprisoned, does each of us love a tale. But those who are more restricted in act, while yet free and rich in impulse and in longing, will seek more eagerly to act in fancy.

Now the male has within him the demon of unrest, and the social restraints with him are less; and in his freedom, tense with real risks, he feels less call for mimic striving. In business, in the control of police and railways, in litigation, and in war, he finds almost enough to quench his thirst for personal clash. But woman, with a nervous vitality and a passion surely no whit below man's, yet with less muscular strength and with social confines which hitherto have given her a less changing and perilous work than man's — what wonder if her energies, blocked in their outward flow, should burst over into imaginary action? As both boys and girls compose their tales, I find, far oftener when the body is still—sitting, or in bed while not asleep — than when it is active; so it is in harmony with this that women should in their greater bodily quiet and weakness prepare a warmer welcome for fancied deeds. Their life is less agile and closer to the gates of dreams.

Not only is the boy's imagination

hindered and by vigorous action made less passionate, but even such power as he possesses will probably be commandeered to other work. The imagination, we must remember, can be either bond or free, while yet it is imagination. It may be free, restrained only by restraints which our taste and enjoyment impose — imagination essentially for its own sake. Or it may be used as a means for some other end, pressed into the service of invention or discovery, of theory, of social and political reform — where the imagination is something more than drudge and less than mistress.

Now man's demon, in driving him to arduous employment, drives with him his imagination. Woman also works; but as she gains freedom from the squaw's millstone and hoe and bearing of burdens, there does not come in their place — at least not yet — that pressure of profession and commerce and organized craft, with their fixed hours and high momentum and all that monetary gauge of success that keeps the male with soul and body at the wheel. With us the women still govern the home and child — a work whose driving energy is not so high, more guided by quiet traditions, commonly less insistent and engrossing upon the mind. The grievance of some who would rightly enlarge woman's life is, that her traditional labor has too much of monotony and provides no interest and open door. But without wishing it for her, we may recognize that what is unfavorable to life may favor a certain quality of imagination. The very humdrum of household duties, as many a young woman has assured me, may send the mind off to build castles in the clouds. Man's work is so absorbing, so full of stake, that this doubling of the stream — actual performance running by the side of imaginary performance — is often quite impossible. He must

give all his powers to shop or ship, to politics or war. His engrossing action, however, is not wholly hostile to the imagination; it merely summons it to high service in religion or science, in commerce or invention, and leaves it neither time nor desire to weave a tale. Girls as a group start with free imagination — freer than the boys' — and are by circumstance enabled to keep it unspotted from the world.

IV

But now let us look less to the imagination and more to the character of the novel and to the peculiar opportunity which it affords for women's powers; since in the story's substance and in its technique will be found a further reason why woman here finds what is suited to her genius. Here is play for a nature rich in sympathy, repelled by abstractions, and drawn to what is warm and vital.

For of all the free arts, the story lies closest to actual living. And this is seen even in its outer aspects, since it uses no tool but language, in which common life itself always gives some practice. The painter, the sculptor, the composer of music — these must learn a special deftness foreign to the habits of our universal life. And even the poet, who also uses speech, is hedged about by the formalities of his task and by its severer honors; he must fit his thought to the tongue, not of men but of angels.

But the tale, like singing, dancing, and acting, employs a natural utterance; and these are the arts in which woman excels. A certain technique is in them, it is true, — a practiced control of expression until it falls into rhythm and pause and climax, — yet this is but the refinement of what is in daily use by all.

But beyond and more important, the

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story, like the acted drama, pictures our life in its fullest, its least mutilated form; it transcribes human action almost literally, and therefore is well chosen to appease the hunger for life, so far as anything other than life itself can satisfy. Your other arts have many a gap and artifice. In painting and sculpture one must suggest the movement of life by what is still; its scene is as of hurrying figures lit by lightning. The music of instruments can more adequately restore the lost sequence, but the flow here is of mood and passion, without speech and personality and defined events. Only the playwright tastes the novelist's freedom to face rounded persons, living in voice and very action; but he must satisfy far more exacting conditions: by soliloquies and stage-whispers and 'asides,' and by connective tissue masquerading as dialogue, he must make conversation bear an unnatural burden. The lack of running comment must be compensated — just as action in the moving-picture play is exaggerated to make good the want of speech. Deliberately to construct an elaborate drama, then, requires that one's powers be fenced on every side. But to *act* in such a play is merely to do in kind what the little girl is wont to do, when in her mother's dress she 'plays lady.' Thus story and acting come closest to woman and the unspoiled man; such arts are but the child's play transfigured, and speak to the least specialized parts of our nature, to our interest in persons and in their behavior under strain. The male, accustomed to rules and abstractions and impersonal machinery, can rejoice to create within the limits set by other arts. But woman, while practicing them, cannot so well express her nature in them, loving rather what reproduces life in fuller measure, pressed down and running over.

A double movement, also, has cur-

tailed certain male prerogatives enjoyed in creating romance. The interests of the plain woman have become more varied, swinging further out; and with this, the interests of romance have moved inward toward our common life.

The Homeric tales depict a world busied mainly with war and heroic conflict and adventure in distant lands — a man's world, where Helen and Penelope, Circe and Nausicaa, are but as motives and complications of man's endeavor. But the modern story, while still unable to escape the spell which war and adventure and unaccustomed places will always exercise, has moved its centre of interest hither toward home and country in time of peace, finding peril and crisis enough in social ambition and marriage and politics and all the unbrocaded intricacies of life. As a consequence, Mr. James commands no raw material that is not also to be had by Mrs. Ward. Democracy, with its sense of the worth of the untitled and unfavored, finds a romance at every street-corner. The poor immigrant and the thrifty bookkeeper elbow the old romantic aristocracy.

But with this incoming of the ring of interest to include what lies at our door, woman's liberty and honorable experience have moved outward. Miss Kingsley explores portions of Africa whither no white man had ever gone. Sophie Kovalevsky and Madame Curie have sipped the nectar, hitherto reserved for men, of adventure into science. Baroness von Suttner's tale shows a range of intimacy with war — with its politics and domestic desolation, its hospitals and battle-carnage — greater than appears in *Fire and Sword*. Woman has always been face to face with character; and now for her the bar to every scene and situation is rapidly being lowered. And even in the new worlds offered for the old, there is still the love-passion, which if women could

not portray, we should be forced to say that it lay too close, rather than that it was remote, unvisited.

Yet the aptitude for fiction centres after all in a certain passionate inconsistency. The tale must have clash of character, and the author himself must live with all the combatants. And therefore a clamor and a gleam hard upon darkness must be within the artist's person. He must teem, must be fairly burrowed and alleyed with population. Could we but have gone prowling through the mind of Dickens! There we should have come upon, not the mere cold knowledge of his characters, but the very sympathies and impulses that give life to Squeers as well as to the Cheeryble Brothers, to Scrooge and Marley as well as to the Spirit of Christmas. In his own heart we should have found hidden away the very blood of the Boffins and the Bagnets, of Peggotty and Mrs. Nickleby, of Sim Tappertit and Mr. Micawber.

No smoothed-out and simplified heart can write a great novel. Cervantes must find in himself something that if set free would have made him a real Quixote, a Sancho Panza, and one ready to jeer at both. Those who have exclusive attachments are therefore ill fitted to create tales; the very solidity of their purpose is a hindrance. The facile Disraeli, on whom statecraft sits lightly, is not prevented; but Bright, or Gladstone, — who in all his changes is one and earnest and convinced, — could hardly have sheltered that loose populace of motives with which the tale-composer's mind is filled. One who has a programme and a gospel rather than a pied stage within him, will not seek this mode of utterance. Perhaps for such a reason the Roman, with his constant will and his simple and law-ordered mind, has left us heroes for drama and story, rather than story and drama itself. Your Greek, versatile,

many-centred, quarrelsome both with stranger and with kin, was fit for the other work. For him, the discussion even of metaphysics, as in Plato, becomes a human story, with characters warm in the flesh, conversing and in action.

When Emerson says that he does not have to travel the wide world over to find anchorite and Mandarin, general and explorer, but in himself in Concord can discover them and dear Devil and all, he observes something of the secret of the imaginer of life. Any great novelist's proper self must not sit too fixedly upon him; he may feel it, but he must be able to slip it off, and into another, as with a coat.

Now the character of your common male is fastened, rather, like the coat of an animal. His self is too much with him, and resists a sympathetic entrance into contrasting parts. But woman—if we attend to the class and not to each individual—is of less rigid structure; she is more mobile in her feelings, readier to answer emotionally at the instant's call. With her there is sympathy, which taken broadly is but a ready entrance into characters different from her own.

This contrast becomes clearer if we look to the abnormal mind, which has a trick of revealing the hidden and threatening element, even in what is sound. The man-child always runs a risk of ending in crime. In him there is a strain which, if unchecked, makes him defiant of the accepted order; makes him ready to see his own person and desires as pivotal in the universe. With women the very opposite of this practical egotism is at the door. Mental shock or serious inner change with her is more apt to produce some weakening of the bonds which hold the self together and maintain a sense of its identity: she feels as though dominated by some wholly foreign power. Thus

the 'trance mediums' of the day are usually women—as were the sibyls and priestesses of old who with heaving bosom and disheveled hair spoke the words of the oracle.

And in still graver changes of this kind we have those bewildering 'alternations of personality,' where one character yields unexpectedly to another, only later to assert itself again. These successive 'personalities' are at times seen in men; but they are far oftener found in women—as is indicated by the long list which includes the names of Miss 'Beauchamp,' Mary Reynolds, Mlle. 'Smith,' Miss Winson, Férida, and Marcelline. Here are no separate persons inhabiting the one body, but the one person is disorganized and no longer acts entirely as a whole. Great systems of ideas and impulses subside, and others emerge to sight and action—like those changes in the level of a continent, when one part sinks below the ocean's level while another rises.

These wild occurrences are but a magnified image of what exists at times and in some degree in all of us, but in women requires less enlargement to be seen. The average woman possesses a greater variety of character, as of wardrobe, than does the man; she can more readily lay aside or suppress some important part of her, and bring some contrasting feature into view. She carries in herself a ready wealth that is more applicable to the story than to painting or to music. Thus it is that in painting and in music she is to be passed by man with ease, but in the story, if at all, with greatest effort.

v

There are, then, many forces that urge women further in fiction than in any other of the great creative arts, and cause her to select the novelist's career from among the many ways

that alike seem open. And to catch a glimpse of these forces is the sole purpose of this paper. Yet the query can hardly be suppressed, why with so many inner and outer aids she does not go further in her chosen art, and notably excel the men. May we not be confident that talent clearly supreme will appear among those who show so high a preparation? Why should we not prophesy that the greatest stories will hereafter come only from the daughters of men?

It will perhaps be so. In the realm described by Maeterlinck, where are the unborn children destined to great accomplishment, there may well be waiting a troop of little girls whose work in fiction will crown all that men have ever done or ever can do. We have, however, no assurance.

For in man there is endless daring and a purpose not lightly to be turned aside; and sheer contrivance will often outwit natural gifts. It will be remembered that we found the girl letting her story tell itself; while the boy repeated, retouched, criticized, putting pains in place of spontaneity. And later, in maturity and in an art already developed and difficult to carry to still higher excellence, these male traits may balance the scale. Analysis and self-criticism and dogged ingenuity and the love of domination may make good the lack of ready and free fertility.

It must also be remembered that we

have examined evidence merely of a more widespread fitness among women as a group, and have not looked to supreme and single excellence. And while the general level of women's aptitude is perhaps higher than men's, yet fame does not rest upon a general level so much as upon individual peaks. For one person who knows of the Tibetan highlands, where for weeks the traveler may never descend to the elevation of Mt. Blanc, thousands know of some single and higher point in Andes or Himalayas. Although there is an amazing distribution of fictional talent in women, — so that, lift your hat where you will, your greeting will go to some story-writer of promise, — yet in men Nature strangely heaps her gifts upon few and distant individuals. To man she more often gives the distinction we call genius, which treats the statistician and his dull averages as love does locksmiths. The wind in these matters of the kingdom blows where it lists.

But the world is still young, and even genius is sensitive to circumstance and weather. And women in the past have been exposed to peculiar frost and drought. If we think upon these things, we cannot call quite foundationless the hope that in the story-teller's art women in the end will clearly excel the men, bringing to the race those further riches promised in the imaginative life of little girls.

GERMAN GENERALSHIP

BY ALFRED G. GARDINER

I

In those intimate and incisive letters which he wrote to his wife during the Franco-Prussian War, Bismarck attacked the German generalship in the field with almost apoplectic fury. Apart from Moltke and 'good old Roon' — the one a Dane, the other a Dutchman — he held German generals in utter contempt, and he declared again and again that it was only the bravery of the soldiers that saved the incapable leadership from disaster. It was not a very sound judgment, for it ignored the main factor in the swift triumph of Germany. If the capacity of the German generals, apart from Moltke and Roon, was low, that of the French generals opposed to them was infinitely inferior. So much incompetence, perhaps, was never shown on so large a stage as that displayed by the French generals, and no brave people ever paid a heavier penalty for corruption and folly in high places than the French paid. But it is probably true that the victory of 1870-71 was won by Bismarck's diplomacy rather than by Prussian military genius or even French inefficiency. It was his skill in uniting Germany in a common quarrel with France, and in isolating his foe, that assured the result. He knew that Moltke's plans and the adequacy of the Prussian military machine could not fail to consummate his designs against an enemy whose unpreparedness and levity he had thoroughly appreciated.

In the present war the cautious and

far-sighted diplomacy of Bismarck has been wanting, and Germany has had to rely for success on the genius of its generals and the efficiency of the military machine. We can imagine very well the wrath with which Bismarck would contemplate the diplomacy that gambled on the quiescence of England. But what would be his judgment, and what will be the judgment of history on the military conduct of the war? So far as preparedness is concerned, there has of course been no parallel to the astonishing position of Germany when the war burst on Europe. Treated as an art, it may be claimed that the Latins have been the great masters of war; but treated in the modern sense as a science, the supremacy of Prussia has been unchallengeable. It has concentrated the genius of the most painstaking people in Europe on the single goal of military efficiency. To that end every other consideration has been subordinated. Its commerce, its industry, its financial methods, its education, its social reform, its railways, even its recreations have had in reserve that ultimate purpose of making the nation supreme on the battlefield, and its doctrine of the unprovoked war has governed all its statesmanship and diplomacy. Scharnhorst struck the keynote of scientific warfare in Prussia's darkest hour; Clausewitz elaborated the laws of that warfare; Moltke put them into practice with a shattering success that opened a new epoch in military history.

Henceforward war had to be conceived, not as a thing of swift inspira-

tions, but as a thing prepared in the scientist's laboratory. The personal factor was subordinated to the machine, and Napoleon's great maxim, 'Je m'engage et puis je vois,' became the watchword of an outworn creed. The victories of science over matter — the conquest of the air, the discovery of wireless telegraphy, the development of motor-traction, the achievements of chemistry in the matter of high explosives, and so on — tended to emphasize the change in the character of war, and worked to the advantage of the power which was at once most industrious in the practical applications of science and most concerned in making those applications subservient to the needs of war.

That a nation so saturated with the thought of war and so rightly conscious of its superiority over all its rivals should have regarded itself as invincible calls for no surprise. The confidence of the Germans in their machine had a foundation as solid and absolute as any human calculation about calculable things can have. On the spiritual side they were universally wrong. They miscalculated Belgium, they misread England, they woefully underrated France, they blundered in their estimate of the ability of Austria to hold Russia in check while France was being crushed. But on the material side they were substantially right.

If we judge German generalship by strictly military considerations, as distinct from the political and imaginative factors, we are bound to admit that its success has been complete. The machine has been a miracle of efficiency, and if preparedness for war were the final condition of victory, Germany would have been master of Europe and, indeed, of the world, in six months. The advantage with which Germany started was due primarily no doubt to the initiative inherent in the unprovoked war.

The state which lays its plans with the deliberate purpose of striking its blow when its enemy is not looking must always have the whip-hand of the state which stands on the defensive and will fight only under provocation. But apart from this advantage, the Germans came into the field with a much more deeply and truly considered theory of the mechanism of war under modern conditions than any of their foes possessed. Their system of the General Staff, in operation for generations, had brought to bear on all the problems of war a mass of learning which had no parallel in any other country and which had won for Germany the admiration of the official military class in all the neutral countries. Prussia was the military academy in which most of the generals of those countries had graduated. Even General Yanushkevitch, the chief of the Russian General Staff at the opening of the war, had received his military education in Germany.

Against this elaborately systematized thought directed to definite ends, the Allies had little to offer but improvised methods. They had no common strategy, no body of agreed doctrine. France had passed through a series of military convulsions which made a coherent and steadily maintained theory impossible. The Russian military system was as corrupt and inefficient as other departments of Russian official life. The revelations of the Russo-Japanese war had done little to cleanse the Augean stables, and only a few weeks before the crisis came it was stated in the Duma, and not denied, that there were 2000 generals in the Russian Army against 350 in the French Army, and that of these the vast majority had received their rank, not for military merit, but through patronage or social influence. Of the younger generals only 25 per cent had passed through the regimental mill, and of 300 colonels of most

recent promotion only one had gone through a military academy.

In England the case, for other reasons, was no better. Even in the eighteenth century Chatham had declared, 'The Navy is the Standing Army of England,' and the idea of intervention in continental warfare had almost ceased to belong to the realm of practical considerations. No army had in the last generation seen fighting in so many and such various fields as the British Army, but the fields were remote, the scale small, and the methods antiquated. Hard thinking is not a British characteristic, nor is organization a thing for which the Englishman has an affection. We had muddled through the Boer War at infinite sacrifice, and the Army was still very largely a social asset into which the sons of the aristocracy went to learn polo. Mr. Haldane, with his doctrine of 'clear-thinking' and efficiency, did something to modernize the machine and even introduced the idea of the General Staff in a modest form. It was his War Book which enabled the little British Army to play so prompt and striking a part in the first episode of the war; but that was an isolated incident. Behind it was a blank to be filled in with a fury of improvisation.

II

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that when the clash came it was found that the Germans were easily first in their theories. Take the matter of fortifications. They had seen that the modern weapon of offense had made the fortress obsolete except as a centre of widespread operations. The same view had been put forward elsewhere by lay thinkers like Sir Sydenham Clarke (Lord Sydenham), who had advocated earthworks as against forts which offered a fixed target for great mobile how-

itzers. But France still placed reliance upon the fortresses. The collapse of Namur and the fortresses on the Belgian border was the first evidence that in military thought the Germans were decisively superior. As the war progressed, especially on the Russian front, the fact on which the Germans had calculated — that the modern gun would dominate the fort — was established with terrible emphasis. It was only on the Verdun-Toul line that the fortress retained an appearance of supremacy, but it was a supremacy based upon the fact that the country lent itself to a wide defensive system which reduced the fort to the function of a dépôt for the field operations of a great army. The fortress *qua* fortress had vanished as an article of military faith.

Not less sound was the doctrine of the Germans as to the use of the big gun in field warfare. The French General Staff had pinned their faith to the 75 mm. and had resisted every proposal for the employment of heavy artillery in the field. When the Caillaux ministry was in office, an attempt was made to provide the army with big guns for field work, and ten millions sterling were voted for the purpose. But though the scheme went through, it was disapproved of by the military experts, and with the fall of the Caillaux ministry it was quickly dropped. The ground of objection on the part of professional opinion was that the use of heavy guns would destroy the mobility of the army and embarrass its operations. Assuming that war was still an affair of rapid movement and swift, decisive action, this was a tenable view; but the battle of Mukden was the portent of a fundamental change of method profoundly affecting the material requirements of an army in the field. The Germans alone fully appreciated the meaning of that change. In the early stages of the war, while the armies were sway-

ing to and fro over northern France, their big guns were doubtless an embarrassment. They could not keep pace with the rapid movement, and were unable to influence events in the supreme crisis of the Marne. But when the struggle had settled down into permanent trench warfare, the big guns for the field became a factor of the first importance, and the French doctrine was found to have no relation to the warfare initiated at Mukden and rendered inevitable by the scale and equipment of modern armies.

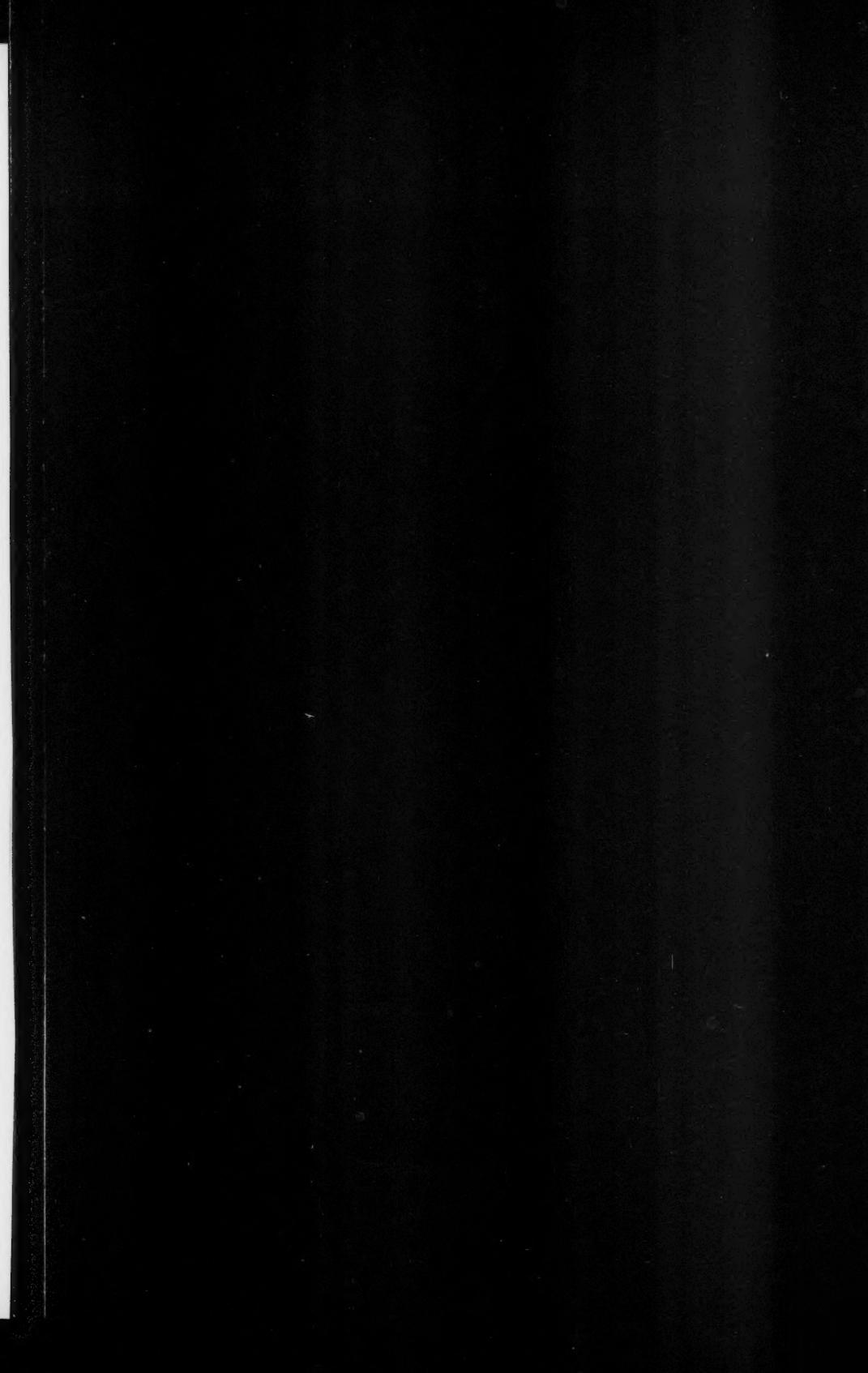
In the associated problem of the use of the high-explosive shell the Germans were equally right and the Allies equally wrong. Nothing is more remarkable as showing the obstinate conservatism of professional thought, than the precious months lost before the French and the English generals came to admit that their reliance on shrapnel in trench warfare was a fatal mistake. The great shell controversy in England developed into an attack on the politicians, but it was not the politicians either in England or France who were to blame: it was the soldiers. They seemed afflicted with an inability to see the most elementary fact of the war. In conversation, they would admit that it was the German high-explosive shell which was doing the destruction in their own lines; but in the same breath they would reaffirm their faith in shrapnel so far as the retaliation on the enemy was concerned. Indeed, it was not until the politicians intervened that this enormous heresy was got rid of. It was the appointment of Mr. Lloyd George as Minister of Munitions in England and of M. Thomas to the same position in France that brought the Allies at last into touch with the bedrock facts about big guns and high-explosive shells.

The case was much the same in regard to the machine-gun. It would

have seemed to the average man that there could be no doubt as to the importance of that weapon in any kind of warfare; but the Germans alone entered on the war with a real understanding of the part it was destined to play. In the English Army, and to a large extent in the French Army as well, the machine-gun was a sort of luxury, and for months it remained a sort of luxury. In the German Army it was from the first the real instrument of defense. At the end of nine months of war the equipment of the English was in the proportion of two machine-guns to ten on the side of the Germans, and not for a year was this dreadful handicap substantially diminished. The bearing of this fact on the course of the trench warfare was immensely important to the Germans. They were able to hold their advanced trenches with a minimum of men, while we had to hold ours with the maximum. In a word, we used men where they used the machine.

That the Germans looked confidently for a swift triumph in the field is undoubtedly; but that they had also foreseen the possibility of the trench warfare is evident, not only from all this preparation, but also from the promptness with which they brought into play the hand-grenade and the trench-mortar. The revival of these obsolete weapons was an inevitable consequence of the siege warfare, but only the Germans were prepared. Evidently they alone had seriously and minutely considered the possibility of the static struggle. For a considerable time after the great parallel lines from Flanders to Switzerland had been drawn, the Germans were using an abundance of perfectly manufactured hand-bombs, while their foes could reply only with crude improvisations of an extremely inferior sort.

It is still an open question whether the elaborate German method of constructing trenches is sound. The deep



excavation and the concrete linings have important advantages, but in the case of a heavy bombardment they are of very doubtful wisdom, for men have more chance of escape from a fall of natural soil than from the collapse of deep concrete structures. However, the promptness with which the Germans laid these underground fortifications for hundreds of miles is an evidence of their meticulous care and astonishing preparedness for all eventualities. It is this fact which has given the British officer so high a respect for German military thinking. 'When the Germans do something in a different way from ours,' said a distinguished officer at General Headquarters to me, 'the chances are that it is a better way than ours.'

This I found to be a generally accepted view at the front. Much scorn, for example, has been poured on the place which the German officer takes in attack. He does not lead his men, but drives them. On the face of it, this method shows badly against the French and English tradition by which the officer gives his men the example of gallantry. That example governs the whole relationship of officers and men and invests war with a spirit of chivalry and sacrifice which is an important military asset. But on the other hand, the price it exacts in the mortality of officers is a grave set-off, and the Germans, who are always realists in their methods, regard the price as too high for the gain it brings. And though the British tradition is too deep-rooted to be destroyed, I found a very widespread conviction among the British officers that, as a matter of practical loss and gain, the German system was probably right in trench warfare if not in the free action of the field.

III

There is much less disposition to approve of another phase of German

military thought. The massed attack has, on the whole, been found to be a great and costly failure. To justify the enormous sacrifice which it involves, it must have a decisive and unequivocal success. On no occasion has it been attended with such a success. The sacrifice has been made, but the end has never been gained, and with the serious diminution in the man-power of Germany and the great improvement in the munitioning of the Allies there has been a marked tendency to avoid this reckless staking of life.¹ It is clear that no artillery preparation so far found to be practicable is adequate to give the gamble a reasonable chance of success.

In one sphere of the war the Germans have been decisively inferior. The Allies, almost from the beginning, have established a definite mastery in the air, and, though much alarm was caused by the feats of the Fokker, that mastery is still maintained. In this connection I refer only to the aeroplane. So far as the airship is concerned the Germans have been simply unchallenged. They had devoted immense thought and expenditure to this weapon and clearly looked to it as destined to offset, in large measure, the naval supremacy of Britain. It cannot be denied that as an instrument of 'frightfulness' it has justified itself. It has made the darkness terrible, not to London only but to all England; it has destroyed many innocent lives and created widespread alarm. But in a strict military sense it has so far been literally negligible, for it can operate only in the dark and its bombs are dropped at random, or, at best, by guesswork. Even indirectly it has had no military value. It has caused alarm and indignation, but no panic; and in a real sense it has served a useful purpose by making England realize the actualities of war. There will

¹ This paper was written immediately before the great attack on Verdun.—THE EDITORS.

be no labor troubles in the wake of the Zeppelin. It may be doubted, therefore, whether even in the case of the airship the Germans have really scored.

So far as the aeroplane is concerned their inferiority has been unquestioned. The reason for this is obvious. No amount of thinking and organization can secure the command of the air unaided. Given equal inventiveness — and the French and the English are certainly not inferior in this respect — the governing factor of the war in the air is the quality of individual daring and independent resource. In this quality the Germans are indisputably inferior. Their system relies upon a collective discipline. The individual is merged in the mass, and, divorced from the mass, he is the inferior fighting animal. Bernhardi realized this grave defect of the Prussian system and urgently advocated the cultivation of individual initiative in the soldiery; but the war has shown that his advocacy has been vain. Indeed, the development of the individual is obviously incompatible with the harsh mechanism of the Prussian system, and it is that fact which will govern the final verdict on German military thought. It sacrifices the man to the machine. In a war of sudden impetus the perfect machine wins; the longer the war lasts, however, the more does the human factor assert its authority. It is possible in the course of a prolonged struggle to equalize the machinery of war, but not to equalize the human element. The Allies have learned the science of war from the Germans, and, having learned it, they possess a superior quality of material with which to apply it.

If the Germans, on the whole, started with the sounder theories as to the methods of war, their advantage in the matter of strategy should have been even more decisive. That advantage was founded, not merely on the pro-

found study which the General Staff had for a generation devoted to the problem. In that study they had the advantage which belongs to a deliberate policy of aggression. They laid their plans for a war which would come at their own time and in their own way, and in which they would have the element of surprise and the command of the initiative. In a very real sense they alone had a strategy conceived on large and comprehensive lines and based on really calculable considerations. The Allies had never discussed the strategy of a possible war in a collective way. Beyond the secret understanding between England and France that, in the event of the invasion of Belgium, the British Army should go to the defense of that country, there was no strategic preparation on the part of the two countries, and the idea that England would raise an army on the continental scale was never contemplated. Her task was the command of the sea and the defense of her own shores. Italy, so far from being involved in the general strategy of the Allies, was at that time nominally an ally of Germany. The relations between France and Russia had been more intimate, but in so far as they had discussed a common strategy it was the strategy of defense in unknown circumstances at an unknown time. It conceded the initiative to Germany as the corollary of unalterable facts.

Those facts were not limited to the known supremacy of the German military machine. The geographical position of Germany alone was a decisive factor in the dictation of the initiative. She had her ally, not separated by land or sea, but solidly at her back, and, working on interior lines, she could calculate on dealing with her enemies in detail, and on bringing the whole weight of her resources to any given point with a minimum of delay. This advantage

was enhanced by her wonderful system of military railways. That system, by giving an unrivaled mobility to her armies, practically duplicated their value. She could always have her men where she most needed them. She had not only mass, but volition, and could strike her blow where she pleased.

The measure of this intrinsic superiority was only slowly realized by the Allies as the war progressed, but it had been the basic fact from which German strategy started. Its value was highest in the early stages of the struggle, when the Allies were staggering under the shock that came with such frightful suddenness; but it continued to dominate the war far into the second year, and at the time of writing it may be said that the initiative is still in the hands of the Germans, though the command of exterior lines, the evolution of a common strategy, and the slow development of superior resources are visibly changing the balance in favor of the Allies.

It will be the task of the historian to discover why, with so overwhelming a superiority of men, material, preparative study, centrality, and mobility, the Germans did not succeed in shattering the Allies before they collected their strength. The programme was simple and apparently easily within achievement. France was to be crushed in one overwhelming movement; Russia, held up temporarily by Austria, was to be disposed of at leisure, and the war was to be over in six months. Three things vitiated the scheme: (1) The rapidity of the Allied retreat through France led the Germans to outrun themselves, so that when they came to deliver the fatal blow at the Marne they were an exhausted army; (2) the Russian raid into East Prussia disarranged the plan of campaign; (3) the collapse of Austria fundamentally changed the problem of the war. The subsequent failure to reach Calais finally left the original

strategy of Germany in ruins. Thenceforward a new plan of campaign had to be devised. And it was in the second phase of the war that German generalship revealed its strength, its boldness, its breadth of conception, and its resourcefulness. It had failed when its advantages were at their maximum; it recovered when those advantages, though still great, were declining.

The fact is due, I think, mainly to the part which personality still plays in war. Germany entered the struggle, not with the wrong strategy, not with unsound ideas of relative values, but with the wrong men in command. The contrast between events up to the disastrous failure of the attempt on Calais, which led to the deposition of Count von Moltke, and the events of 1915 is the most striking fact of the war. It is not easy to say how far Moltke was responsible for the failure of the first four months and how far he was over-ruled by the Supreme War-Lord. It is clear, however, that both before Paris and before Calais there was a very remarkable indecision—the result, apparently, of sharp divergences of view. This was especially true in the attack on Calais. No military authority has defended the reckless squandering of effort on four separate attempts to break through the Allied line—on the coast, at Arras, at Armentières, and finally at Ypres. It is agreed that the episode revealed a collision of political and military aims and a serious conflict in the higher command. Moltke was never more than the shadow of a great name, and it is generally assumed that his power was entirely subordinated to the will of the Kaiser, who, though a cavalry commander of very considerable ability, is far too impulsive and neurotic for the large operations of war.

And if the higher command in this stage of the war was defective, it was no less obvious that the commands in the

field were in indifferent hands. The Crown Prince was a mere popinjay whose incapacity was notorious and whose extravagances and improprieties were a legend of irresponsible folly or worse. The Crown Prince of Bavaria was conspicuous only for the venom of his tongue; the Duke of Württemberg was a name and nothing more. Hausen vanished after the Marne, and Kluck is remembered only for his vain boast that he had the British Army in 'a ring of iron' at Maubeuge, and for his fatal attempt to march across the British front at the Marne when the reinforcements from Paris appeared on his flank.

IV

It is to the appointment of Falkenhayn as Chief of the General Staff and to the emergence in the field of Generals Hindenburg and Mackensen that the remarkable revival of German prestige during 1915 was due. Of these three men, not one was in a position of great authority when the war began. Indeed, only one, Mackensen, was in active service at all. Hindenburg was in retirement at Hanover; Falkenhayn was in the political position of Minister of War, and Mackensen was in command at Danzig, where he had come into serious collision with the Crown Prince and was in consequence under a cloud.

Of the three reputations made by the war, that which has had far the greatest *réclame* is probably least important. Hindenburg's victory in the Masurian Lakes district was certainly one of the few decisive incidents of the war. It was a victory in that complete and final sense which has become so unusual under modern conditions. It was a victory, too, due entirely to superior generalship. Hindenburg had been something of an oddity in the Army owing to his obsession on the subject of the military importance of the lake dis-

trict of East Prussia. When it was proposed to drain that region he fought for his marshes as a wild animal for its young, and finally stampeded the Kaiser himself on the subject by the energy of his advocacy. The region had been his favorite theatre of study, and in the manœuvres there he unfailingly engineered his foe into the marshes. 'We're going to have a bath to-day,' was the saying of the soldiers when 'old Hindenburg' was against them. But when the war broke out Hindenburg was neglected, and his application for a post was ignored until the Russian invasion of the sacred soil of East Prussia spread panic in the capital and throughout the country. Then the boycott collapsed. 'Suddenly,' he said, after he had become the national hero, 'there came a telegram informing me that the Emperor commissioned me to command the Eastern Army. I really only had time to buy some woollen clothing and make my old uniform presentable again. Then came sleeping cars, saloon cars, locomotives — and so I journeyed to East Prussia like a prince. And so far everything has gone well.'

It had. On the ground that he knew so thoroughly he manœuvred Samsonov's army into the swamps and achieved the most sensational victory of the war. He became the savior of his country and in the popular imagination overshadowed every other figure. He had the whole nation at his feet, and being rather a breezy, simple-minded man who had never before known what popular acclamation was like, he reveled in the sunshine with the frank enjoyment of a schoolboy.

But great as the achievement was, it was not so great as the public estimate, inflated by the panic that preceded it, conceived it to be; and those who have followed the campaigns on the Eastern frontier with expert knowledge and have examined the battles in detail

have a higher regard for the genius of Mackensen than for that of Hindenburg. Like Hindenburg he was ignored at the beginning of the campaign. His troubles with the Crown Prince at Danzig had culminated earlier in the year in a request to the Kaiser that either he or the Prince should be removed. Mackensen remained and the Prince was recalled to Berlin; but when the war broke out it was the latter who was in command of the central army in the West, while Mackensen was left to cool his heels in obscure tasks. Not until some months had passed with their tale of disappointed hopes did he emerge as the second in command to Hindenburg on the Russian front.

His name first came into prominence by his skilful extrication of his army when its envelopment east of Lodz was regarded as complete; and thenceforward every task of critical importance was committed to his hands. It was he who delivered that smashing blow on the Dunajec which opened so sensationaly the new and most formidable phase of German attack. The series of operations that followed by which he forced the Russian left back to the Privit marshes revealed a grim power not inferior to Hindenburg's and a constructive subtlety which, except on the ground that he had studied all his lifetime, Hindenburg has not rivaled.

The campaign in Serbia was on a smaller scale, but again the strategy was of that fresh and original character that commands the respect of the student of war. It is, I believe, true to say that no campaigns in connection with the war are being studied by the military experts with so much attention as those of Mackensen. Like Hindenburg, Kluck, Bülow, and most of the German generals, he is nearer seventy than sixty. He won the Iron Cross in the War of 1870, and the Iron Cross was relatively a much less famili-

iar reward then than now. It really indicated work of rare individual courage, which is not necessarily the case to-day. Indeed, there are few things more significant of the change which has come over the temperament of Prussia than the contrast between the parsimony with which decorations were given in 1870 and the lavishness with which they were given in the early phases of the present war.

Unlike Hindenburg, Mackensen is a man of silent, almost morose habit. It is popularly attributed to the blow which the loss of a much-loved wife inflicted on him, but it is in reality the natural habit of a singularly absorbed and self-contained character. His brevity of speech is the expression of a ruthless temper, and in the severity of the demands he makes on all who come under his iron will, as well as in his cold and concentrated silence, he is reminiscent of Lord Kitchener. Miracles have been performed by soldiers and civilians alike during his advances, not because of the affection they have for him, but because of the fear of his merciless hand. He has been said (with what truth I do not know) to have Scots blood in his veins, but in all his characteristics he is typical of the Prussian mind, manner, and thought.

But the true key to the renascence of the German cause after the failure of 1914 is to be found in Falkenhayn, who was appointed Chief of Staff on the fall of Moltke. Falkenhayn is, apart from the royal leaders, considerably the youngest of the generals in high position in the German army. He is 54 — the same age as General Haig. He is a man whose ambitions are as unlimited as his powers to achieve them. Four years or so ago he was unknown to the German public, and his promotion from an obscure provincial command to the position of Prussian Minister of War is supposed to have been the result

of one of those court intrigues which play so large a part in Prussian public life. He had family influence in the Kaiser's household and his advancement was not unconnected with that fact.

But he had brains as well as influence, and an aggressive personality disguised by the arts of the subtle and far-sighted intriguer. From his advent to the Ministry of War he set himself to undermine Moltke. It began to be hinted that Moltke was 'getting old,' that the General Staff needed new and young blood, and so on; and when the Zabern incident occurred, Falkenhayn made a bid for popularity with the army by his emphatic approval of the infamous action of Colonel Reutter and Lieutenant Förstner. It was his hand more, perhaps, than another that forced the declaration of war prematurely, in face of the hesitation of the Kaiser and the opposition of Bethmann-Hollweg; but when the war came it was Moltke who remained in the position on which Falkenhayn had set his heart. The ambitious minister waited for his opportunity. He had Moltke's measure, knew that he was unlikely to survive, opposed his strategy regarding Belgium, and, on the collapse of the campaign at Ypres, he knew that his moment had come.

In the military sense it is indisputable that his promotion has been triumphantly justified by events. A new and more masterful spirit pervaded German strategy from the moment of his assumption of the control of military policy. There was no longer any sense of conflict between political and military aims, still less of any evidence of the collision of wills. The disastrous experience of the first four months of the war had aged the Kaiser and modified his imperious self-will. He was in the frame of mind to forget that he was the Supreme War-Lord and to distrust his own judgment, and Falkenhayn had the force and the adroitness to

avail himself of this fact. He established over his master an intellectual authority which left him the practical dictator of military policy. This ascendancy has been confirmed by the success which attended his far-reaching and powerful strategy throughout 1915, and in presenting him with the Order of the Black Eagle the Kaiser used terms of flattery which almost touched the level of obsequious reverence.

General Falkenhayn has fortified his position by an artful policy of excluding possible rivals from access to his master. In an unusually informing analysis of the forces around the Kaiser at the present time, published in *Le Temps*, Mr. Hendrik Hudson, who, as a neutral, has spent a long time in Germany, declares that Falkenhayn is the most powerful man in the country. 'The power of General Falkenhayn,' he says, 'comes from the extraordinary influence, inexplicable even to those who know this personage, which he wields over the Emperor. He is very jealous of his authority, and keeps away from headquarters all who he thinks might seek to gain the confidence of the sovereign. This isolation of the Emperor is an important fact, as the sovereign learns only what General Falkenhayn wishes him to know. William II is the prisoner of his military camarilla.'

It is not the first time that the Kaiser has been the prisoner of a camarilla, as the revelations of the Eulenburg case witness. But it is not improbable that he is on this occasion a willing prisoner. In the vast disaster that has befallen him, when his

cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop,

he turns for succor to the man whose strength gives him confidence and whose success offers him still the refuge of hope in a world that is reeling beneath his feet.

THE MACHINES

BY WILLIAM J. ROBINSON

WHEN the British blockade was tightening its coils about Germany, a sigh of relief went up from the Entente powers, and their press proclaimed that with gasoline and rubber cut off from the enemy the war would soon come automatically to an end. I am not concerned with the failure of these prophecies to reckon with German chemical ingenuity; they merely throw light on the interesting fact that modern warfare, with its demand for swift-striking movement in every branch of the complicated military organism, could not exist without the motor-vehicle in its various forms.

Through the illustrated weeklies and the moving pictures, Americans have become familiar with the Skoda howitzers, taken to pieces for travel, rumbling along behind great Mercédès traction-motors. They have seen the London motor-busses, loaded to bursting with grinning Tommies on their way to the front, flaunting Bovril and Nestlé's Food signs against an unfamiliar background of canals and serried poplar trees. They cannot realize, however, because they have not witnessed with their own eyes, the vast orderly ferment of wheeled traffic that fills the roads on both sides of that blackened, blasted battle-line between the armies of Western Europe. Where once the task of fulfillment fell to straining horse-flesh, the burden is now laid on wheels winged by gasoline. From the flashing wire spokes of the dispatch-rider's motor-cycle to the clanking, crushing 'feet' of the caterpillar tractor

that pulls the big guns into action, the incredibly complicated machinery of war is now dependent on an element which, at the time of the Spanish-American War, was unknown to military use.

It was chance which got me into the British Army; it was also by chance that I was attached to the staff of a captain of the 5th Dragoon Guards and sent off to Belgium five days after my enlistment, without the usual weary months of training in the riding-school. On October 8, 1914, our regiment landed at Ostend; this was the beginning of 13 months of service, during which I passed from my regular duties in the Dragoon Guards to the Army Service Corps as motor-driver to General Byng, and was subsequently attached to the Headquarters Staff of the 5th Army Corps. While in this, I saw service in an armored car of the Royal Naval Air Service, went into action with the Motor Machine-gun Section, and also acted as a dispatch rider. This enabled me to get a fairly good first-hand idea of the use made by the British Army of the various types of motor-vehicle; and if some of my experiences left me in doubt as to the ability of the human nervous system to stand up under the racking, killing pace demanded by these branches of the service, I came away from my term at the front full of admiration for the men behind the organization which is responsible for the smooth functioning of the motor-vehicle wing of the British Army.

My first good opportunity to see this

great system in action came shortly after my arrival at the front near Zillebeke, where, while waiting for assignment to duty, we watched the supplies coming through. Fresh supplies — vast quantities of them — arrive every day from the various seaports, brought on trains which deposit them at the 'rail-head,' or private railway station with which every army, army corps, and division is provided. The trains are met by motor-lorries or trucks, which swing into the yards, range up in long lines alongside the freight cars, load up, and pull away again in surprisingly short time. As they drew out of the yards, I noticed that they fell automatically into little groups, and, on inquiry, found that, before the column is formed, all lorries containing a certain kind of supplies go in one group, lining up until in an orderly arrangement of, say, twelve trucks of meat, ten trucks of bread, so many trucks of clothing, groceries, petrol, mechanical stores, and so on, until a column consisting of, perhaps, one hundred lorries stands ready to start toward the front.

The order given, off they go, to the clatter of chains and open exhausts. The roads of Belgium were once good roads, but the endless stream of heavy traffic has reduced them to a fearful condition, despite the efforts of the Royal Engineers and 'Jack Ward's battalions' — the large semi-military force of navvies and laborers recruited in London by a patriotic contractor for just such badly needed work as highway repairing. Down the middle of these roads runs a strip of cobblestones — greasy, full of holes, but still cobblestones; on either side there is mud, a slough of despond for the unwary driver. Many a time, in winter, I have seen lorries so hopelessly stuck that it is impossible to get them out for the moment. All that can be done is to transfer the load to another car and leave

the derelict by the roadside to the tender mercies of the salvage companies or the nearest portable mechanical transport workshop.

Before going to the front I had never so much as thought of the problem of caring for the great number of cars that are disabled in the day's run; so that I was surprised to find what thorough high-class work is done by these portable workshops. Mounted on lorry chassis, they present the appearance of box-cars, the sides of which, in service, are lowered to a horizontal position and serve as platforms for the crew to stand on when manipulating the lathe or dynamo inside. Power is furnished by a special gasoline motor. The mechanics employed in these workshops are all highly trained men, who are obliged to pass the most severe tests before they are accepted for this branch of the service. Most of them have been building cars in England, and they are often allowed to specialize on the make with which they are most familiar. If an automobile is beyond the help of these first-aid specialists, it is immediately sent to one of the dépôts where there is a permanent workshop, and another vehicle is sent up to the front to take its place. No cars are kept running if they are not in first-class condition, and every precaution is taken to avoid accidents due to defective machines. Practically all makes of cars are to be seen at the front. Each kind is assigned to the work to which it is best adapted, the fast cars, generally speaking being used for dispatch work, and also for carrying officers to and from the firing-line; the steadier cars find their niche in ambulance work and other duties where speed is a secondary matter.

These details I noted down in the impersonal way of the cavalryman, who is supposed to be concerned with other matters. While we were still at Zillebeke, however, the driver of General

Byng's car was killed, and, as I knew there was a shortage of competent drivers, I made the somewhat irregular request to take his place. This was granted, to my surprise—and pleasure; for I had heard that all our untrained men were shortly to be sent back to England to finish their course at the riding school. Although I had had considerable experience in driving cars at home, I was glad that the general was partial to slow going and objected strenuously to being bumped. This enabled me to lead up gradually to the more severe demands that were made on me when, shortly after, I was attached to the Headquarters Staff of the 5th Army Corps. Here I was treated to my first, and only, ride into action with an armored car.

The armored car is unquestionably the most wicked-looking thing at the front, and its lines, its whole appearance, give the suggestion of an unlimited capacity for slaughter. The entire body of the car is made of finest sheet steel, nearly half an inch thick; in the place of the tonneau there is a revolving steel turret mounting a rapid-fire gun or a three-pounder. The engine is protected by the same quality of armor as the body, and the vulnerable radiator finds safety behind two steel doors, which, when the car goes into action, are adjusted so as to leave a small opening for the circulation of air. An apron of steel extends round the wheels to within a foot of the ground, guarding as far as possible the pneumatic tires. However, in spite of this precaution and the use of double tires on each wheel, I have seen cars come limping home with all eight tires flat.

The crew of an armored car is a variable quantity, but there are always two drivers. It was the lack of a spare driver that led to my being ordered one day to sit beside the man at the wheel of a car that was just going into

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action. In case anything had happened to him, I should have had to take his place. As we drew into the zone of the enemy's fire, the bullets began to hit our car, first scatteringly, then in a regular shower, coming at the rate of a hundred a minute and beating a devil's tattoo on our armor. The din made by bullets on this steel plating is amazing. It sounds as if some one were striking with a hammer, and striking hard, too. I did not know that, so far as the ordinary rifle-bullet is concerned, these armored cars are practically invulnerable, and I expected any moment to find the metal giving way under the shock. We were in action only about ten minutes, but in that short time the terrific noise of our own gun and the scoring bullets, the heaving and lurching of the car, the semi-darkness, and, worst of all, my own inactivity, almost broke my nerve. There was absolutely nothing to do but sit still and receive new sensations; and the unpleasantness of these was indescribable. When we finally got back to safety, I climbed out and took a look at the car, expecting to find it pockmarked and dented beyond recognition. Except for a few small depressions in the armor and a couple of holes through the mud-guards where pieces of shrapnel had struck, there was scarcely a trace of our ordeal by fire. Not a single bullet had penetrated.

The armored car gives unlimited opportunities for the exercise of nerve and initiative, and no man in the war availed himself of these more fully than the famous Commander Sampson, of the Royal Naval Air Service. This officer (for whose capture, dead or alive, the Germans were reported to have offered twenty thousand marks) was equally at home in an aeroplane or an armored car. I have never seen him at work as an aviator, but the town in which we had our headquarters was the starting

place for his amazing trips in his car. Just where he went, and how he got there, is more or less of a mystery. All we knew was that at four o'clock in the morning or thereabouts, Commander Sampson would leave Hazebrouck, and, hours later, come rolling back into the square, almost invariably with a batch of German prisoners!

His arrival at headquarters was the event of the day. Every one in sight would come rushing forward to see what sort of game he had bagged. From the stories that followed these exploits, he must have taken his car right into the German lines—a feat which was as dangerous as you please, but not literally impossible. Few people seem to realize that many of the highways leading cross-country and connecting the hostile lines had not then been destroyed. They were formidably guarded by barbed-wire barricades, and their surface was torn and pitted by shell-holes; but neither side was willing to eliminate a means of communication which would be of vast value in case of an advance.

These are the roads that Commander Sampson must have used on his swift trips of destruction. On the front of his car was a formidable arrangement of upright scythe-like wire-cutters, strong enough to rip through the entanglements and bunt the wooden supporting-posts out of the way; and with these, backed by the momentum of the ponderous car, he forced his way on steel-studded tires through barbed-wire and shot and shell, and accomplished the impossible—not once, but again and again. His car would come back looking as though it had been through a thousand years of war, but the occupants were generally safe and sound, and, as I say, they had things to show that they had given the Germans cause to regret receiving a visit from Commander Sampson. So far as I am aware, no one has yet come forward to claim

that reward of twenty thousand marks.

It was not long after my outing in the armored car that I was detailed to duty in the Motor-cycle Machine-gun Section as motor-cycle driver. The machines used in this work are much lighter and smaller than the American type. They carry a sidecar attachment; but in place of the familiar 'wife-killer,' a rapid-fire gun is mounted, and the comfortable cushioned seat gives way to a wooden affair so small that the gunner practically holds his rapid-firer in his lap. On his right is the box with the loaded belts of ammunition. When he threads these through the gun and starts firing, the belt uncoils smoothly and falls into an empty box on the other side of the machine.

I was almost ignorant of the workings of the section when our battery of four machines first went into action; and when, after the rush and clatter of getting into position, my gunner began to pour streams of bullets into the enemy's lines, directing the aim like the spray of water from a hose, I sat stupidly upright in my saddle, fully exposed to a hot fire from the Germans. It was sheer luck that carried me through unhurt until an officer, hurrying past, told me in a few short, crisp words what sort of a fool I was. Then I dropped down full length on the ground beside my machine until it was time to retire, watching my gunner—a seasoned soldier—sitting there in his little seat, unprotected and unconcerned, working his machine without even taking his old clay pipe from his mouth.

The second time I took one of these machines into action—near Ypres—things went much better. We went up in the dark, and some time before we were needed we were given our position—in a ditch, with our gun covering a road. Our orders were simply to fire when the Germans tried to rush that road. For several hours we waited

in the strain of uncertainty, but not a sign of 'Fritz,' although we could hear the other guns along the line in action. Suddenly they attacked. It was a terrible sight. They seemed to rise from the ground in thousands. My gunner had his machine working on them at the first sign, and the Germans, coming on in waves, seemed to melt away before our fire. I never saw men die so quickly before. They went down by hundreds, and still they came on, trampling over their own dead. Those Germans are extremely brave men: there is no other word for it. When their rush was checked and they had retired, we held our position for a while longer, returning to headquarters by evening. We had been in the firing-line for hours, and not once had our situation been dangerous.

My last experience with the Motor Machine-gun Section came during the fierce fighting around Hill 60, where records were made that still remain records after long months of war. For two days before the action came off we knew there was something in the wind, although no definite orders had been given. Our mining and tunneling companies had been working for some time; a general concentration of artillery was taking place in the neighborhood. Finally the attack took place. For thirty-five minutes 92 batteries rained shells from their 368 cannon on the bit of rising ground known as Hill 60 — a withering, scorching fire which stopped as suddenly as it began. Off went the mines we had laid under the hill; the earth shook; the air was filled with thick clouds of mingled dirt and smoke. Instantly our men were out of the trenches advancing at a dead run, while our machine-gunners poured steel into the German positions until the progress of our troops made this dangerous. It was all over in a few minutes, and, although we were called for once again,

this was the last action in which I served with the M. M. G. S.

Motor-cycling, even with the best of roads, is an exhausting business in the long run; and when I was designated for dispatch-riding, I knew enough of the details of the work not to be overjoyed. The dispatch rider must, first and foremost, be speedy. A leather case — crammed with vitally important documents or empty, for all the rider knows — is strapped to his shoulder, and from that moment his one thought must be to deliver that case to its destination in the shortest order possible. If the rider comes to grief, he can commandeer the first man he meets; but the dispatches must be delivered at all costs.

As I said, I was not over-eager for this new work, but my feelings in the matter were not consulted. My first trip took me from the brigade headquarters to the divisional headquarters farther back. It was dark night when I started; the roads were all shelled to pieces, and as no lights could be carried I simply had to take chances on the shell-holes. I had not been gone three minutes when I felt the ground drop away beneath me and I went flying over the handle-bars. My knees and elbows were skinned, but the machine was uninjured, so off I started again. At first I tried to be careful; I soon realized, however, that I should be losing precious time. All I could do, then, was to shoot ahead in the blackness, trusting to luck. Two or three more tumbles came my way on that ride, and by the time I got down to headquarters I was stiff and sore beyond belief. I handed in my dispatch case; and then, after an hour off duty, I had to return over the same road.

It can easily be seen that the light British motor-cycles are infinitely superior to the heavy American machines for this rough-and-tumble work. If one

of these latter ever fell on the rider, the chances are that his leg would be broken and, in all probability, severely burned by the heated engine as he lay beneath it. The number of motorcycles put out of action at the front is astounding. During the second battle for Calais alone, a dispatch rider in our corps lost fourteen machines. He carried dispatches through the thick of this fighting, and was never so much as scratched: a remarkable record, for statistics show that during the first months of the war fifty per cent of the riders sent to France were killed.

Generally speaking, the branch of the motor-vehicle service most to my liking was driving a staff car, and luckily I had more of this work to do than anything else. A staff driver has a car to himself, and, as a rule, works entirely with one officer. He has complete charge of the care of the car. Any one else caught driving it is punished for disobeying orders. When he takes control of his car, he signs a receipt for the car and the tools, lamps, tires, and accessories that go with it. For all these things he is personally responsible, and if anything happens to them through his carelessness he is obliged to make good the loss. The staff driver's life is no sinecure. He is liable for duty practically twenty-four hours each day, and carries a heavy burden of responsibility for the good condition of his car and the welfare of his officers. With all this, however, there goes a latitude of personal initiative and a continual possibility of new and interesting work that made a strong appeal to me.

It was while I was driving a staff car in Flanders last summer that I was ordered to take three officers to the little village of Kemmel, a short distance southwest of Ypres. This place was almost always under fire, and at one time had been in German hands—in the possession of the Crown Prince, as a

matter of fact. When they were occupying the place, we shelled it; when we drove them out and took the village, they began shelling, and have kept it up ever since. It was what is known as 'unhealthy ground.'

As we turned from the main highway into the road leading to Kemmel, I noticed two sentries at the crossing, but they merely saluted and allowed us to pass. I can only account for this failure of the sentries to warn us of what lay ahead by the fact that I was driving staff officers, who are allowed to pass unhindered anywhere.

The road to Kemmel leads up a long hill, the top of which must be reached before one comes in sight of the village itself, lying in a little valley between Mont Kemmel and Mont Noir, at the bottom of a long down-grade. As we took the hill going up, I had an uneasy feeling that all was not right, although nothing out of the way had been seen except those two sentries. We were going at a rapid clip, and as we shot over the brow of the hill we ran right past a post of German artillery observers. They were in a windmill, and I think they were as much surprised as we. I shall never forget my feeling of cold hopelessness as I realized what sort of a trap we had put our heads in.

Needless to say, I made that car fairly fly down the hill to the village, and we had hardly got there before shells began to drop around us. There was nothing to do but pop down into the cellar of a brewery—one of the few buildings that were not completely wrecked. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when we got there, and for three hours we were in that cellar—shells pouring into the village all the time. It was a miserable, filthy hole, half full of rotten potatoes, the floor deep in slimy mud, and the ceiling so low that we could not stand upright anywhere. There was nothing to do

but lie there in the dirt while the Germans tried their best to blow the place up. I kept wondering what our car would look like when the bombardment let up. It seemed impossible that it should escape; yet, when twilight came and the shells finally stopped bursting, we crawled out of our cellar into the ruins of the brewery, and found that the car had suffered no vital damage. It was half full of bricks and débris; there were holes through the body and the hood; it was dented and scarred almost beyond recognition. The engine, however, was untouched; and I finally got it going, the sound of its whirring sweet music in our ears.

We were now confronted by the trip back over that same hill. There was no other way to get out of the place; the Germans knew this as well as we did, and they were certain to have some sort of surprise waiting for us: a blockaded road, or machine-guns — perhaps both. We felt our way slowly out of the rubble-filled street of the village, and, once on the highway, I took as long a run as possible for the hill, giving the car every ounce of power that was in her. Lights were not to be thought of, of course, and as it was almost pitch dark I drove ahead blindly and trusted to luck to keep us on the road. We took the hill magnificently — and to our unending surprise, the car flew over the summit without a single thing happening. Evidently the possibility of our escaping alive from the ruined village had not occurred to the Germans.

This was as close a call as I ever had. There was no lack of excitement, however, when I was caught with an officer in the city of Ypres, at the beginning of the bombardment preceding the second battle for Calais. We were at the farther side of the city when the shells began to fall, and as we had come up on horses there was no way for us to get through. I hunted round and present-

ly came across a car — a wretched specimen; still, it could be called a car. It had once been an ambulance, but the body had been destroyed and replace by a couple of rough bucket-seats built from bacon boxes. Such as it was, it was a lucky find, and I seized on it at once. After some difficulty I got the engine running haltingly, and brought the car round to where my officer was waiting. We started off immediately. By this time the shells were bursting in and around the Grande Place at the rate of forty a minute, and our chance of getting through at all was a long one. I worked up speed as fast as I could, so that by the time we got to the square we were doing between thirty and forty miles an hour.

In the square itself conditions were indescribable. The buildings were crumbling on all sides; the air was filled with smoke and flame and dust, to say nothing of flying fragments of shell and bricks, and it was impossible to see more than a few yards ahead. It seemed incredible that we could get through. I slackened speed. My officer must have felt much as I did, but he rapped out, 'Drive like hell!' and huddled down into his bacon-box seat, his head held low. I threw open the throttle; the car choked a bit, then responded with a leap, the steel-studded tires striking streams of sparks from the cobbles. My hands were more than full with the steering. As one leaves the square there comes a very sharp turn, and I dared not think what would happen when we reached this. At the speed we were going, it was impossible to twist the car round that corner, yet it would be suicide to slow down. I had read of the trick of racing drivers who skidded round 'hairpin turns,' and I decided to try this as our only chance.

The turn loomed up before us in the smoke, and I opened the throttle still wider. Just as we reached the corner I

twisted the wheel slightly and jammed on the foot-brake with all my might. The skidding studs squealed as the rear end of the car shot over; I felt her tip a little as the two outside wheels came off the ground. She righted at once, though, and in a moment we were safely through. If I had had time to examine those bacon-box seats, I don't think I should have dared to carry out my little manœuvre. It is still a mystery to me how they held under the fearful strain of rounding that corner.

With this trip fresh in my mind, I should gladly have dispensed with another visit to Ypres; but my wishes in the matter were not consulted when, later on in the progress of this same bombardment preceding the second battle for Calais, I was ordered to take an officer from headquarters to the village of Potijze. To reach this village there was no way to avoid passing through Ypres, and the city was still under such terrific fire that getting across seemed almost hopeless.

We made our start about nine o'clock in the morning, and in a short while we were in the zone of fire, heading for ravaged Ypres, portions of which were in flames. It happened that in front of us was another car containing two Canadian officers — a captain and a colonel, if I remember correctly — which, when we swung into the section of straight road leading into the city, had perhaps a hundred yards' start of us. We were both going along at a brisk clip when a shell — a big one — burst close beside the car in front, completely smothering it in dust and heavy smoke. Even to us the concussion was terrific. I stopped at once and waited to see what had happened.

When the smoke lifted, the Canadian officers' car was revealed to us turned almost around on the road by the swirl of the explosion. As we came up, we found that the running parts of

their car were intact, but the wind-shield and both the rear doors had been carried away; the mud-guards were torn about, and in the tonneau the headless body of one of the officers was crumpled up in a swiftly forming pool of blood. The other officer — he had been sitting in the front seat — was horribly wounded in the head and side. He had been flung across the driver, who, although spattered over with his companion's blood, was unhurt, and insisted on driving back with us to Vlamingtinghe, supporting the body of his officer. I shall never forget the man's white face, smeared with crimson, or the look of his staring eyes; I shall never forget the tone of his voice as he cried to the orderly who came rushing out of the field ambulance at Vlamingtinghe, 'For God's sake take this thing away!'

It was simply good luck that brought me unharmed through these experiences. The vast majority of men who survive the ordeal of this war will have only their good luck to thank. Personal initiative, a cool head, a quick hand, do count; but never before has the factor of bravery been of so little avail to the man in the fighting line. Mere human flesh, no matter what its fibre, seems to stand no chance in the clash and welter of mechanical forces that Science has let loose over the battle-fields of to-day. Romance, in the old high sense of the word, has almost vanished; but such traces of it as remain are found, to their fullest extent perhaps, in the aviation and motor-car divisions of the modern army. Here the man is most nearly his own master; here he has the best chance to show of what stuff he is made. It is interesting to think that some of the oldest and most appealing qualities of warfare have found their reincarnation, as it were, in the latest developments of the military art.

KITCHENER'S MOB

III. 'SITTING TIGHT'

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

THE inhumanity of a war without truces was revealed to us at Loos as never before. Hundreds of bodies were lying between the opposing lines of trenches and there was no chance to bury them. Fatigue parties were sent out at night to dispose of those which were lying close to the parapets; but the work was constantly interrupted and delayed by persistent sniping and heavy shell-fire. Others, farther out, lay where they had fallen, day after day and week after week. Many an anxious mother in England was vainly seeking news of a son whose body had become a part of that Flemish landscape.

During the week following the commencement of the offensive, the wounded were brought back in twos and threes from the contested ground for which the opposing forces were so fiercely striving. One plucky Englishman we discovered about fifty yards in front of our parapet. He was waving a handkerchief tied to the handle of his trenching tool. Stretcher-bearers ran out under fire and brought him in. He had been wounded in the foot when his company was advancing up the slope fifteen hundred yards away. When it was found necessary to retire to the first line of the German trenches, which we were holding, he had been left, with scores of dead and wounded comrades, far from the possibility of help by friends. He had bandaged his wound with his first-aid field dressing and

started crawling back, a few yards at a time. He secured food from the haversacks of dead comrades, and at last, after a week of painful creeping, reached our lines.

Another of our men was discovered by a listening-patrol six days after he had been wounded. He, too, had been struck down close to the German second line. Two kind-hearted German sentries to whom he had signaled crept out at night and gave him hot coffee to drink. He begged them to take him in, but they said they were forbidden to take any wounded prisoners. As he was unable to crawl, he would have died had it not been for the keen ears of the men of the listening-patrol. A third victim whom I saw was brought in at daybreak by a working party. He had been shot in the jaw, and lay unattended in the open through at least five wet October days and nights. His eyes were swollen shut. Blood-poisoning had set in from a wound which would certainly not have been fatal could it have received early attention.

We knew that there must be many wounded still alive in the tall grass in front of our lines. We knew that many were dying who might be saved. The Red Cross Corps made nightly searches for them, but the difficulties to be overcome were great. The volume of fire increased tremendously at night. Attacks and counter-attacks were of frequent occurrence. Moreover, there

was a wide area to be searched, and in the darkness, men lying unconscious, or too weak from the loss of blood to groan or shout, were discovered only by accident.

Tommy Atkins is n't an advocate of 'peace at any price.' From my knowledge of him, I should say that he believes war to be a necessary evil. But the sight of awful and needless suffering invariably moved him to declare himself emphatically against the inhuman practices in war of so-called Christian nations.

'Christian nations!' he would say scornfully. 'If this 'ere is a sample o' Christianity, I'll tyke me charnaces down below w'en I gets knocked out!'

His comrades greeted such outbursts with manifest approval.

'I'm with you there, mate! 'Ell won't be such a dusty old place if all the Christians goes upstairs.'

I am not in a position to speak for Hans and Fritz, who faced us from the otherside of No-Man's-Land; but I wish that the devout statesmen, editorial writers, clergymen, both in England and Germany, who filled the newspapers and magazines with pious blasphemy, could have heard the discussions of their occasional articles which reached us in the trenches. The Tommies I knew were anything but religious men; nevertheless, they had a higher opinion of the Deity than many of their better educated countrymen at home.

Throughout October we fulfilled the prophecy of the officer who assured us that 'sitting tight' in the German trenches was to be our function. Determined efforts were made to pry us loose — efforts usually preceded by heavy artillery fire. There were intervals of calm which brought us no rest, owing to that other warfare waged upon us by increasing hordes of parasitic enemies. (For twenty-seven days we

were constantly in trenches, and had no opportunity to remove any of our clothing.) At night, when excitement was always at a keen pitch, there were frequent alarms started by nervous sentries who 'got the wind up,' to use the authentic trench expression. Contagious excitement set one to firing like mad, pumping streams of hot lead into the blank darkness. We moved from one position to another through trenches where the tangled mass of telephone wires, seemingly gifted with a kind of nervous malice, coiled themselves about our feet or caught in the piling swivels of our rifles. There were reports, rumors, orders and counter-orders, alarms, and excursions. Through them all Tommy kept his balance and his air of cheery unconcern; but he wished that he might be struck pink if he knew 'wot we was a-doin' of any'ow!'

Yes, our ideas of the tactical situation were decidedly vague. However, we did know, in a general way, our position with reference to important military landmarks. This information was quite sufficient for the amateur strategists, who were busy at all hours, explaining the situation to frankly ignorant comrades and outlining plans for a continuation of the offensive.

'Now, if I was General French, I'd make 'Ulluch me main objective. They ain't no use tryin' to get by at this part o' the line till you got that village.'

'Ulluch? W'e're's that?' asks a less learned comrade.

'Ere! You mean to s'y you been in these trenches a fortnight an' don't know w'e're we are? The red caps ought to give you a staff billet, son! Stan' up 'ere an' I'll show you suthin'. See that mine-shaft off to yer right with the camel's 'ump in it? That's Tower Bridge. Now look to yer left front. Them trenches leadin' out from the German line is the 'Ohenzollern Redoubt. We're 'oldin' the Redoubt 'arf

an' arf with Fritzie. There's 'Ulluch—off to yer right front. 'E's got that. We're keepin' 'im company on 'Ill Seventy. Now wot we got to do is this: smash a 'ole right through 'Ulluch, shove a couple o' 'unnerd thousand cavalry through the gap, an' wallop! we got 'em!

'Don't talk so bloomin' ignorant! Ain't that just wot we been a-tryin'? Wot we got to do is go 'round 'Ulluch. Tyke 'em in the rear an' from both sides.'

'W'y don't we get on with it? Wot's the sense o' givin' 'em a chanct to get dug in again? 'Ere we all but got 'em on the run an' the 'ole show stops!'

The further development of the big drive was the chief topic of conversation. The men dreaded it, but they were sincerely anxious to have it come, for they felt that now, if ever, was the chance to push the Germans out of France.

Meanwhile the daily battering of the trenches continued. When not on sentry-duty we were constantly at work with picks and shovels and sandbags, filling in holes, building up parapets, throwing out loose earth. Nearly all of the dug-outs were destroyed, and the men made rude shelters by scooping out hollows in the front wall of the trench. With waterproof sheets pegged up over the openings, these offered some protection from the weather, but they were veritable death-traps during bombardments. The weakened trench walls caved in under pressure of shell concussions, and men were often buried alive. But fatalistic Tommy was willing to take his chances of burial in return for a brief nap in comparative comfort; furthermore, no matter how many of his comrades may have been killed, every soldier believes that, somehow, he will escape.

Although his clothing was like a hardened mud-casing, his rifle and bay-

onet rusty, his ammunition clips gritty with dirt, one article of his equipment Tommy kept dry and clean and shining — his mouth-organ. A broken rifle was of no concern — another was easily obtainable; but a ruined mouth-organ was nothing short of a calamity. In England I regarded these little instruments with contempt. In France, I learned to value them at their true worth. As for Tommy, he has often remarked that high explosives and machine-guns and plenty of ammunition are highly important, 'but mouth-organs is wot's go'n' to win the war.' They were our one solace and delight. I can say in all seriousness that they saved many a man from losing his grip upon himself during moments when the strain of 'sitting tight' was almost unbearable.

Never did we have a quiet moment at Loos. There were many small engagements — nightly bombing affairs, some of them most desperate hand-to-hand contests for the possession of small sectors of trench. One of these I witnessed from an observation point sixty yards away. The advantage lay with us. The Germans had been driven out of all but the centre of the line and had to meet attacks from either end. However, they had a communication trench connecting with their second line, through which carrying parties brought them a limitless supply of bombs.

The game of pitch and toss over the barricades continued for several days without a decision. Orders then came for more decisive action. The barricades were to be destroyed and the Germans bombed out. In underground warfare of this sort the element of surprise can be counted on as a possibility. If one opponent can be suddenly overwhelmed with a heavy rain of bombs, the chances of success for the attacking party are decidedly favorable.

The action took place at dusk. Shortly before the hour set, the bombers, most of them boys in their early twenties, filed slowly along the trench, the pockets of their bombing-coats bulging with 'lemons' and 'cricket balls,' as the two most effective kinds of grenades are called. They went to their places with that spirit of dogged cheeriness which is the wonder and admiration of every one who knows Tommy Atkins intimately. Formerly, when I saw them in this mood, I thought, 'They don't realize. Men don't go out to meet death like this.' I know better now. They talked in excited undertones as they moved down the trench.

'Are we downhearted? Not likely, old son!'

'Ere! Tyke a feel o' this little puff-ball! Smack on old Fritzie's napper she goes!'

'I'm lookin' fer a nice blightey one. Four months in Brentford 'ospital an' me Christmas puddin' at 'ome.'

Then the barricades were blown up and the fight was on. A two-hundred-piece orchestra of blacksmiths, with sledge-hammers, beating kettle-drums the size of brewery vats, might have approximated, in quality and volume, the sound of the battle. The spectacular effect was quite different from that of a counter-attack across the open. We saw only lurid flashes of light issuing out of the ground as though a door to the infernal regions had been thrown jarringly open. The heavy cloud of smoke was shot through with red gleams. Men were running along the parapet hurling their bombs down into the trench. Now they were hidden by the smoke, now silhouetted against a glare of blinding light.

An hour passed and there was no change.

'More lemons! More cricket balls!'

Box after box, each containing a dozen grenades, was passed along the

line from hand to hand, and still the urgent call for 'More bombs!'

'Fritzie's a tough old bird. 'E's dyin' in game. You got to give it to 'im.'

The wounded, some cruelly hurt, were coming back in constant procession. One lad, his eyes covered with a bloody bandage, was led by another with a shattered hand.

'Poor old Tich! She went off right in 'is face! But you did yer bit, Tich! You ought to 'a' seen 'im, you blokes! *Was n't e' lettin' 'em 'ave it!*'

Another man hobbled past on one foot supporting himself against the side of the trench.

'Got a blightey one!' he said cheerily. 'So long, you lads! I'll be with you arter the 'olid'ys.'

'More lemons! More cricket balls! We got 'em on the run!'

One lad, his nerve gone, pushed his way frantically down the trench. He had 'funked it.' He was hysterical with fright,—crying in a dry shaking voice,—

'It's too 'orrible! I can't stand it! Blow you to bits, they do! Look at me! I'm slathered in blood! I can't stand it! They ain't *no* man can stand it!'

An unsympathetic Tommy kicked him savagely.

'Go 'ide yerself, you bloody little coward!'

'More lemons! More cricket balls!' and at last — victory! The Germans had been forced back and the Royal Engineers were building a new barricade at the farther end of the communication trench.

The work of the engineers, though less spectacular than that of the riflemen, was just as indispensable and quite as dangerous. They were a remarkably efficient corps. The moment a trench was captured they were on the spot with picks and shovels and sandbags, building up the battered parapets, clearing out the wreckage, remov-

ing the dead, while the infantrymen waited for the launching of the first counter-attack. On the night of the grenade battle just mentioned, the segment of trench captured had been blown to pieces by the explosions of thousands of bombs. Many dead and dying men were lying in the bottom of it, half covered in loose earth. The engineers worked quietly and skillfully. Within an hour they had removed the bodies and had put the trench into defensible condition. They were only available for this work immediately after the capture of a trench. All the subsequent clearing and rebuilding was done by the infantrymen themselves.

To us, impatiently waiting, came rumors of all degrees of absurdity. The enemy were massing on our right, on our left, on our immediate front. The division was to attack at dawn under cover of a hundred bomb-dropping battle-planes. Units of the new armies to the number of five hundred thousand were concentrated behind the line from La Bassée to Arras, and another tremendous drive was to be made in conjunction with the French. (As a matter of fact, we knew less of what was actually happening than did people in England and America.) Most of these reports came from the officers' servants, who gathered up scraps of information at the officers' mess dug-out, patched them together, added something of their own invention, and then passed them out to their willingly deceived comrades.

'Ere! My bloke was a-talkin' to Major Bradley this mornin' wile I was a-makin' is tea, an' 'e says —'

Then followed the thrilling narrative — a disclosure of official secrets, while groups of mud-incrusted Tommies listened with eager interest. 'Spreading the News' was a tragicomedy enacted daily in the trenches.

However, we were not entirely in the

dark. The signs which preceded an engagement were unmistakable. Toward the middle of October we all agreed that an important action was about to take place. Fifteen or twenty aeroplanes had been patrolling our front for hours. Several battalions (including our own, which was in reserve at Vermelles) were placed on bomb-carrying fatigue. As we went up to the firing line with our first load, we found all the support trenches filled with troops in fighting order.

We reached the first line just as the preliminary bombardment started. Scores of guns of all calibres were concentrating their fire on the enemy's trenches to the right of the Hohenzollern Redoubt. It is useless to attempt to depict what lay before me as I stood on a firing bench looking over toward the German line. I remember the words of a wounded soldier with whom I once talked in England. I had asked him to tell me what a heavy bombardment was like.

'You might as well ask an ant to describe an earthquake,' he said.

The trenches were hidden from view in a cloud of smoke and dirt. The earth was like a muddy sea dashed high in spray against hidden rocks. The men who were to lead the attack were standing, rifle in hand, waiting for the sudden cessation of fire which would be the signal for them to climb over the parapet. Bombers and bayonet-men alternated in series of two. The bombers wore the mediaeval-looking shrapnel-proof helmets, and heavy canvas grenade coats with pockets for a dozen bombs. Their rifles were slung on their backs to give them the free use of their hands.

Every one was smoking — some calmly, some with short nervous puffs. It was interesting to watch the faces of the men. One could read almost to a certainty what was going on in their

minds. Some of them were thinking of all the terrible events so near at hand. They were imagining the horrors of the attack in detail. Others were unconcernedly intent upon adjusting a strap of their equipment, or rubbing their clips of ammunition with an oily rag. Several men were singing to a mouth-organ accompaniment. I saw their lips moving, but not a sound reached me above the din of the guns, although I was standing only a few yards distant. It was like an absurd pantomime.

As I watched them, the sense of the unreality of the whole thing swept over me more strongly than ever before. 'This can't be true,' I thought, 'I have never been a soldier. There is n't any European War.' I had the curious feeling that my body and brain were functioning quite apart from me. I was only a slow-witted, incredulous spectator, looking on with a stupid animal wonder. I have since learned that this feeling is rather common. A part of the mind works normally, and another part which seems one's essential self, refuses to assimilate and classify experiences so unusual, so different from anything in the catalogue of memory.

For two hours and a half the roar of guns continued. Then it stopped as suddenly as it had commenced. An officer near me shouted, 'Now, men, follow me!' and clambered over the parapet. There was no hesitation. In a moment the trench was empty, save for the bomb-carrying parties and an artillery observation officer who was jumping up and down on the firing bench, excitedly waving his stick and shouting,—

'Go it the Norfolks! Go it the Norfolks! My God! Isn't it fine! Is n't it splendid!'

There you have the British officer true to type. He is a sportsman,—next to taking part in a fight he loves to see

one,—and he says 'is n't,' not 'ain't,' even under stress of the greatest excitement.

The German artillery, which had been reserving their fire, now poured forth a deluge of shrapnel. The sound of rifle-fire was scattered and ragged at first, but it increased steadily in volume. Then came 'the boiler factory chorus,' as Tommy calls it, the rattle of dozens of machine-guns. The bullets were flying over our heads like swarms of angry wasps. A ration-box board, which I held above the parapet, was struck by a bullet almost immediately. Fortunately for the artillery officer, a disrespectful N.C.O. pulled him down into the trench.

'There's no good o' throwin' yer life away, sir. You won't 'elp 'em over by barkin' at 'em.'

Within a few moments several lines of reserves filed into the front trench and went over the parapet in support of the first line, advancing with heads down like men bucking into the fury of a gale. We saw them only for an instant as they jumped to their feet outside the trench and rushed forward. Many were hit before they had passed through the gaps in our barbed wire. Those who were able crept back and were helped into the trench by comrades. I saw one man killed just as he was about to reach a place of safety. He lay on the parapet with his head and arms hanging down inside the trench. His face was that of a boy of twenty-one or twenty-two. I carry the memory of it with me to-day as vividly as when I left the trenches in November. It is one of a series of terrible pictures of which I would gladly be rid.

The battle continued until evening, when we received orders to move up to the firing line. We started at five o'clock, and although we had less than three miles to go we did not reach our trenches until four the next morning,

owing to the long stream of wounded which blocked the communication-trenches. We met small groups of prisoners under escort of proud and happy Tommies, who gave us greatly exaggerated accounts of the success of the attack. Some of them said that two more lines of German trenches had been captured; others declared that we had broken completely through and that the enemy were in full retreat. Upon arriving at our position we were convinced that at least one trench had been captured, but when we mounted our guns and peered cautiously over the parapet, the lights which we saw in the distance were the flashes of German rifles — not the street lamps of Berlin.

By the end of the month we had seen more of death and awful suffering than it is good for men to see in a lifetime. There were attacks and counter-attacks; hand-to-hand fights in communication-trenches with bombs and bayonets; incessant bombardments; nightly burial parties. Heavy fighting continued throughout October, and daily I saw Tommy Atkins at his splendid best. He looked like a beast; he acted like a god. His body was the color of the sticky Flanders clay in which he lived, but his soul was clean and fine. I saw him rescuing wounded comrades, tending them in the trenches, encouraging and heartening them when he himself was discouraged and sick at heart.

'You're a-goin' 'ome, 'Arry! Blimy, think o' that! Back to old Blightey, an' the rest of us blokes 'as got to stick it out 'ere. Don't I wish I was you! Not 'arf!'

'You ain't bad 'urt. Strike me pink! You'll be righter'n rain in a couple o' months. An' 'ere! Christmas in Blightey, son! S'y! I'll tyke yer busted shoulder if you'll give me the chanct!'

'They ain't nothin' they can't do fer you back at the base 'ospital. 'Mem-

ber 'ow they fixed old Ginger up? You ain't caught it 'arf as bad. Don't you worry, son!'

In England, before I knew Tommy for the man he is, I said to myself, 'How am I to endure living with him?' And now I am thinking, How am I to endure living without him; without the inspiration of his splendid courage; without the visible example of his cheery, unselfish devotion to his fellows? There were a few cowards and shirkers who failed wretchedly to live up to the standards set by their comrades. I remember the man of thirty-five or forty who lay whimpering in the trench when there was unpleasant work to be done, while boys half his age kicked him in a vain attempt to waken him to a sense of duty; but instances of sheer cowardice were rare. There were not enough of them to serve as a foil to the shining deeds which were of daily and hourly occurrence.

Tommy is sick of the war, — dead sick of it. He is weary of the interminable procession of comfortless nights and days. He is weary of the sight of maimed and bleeding men — of the awful suspense of waiting for death. In the words of his pathetic little song, he *does* 'want to go 'ome.' But there is that within him which says, 'Hold on!' He is a compound of cheery optimism and grim tenacity which makes him an incomparable fighting man.

The intimate picture of him which lingers most willingly in my mind is that which I carried with me from the trenches on the dreary November evening shortly before I bade him good-bye. It had been raining, sleetting, and snowing for a week. The trenches were knee-deep in water, in some places waist-deep — for the ground was as level as a floor and there was no possibility of drainage. We were wet through, and our legs were numb with the cold.

Near our gun position there was a hole in the trench where water had gathered four feet deep. A bridge of boards had been built over one side of this, but in the darkness a passer-by slipped and fell into the icy water up to his armpits.

'Now then, matey!' said an exasperating voice, 'bathin' in our private pool without a license?'

And another, 'Ere, son! This ain't a swimmin' bawth! That's our tea-water yer a-standing' in!'

The Tommy in the water must have been nearly frozen, but for a moment he made no effort to get out.

'One o' you fetch me a bit o' soap, will you?' he said coaxingly. 'You ain't a-go'n' to talk about tea-water to a bloke wot ain't 'ad a bawth in seven weeks?'

It is men of this stamp who have the fortunes of England in their keeping. Given the leadership they deserve, I would add *in their safe keeping*.

(*The End.*)

WAR AND DEBT

BY W. S. ROSSITER

THE aggregate public indebtedness of the warring powers of Europe consists of two distinct classes of obligations. The first is the national debt which existed before the outbreak of hostilities, and which represented a century or more of accumulations; the second consists of war loans floated since the beginning of the present conflict. The interest charge upon the vast aggregate of these combined debts now forms a burden upon the nations concerned of two thousand three hundred millions of dollars each year. This is equivalent to an annual per-capita tax upon each inhabitant of about six dollars.

The debt which compels this crushing interest charge is thus a composite of old and new. If an Englishman, for example, could demand an itemized bill for his share of the interest on the British national debt, somewhat as we

Americans receive our tax-bills, by items for roads, schools, state, city, and so forth, he would find such items as these:—

'To interest on remaining obligations incurred to suppress revolt of North American Colonies.'

'To interest on debts contracted in the Continental Wars against the French and the Emperor Napoleon.'

And so on, through a score of smaller wars about the world, down to our own time and the present and greatest war of all.

Moreover, were the interest charge itemized for all the other nations, the unhappy tax-payer would be carried back in each instance to the days when wars were something more than trench-dwelling and asphyxiation — back at least as far in time as the charging hosts of Austerlitz and Waterloo.

Debts unpaid for more than a hun-

dred years (a period of general peace and prosperity) invite some skepticism concerning the prompt payment of larger debts recently contracted. Furthermore, the present conflict has been in progress less than two years. Should it extend into a third year, obligations already vast will continue to increase.

But if the nations cannot afford war, and yet month after month actually are making expenditures unfalteringly upon a scale much greater than that previously declared to be prohibitive, what losses have been incurred, and what debts are accumulating to be met in years to come?

Analysis of the cost of war is distinctly a modern undertaking. In 1872, shortly after the end of the Franco-Prussian war, Sir Robert Giffen prepared an exhaustive analysis of the direct and indirect costs of that conflict. He demonstrated that the war losses sustained by France aggregated \$2,916,000,000, and that Germany made a net profit from the war over all direct and indirect costs of approximately nine hundred million dollars. These results undoubtedly have been influential in shaping the subsequent policy of each nation.

Direct and Indirect Cost of the War

Following in the footsteps of Sir Robert Giffen so far as method of procedure was concerned, Mr. Edgar Crammond of the Royal Statistical Society read a paper before that distinguished body in March last, presenting an exhaustive analysis of costs of the present war compiled with as great accuracy as conditions permitted up to that time, and projected forward to July 31, 1915, in order to cover a complete year. This analysis presented the direct and indirect costs of war for each of the leading nations involved;

but in computing the indirect costs the English economist fell into the error of including the capitalized value of human life lost, without including on the other side, or as part of the national wealth, the capitalized value of all male workers. Obviously, such a partial comparison proves extremely misleading. According to the sounder view, money value of men forms no part of national wealth. The rather doubtful computation of the money value of human life, if used at all, is most effective when used independently.

According to the computation presented by Mr. Crammond, the direct and indirect cost of the war to July 31, 1915 (exclusive of the capitalized value of human life), was \$36,039,000,000. This aggregate would naturally be increased by any excessive charges which occurred after Mr. Crammond prepared his paper and which he could not have foreseen. Such charges, for example, as those entailed by the German drive across Galicia and Poland and the wholesale destruction of property, fortresses, armaments, and munitions in the Russian border governments. At least two billions of dollars of additional loss must have been entailed by this campaign.

To the English statistician's total, also, should be added \$1,158,000,000 for the outlay of Italy, and the gross sum of a half billion for the expenditures of smaller belligerents and the costs of neutral border nations, resulting in a grand total of expenditure and loss of \$39,696,774,000, to August 1, 1915.

It is probable that, since July, expenditures for all the nations concerned have been steadily increasing. The British Chancellor of the Exchequer, speaking in September, estimated that the war debt of Great Britain would amount to \$7,500,000,000 by April 1, 1916. In December it became evident

that this estimate was too low, and in February the aggregate of credits required to carry on the war to June 1, 1916, was raised to \$10,410,000,000.

This illustrates the gathering volume of war costs and also the difficulties that attend attempts to measure war in the making. It seems reasonable, however, to conclude that the direct and some of the indirect loss to January 1, 1916, must have reached \$55,000,000,000, and also that this total will have advanced to at least \$80,000,000,000 by the end of the second year of war.

Should the capitalized value of human life be taken into account as a factor of cost (and it undoubtedly represents one element of cost of such consequence that the nations cannot easily replace it), it will be of interest to observe very briefly the probable expenditure thus far made.

In 1910 or 1911 the number of men within the age-groups of from 15 to 50 years in the nations at war was approximately 87,764,606. This aggregate included the defectives of all classes within the age-groups specified, estimated by one authority at 25 per cent. On the other hand, the return was for 1910 or 1911, so that allowance must be made for half a decade of increase. Permitting these two factors their accepted weight, the aggregate number of virile workers in 1916, regardless of war casualties, is 77,532,000. What is the average value of this vast group of men?

Sir Robert Giffen, whose computation of capitalized value of human life was offered in passing, as it were, — since he did not include the result in the total costs of the Franco-Prussian war,—computed the average earning power of each active male at £40, or about \$200. Reckoning the present value of an annuity of £1 on a single life at the age of 25, he arrived at a valuation per worker of £600.

More recent writers discuss the value of human life from various standpoints, some arriving at the conclusion that workers are worth sums varying in different European countries from \$1964 for a Russian to \$4024 for an Englishman. Upon the basis of these figures, Mr. Crammond computed the aggregate value of human life lost to July 31, 1915, to be \$11,475,000,000, or an average value of \$2933 per man. If this valuation be applied to all the male workers of virile age in the six powers at war, specified above as numbering 77,532,000, it will appear that in 1914 the actual capitalized value of human life represented in the virile male element of the population was \$227,401,356,000.

It is impossible to compute accurately the number of human lives that have been lost thus far in the present war, and the roll of death is being constantly increased. Large numbers of men will be dying daily from wounds and exposure for many months after war has given way to peace. A considerable period must therefore elapse after the close of the conflict before an accurate record can be made of the loss of life. If, by the end of the second year, mortality from all causes and incapacity from illnesses or wounds approximates 40 per cent, this would mean an aggregate loss by that date of 12,000,000 of men. Upon that assumption, the capitalized value of human life lost during two years of war would be \$35,196,000,000, or nearly one sixth of the total valuation of all males of virile age in the nations concerned.

Increase of Debt from 1816 to 1914 in the Nations now at War

It is not, however, with indirect costs that we are here principally concerned, but rather with the growing public indebtedness of the nations at war. Since

the outbreak of hostilities, loans of immense sums have been secured by all the powers at frequent intervals. While it is possible to present with reasonable accuracy the amount of these obligations, it is clear that analysis of this rapidly increasing indebtedness would be assisted if some standard could be established by which to measure it.

To some degree events at the close of the Napoleonic period, a century ago, resemble those of our own time. Hence the debt conditions which prevailed at the earlier date possess some interest. The national debt in 1816 of the nations which are now at war was as follows:—

Country	National Debt ¹	Per Capita
Great Britain	\$4,502,180,000	\$224.00
Russia	765,000,000	17.00
Austria-Hungary	415,000,000	14.00
France	250,000,000	9.00
Italy	125,000,000	7.00
Germany	125,000,000	5.00
Total	\$6,182,180,000	

¹ In 1816 or the nearest year for which figures are available.

The total here shown should in reality be \$8,457,180,000, since at the outbreak of the French Revolution the heavy national debt of France, amounting to \$2,275,000,000, had been practically all repudiated.

Principal significance attaches to the debt of Great Britain. It greatly exceeded the combined debts of the other powers, including the repudiated debt of France, indicating that for many years, both in victory and defeat, the British nation had borne the burden of financing the opposition to Napoleon.

In 1793 the national debt of the United Kingdom approximated more than \$1,000,000,000. This sum represented the debts of the Marlborough campaigns in the reign of Queen Anne, those of the first two Georges, and the

debt which had been incurred in connection with the American Revolution. To this aggregate the expenses of the Napoleonic wars added \$3,007,501,715, resulting in 1816 in the great aggregate indebtedness shown above.

According to a computation recently made by Sir George Paish, the national wealth of Great Britain in 1816 was approximately \$12,500,000,000. Hence the public debt was equivalent to about one third of the national resources; or, expressed in per-capita terms, the wealth was \$625, and the indebtedness \$224.

In 1914, the national wealth of Great Britain was \$88,000,000,000, a seven- or eight-fold increase in a century. This represents a per capita of slightly more than \$1800. Consequently, if the proportion of debt to wealth which existed in 1816 should be reached by the end of this war, the debt per capita might amount to \$654, representing an aggregate British national debt of \$30,476,000,000, and still debt and wealth would apparently bear the same relation which they bore in 1816.

Yet it does not follow that Great Britain, having carried a debt equal to one third of the national wealth in 1816, can duplicate this achievement in 1916. National wealth has greatly augmented, and it is therefore possible to increase the per-capita burden of debt; however, the extent to which the increase can be carried is another matter.

In our own time national resources comprise many classes of wealth which did not exist in 1816. In the total for the latter year practically everything considered as wealth possessed some form of negotiable value, since wealth was composed of land, houses, cattle, or the property in daily use. Few public improvements existed in 1816, but the grand total of British wealth in 1916 naturally includes all public and

transportation improvements, which have been effected during the past century upon a great scale. Hence much of the wealth so confidently referred to by English economists as the basis for enormous loans is in reality of a type which could yield no returns whatever. This statement applies with equal force to the wealth of all other nations.

When the United Kingdom emerged from the wars which finally destroyed the French Empire, unprecedented debt was the penalty of victory. The nation, however, was on the verge of an era of unexampled industrial expansion. It is perhaps not extreme to say that no other single piece of good fortune comparable with this ever came to the British nation. In the great industrial movement of the period, ushered in by the application of steam to manufacturing and transportation, Great Britain took the lead, and wealth increased by leaps and bounds. Within a short time the accumulated capital of the nation became so great that it easily bore the colossal indebtedness which had culminated with the close of the Napoleonic period. The government even began to make payments upon some of the obligations not 'permanent.'

It cannot be expected that the British nation will be able in our time to duplicate this piece of extreme good fortune. No revolutionary expansion of resources is likely to follow the conclusion of the present war. Great Britain, indeed, will find it difficult merely to retain undiminished the great volume of trade previously secured. The other powers engaged in this war are similarly situated. Hence the debts which Great Britain and the other warring nations are assuming in such vast amounts, undoubtedly will prove for a long period embarrassing and persistent burdens.

Since 1816, the increase of popula-

tion in all the nations here considered has been so great that, had the per-capita indebtedness remained the same in 1914 as that which existed in 1816, a very large absolute increase in debt would have resulted.

It will be worth while to determine what the debt in 1914 would have been on the 1816 basis, since the computation incidentally affords one means of measuring the magnitude and hence the burden of indebtedness actually existing on the eve of the present war.

Country	Debt as it would have been in 1914 on the 1816 per capita	Actual Debt in 1914	Per Capita
Great Britain	\$10,438,400,000	\$3,192,448,463	\$68
Russia	2,136,626,521	4,592,700,000	36
Austria-Hungary	711,354,000	3,790,800,000	75
France	3,422,800,000 ¹	4,932,900,000	124
Italy	249,184,488	2,536,920,000	61
Germany	339,060,000	4,860,000,000	72
Total	\$17,297,445,000	\$23,905,768,463	\$65

¹ Per-capita base includes debt repudiated in 1793.

The total indebtedness of Germany, Italy, Austria, France, Great Britain, and Russia in 1914, if computed on the basis of the 1816 per capita, thus would have been less than the actual indebtedness by about one third.

The aggregate national wealth of the six powers and Belgium amounted in 1914 to \$378,000,000,000. If it be admitted that wealth increased during the century in all the other nations of this group in about the same proportion as that estimated by Sir George Paish for the United Kingdom, the aggregate wealth in 1816 of all six powers must have amounted approximately to \$60,000,000,000. During the century, therefore, while population was increasing to two and a half times that existing in 1816, national wealth was increasing about sixfold. Hence some increase in the proportion of national indebtedness was to have been expected.

The proportionate weight or percentage of the total indebtedness formed in

1914 by the debt of each nation would, if computed on the basis of the per capita debts of the nations in 1816 as compared with the actual proportionate weight or percentage, be as follows:

WEIGHT OR PROPORTION OF DEBT, SCALE OF 100

Nation	If computed on proportion existing in 1816	Actual
Great Britain	61	13
Russia	12	19
Austria-Hungary	4	16
France	20	21
Italy	1	11
Germany	2	20
	100	100

Inspection of these proportions tempts one to believe that the burden of indebtedness accumulated by the French kings and repudiated in the Revolution of 1793 represented after all nearly the normal proportion of indebtedness desired by the nation, since after one hundred years the proportion reached by including the repudiated debt has reappeared. In general, however, the change has been toward a rather significant uniformity, suggesting that the exceptional conditions represented by the lead of Great Britain in expenditure during the early period have disappeared. It should not be overlooked that the increase of absolute indebtedness during the century by all nations except Great Britain compels reckoning the debts existing in 1816 as still theoretically unpaid in 1914. In the case of Great Britain the early debt was reduced one third; but after the lapse of one hundred generally peaceful and singularly prosperous years, there still remains unpaid the equivalent of half the cost of attempting to conquer the American Colonies, and of all the debt incurred to finance the campaigns against Napoleon.

Five of the six powers now at war

began the century of peace with relatively small indebtedness; but on July 1, 1914, their aggregate debt was nearly thirteen times larger than that which existed in 1816. The rate of increase in debt in these nations was nearly twice that of national wealth.

Consideration of the debt conditions prevailing at the close of the Napoleonic period, in comparison with those existing after the passage of about one hundred years, has thus resulted in the establishment of certain standards which permit some measurement, far from satisfactory though it be, of the war debts and aggregate indebtedness into which the powers engaged in this conflict are plunging.

War Debts and Aggregate Indebtedness

According to the London *Economist* and other authorities worthy of consideration, obligations contracted by the hostile powers to provide nearly to the end of the second year for expenditures connected with the war, appear to be as follows:—

WAR LOANS OF NATIONS AT WAR,
MARCH 15, 1916

Country	Amount	Unit ¹	Dollars
Germany	\$4,681,000,000	Mark	\$6,254,078,000 ²
Great Britain	1,662,600,000	£	8,077,380,000
France	40,576,827,566	Franc	7,425,559,444
Austria-Hungary	524,200,000	£	2,547,500,000
Russia	8,073,000,000	Rouble	4,117,533,110
Italy	8,212,000,000	Lira	1,478,160,000
Total			\$31,900,150,554

¹ Custom House standard: £ 4.86; Mark .238; Franc .183; Rouble .51; Lira 18.

² The first German loan realized 4,460 millions of marks, the second 9,060, the third 12,101. The fourth loan is now in process of flotation, and although the amount realized is unknown, it is an important factor of indebtedness. In the German debt here given the fourth loan is included as approximating the second — 9,060 millions of marks.

In the short space of less than two years the great powers of Europe now at war have contracted obligations one third greater than the aggregate of their indebtedness before the conflict began; yet the latter obligations had

WAR AND DEBT

been accumulating for more than a hundred years. The earlier debts and recent war debts must be considered by each nation merely as parts of total liability. As such this result appears:

AGGREGATE NATIONAL DEBTS OF NATIONS
AT WAR, 1916

Country	Debt	Per capita
Germany	\$13,114,078,000	192
France	12,358,459,444	310
Great Britain	11,269,768,463	242
Russia	8,710,233,110	61 ¹
Austria-Hungary	6,338,300,000	124
Italy	4,015,080,000	113
Belgium	825,518,000	106
Total	\$56,631,437,017	Average 145

¹ Base employed is population of Russia in Europe.

The appalling aggregate of indebtedness is clearly suggested by the per capita obligation. That of Great Britain already exceeds the high per capita of 1816.

One further step is required to complete the analysis of aggregate obligations:—

WEIGHT OF THE WAR AND TOTAL INDEBTEDNESS ON SCALE OF 100

Country	WEIGHT OF DEBT	
	War Debt	Aggregate Debt
Germany	26	23
Great Britain	25	20
France	23	22
Austria-Hungary	8	11
Russia	18	16
Italy	5	7
Belgium		1
Total	100	100

The intensity of the struggle between Germany and Great Britain and France is suggested by the similarity of per capita debt and the proportion of debt which they are carrying.

It is difficult to believe that expenditure can continue at the present rate much beyond the end of the second year of the war. Should it do so, a

third year would add approximately \$40,000,000,000 to the war costs of \$80,000,000,000 already accumulated, or \$120,000,000,000 in all. This is equivalent to one third of all computed national wealth in those nations, and probably represents fully half of all wealth capable of 'mobilization.' We are not now able to think beyond such figures.

The belief has been held rather generally that the costliness of modern war was likely to be the best guarantee of peace. Theoretically this argument is sound; but the fact that it was swept away in 1914 proves that when conditions are ripe for war no other considerations avail. In crises, nations rush into expenditure much as a poor man employs nurses and specialists regardless of cost when disease threatens the life of some one dear to him. That he mortgages his future is immaterial in the face of emergency.

From this analysis it is at least clear that costliness has neither prevented nor limited this war. Consequently the theory of the preventive influence of expense must be abandoned. Furthermore, wise men will not place too much reliance upon the possibility of educating or persuading the nations toward the pacific settlement of their difficulties.

There remains but one factor likely to exert an effective influence in the future against war. It is a new factor and possibly it may prove to be important. War has become too scientific. The romance and the appeal to instinct have both been eliminated. It takes long to wipe out the age-old conception of war — with its beating drums, clash of arms, marching hosts, and survival of the strongest. Yet this conception relates to a past age. When it is once realized that war has become a mere operation of innumerable machines upon the earth and in the clouds

against unseen foes; that it is an affair of burrowing in the earth to escape explosion and strangulation, and that it means ultimate destruction without reference to physical strength, instinct may revolt, and men are likely to refuse to become merely the victims of a science.

Finally, as the indebtedness of the warring powers becomes greater, the more hopeless may become the possibility of payment. The mere burden of interest, indeed, under easily developed conditions, might prove a source of actual revolution. There are, in fact, grave possibilities, for it is clear that an

indebtedness of over \$50,000,000,000 cannot be materially increased without becoming a menace. This war may leave Europe lean, hungry, and desperate, with industrial life interrupted or destroyed, and millions of armed men unemployed. Across the ocean lie the United States, with national wealth of nearly \$200,000,000,000, which has been actually increased by the disasters in Europe.

The attempt of a desperate man to take by force is not unusual. Might not such an attempt be made by desperate nations, even in the twentieth century?

FROM A SERBIAN DIARY

BY WEBSTER WRIGHT EATON

LADY PAGET'S HOSPITAL,
SKOPLJE (USKUB), SERBIA

Sunday, October 17, 1915. — Just now we are on the move. The feverish work of moving the whole hospital, stores and all, is in progress, and under the conditions we have our hands full! We have heard from General Popovitz, in command of the troops in south Serbia, that the Bulgarians will probably reach us by Tuesday (October 19). Some of our people have already left, and I sent out thirty ox-carts loaded with stores this evening.

But to begin at the beginning. Last Wednesday night — October 13 — we were told that two hundred and fifty wounded were coming in from the North, and we spent all day getting ready for them. They were due some time in the night — nobody could say

just when. At four o'clock Thursday morning we were awakened by an orderly who brought us word from one of the night Sisters to get up at once. She sent us over some hot tea, — most welcome it was, too, — and we dressed by lamp-light and rushed out into the pouring rain.

There are three bathrooms in three different buildings, and I had charge of one. Mine was to receive the stretcher cases. The men had to be given hot soup, undressed, their clothes listed and done up into bundles for the disinfecter, their hair clipped; then they were to be given baths in warm water, dressed in clean shirts and socks, and, after their wounds were dressed, they had to be carried to bed in the proper building and ward.

I got to my bathroom before dawn

and had the fires started and all in readiness for the arrival of the wounded. Of course, when a hospital train arrives the wounded are all thrown on our hands at once and the whole staff works on receiving them. My room was about thirty by twenty feet. In one corner was the dressing-table for two doctors and nurses; in another, two bathtubs with four men to do the washing; in another, two Serbs were stationed to list the soldiers' clothes and take the men's names and make bundles of the clothes and mark them. Two men helped undress the wounded; one Sister and two helpers served bread and hot soup. Four men did nothing but carry dirty water out and fresh water in. One man tended the fires outside, two others brought the wounded in from the ambulances and *fiares*, and four more carried the stretchers to the wards. Such was our organization.

Outside, the mud was a foot deep and the rain was coming down in a steady drenching downpour. The wounded began arriving about six, in the cold light of dawn. Soon my bathroom and the three other rooms were crowded to overflowing. I thought that they would never stop coming. The air was frightful. The men had been on the road a whole week since battle, with nothing but their first-aid dressings, and the poor devils smelled to heaven. They were so happy to get clean night-shirts, white yarn socks and dressing-gowns!

There were few really serious cases, but we had many shrapnel wounds to dress. They were very brave and uncomplaining. A few moaned and groaned most pitifully, but only a few. For two hours there was a continuous stream of them; there was not an inch of floor space to spare. But it was wonderful to see their beaming faces and to hear their sighs of joy as they sank into clean white beds in spotless, cheerful wards — at rest at last! Every

man was bathed, dressed, and in bed by nine-thirty. The whole staff here consider this a remarkable record. The room was a perfect wreck afterwards, and I had just time to get some breakfast and have the mess cleaned up before forty more wounded arrived.

From dawn till twelve o'clock I had been at it, when I was called away to go down town to do errands for the chancery. There I saw a company of smart, trim soldiers marching off to the Bulgarian front, in striking contrast to their wounded, broken comrades from the North. I also learned in the town that the German-Austrian army was advancing steadily — the Bulgarians were then fighting all along the frontier — and that the French had not arrived from Salonica.

The rain poured down steadily, and while driving home alone I had time to think a bit, at last, and to mourn the fate of poor little Serbia. Is it to be a second Belgium, I wonder? My clothes still reeked of dirty steam, and the odor of blood and sweat, which I had not noticed all morning, suddenly became almost overpowering in memory. During the work I had been too busy and preoccupied to feel either sympathy or repulsion, and I only remember being very cool and business-like, bossing the *bolnitchars* about, to make them work fast, and lending a hand here and there whenever needed. But in this moment of first reaction I recalled the cries of each man: how a young boy laughed in pain, how another gritted his teeth.

At breakfast that morning I had met a lady and gentleman who had just arrived as refugees from the English 'Naval Mission' at Belgrade. Their description of the battle at Belgrade, with the massacres and the horror, came back to me on that lonely drive in all its terrible detail. They had told me of machine-guns crashing in the

very streets,—of shells dropping on crowds of civilians at the railway station. Part of the American Hospital was destroyed and Dr. Ryan made prisoner. Wounded soldiers and civilians lay unaided in the streets; artillery charged through huddled masses of people. It was all simply beyond belief.

After lunch we all had hot baths and went to bed for a luxurious sleep, reappearing at dinner in clean clothes, fresh and fit again. There we learned of the second fall of Pansurevatz and of the cutting of all wires and communications between north and south Serbia, which prevented Popovitz getting word through for more troops. The news was burst upon us like a bomb by Lady Paget herself, who came in late for dinner from a conference with the general. She was a-quiver with excitement. She announced that she was going to Gievgelli and Salonica to use all her influence and powers of persuasion to fetch up the allied troops. The general gave her a special train, telling her that if *she* could not bring the troops, no one could. The prevailing feeling is that if the troops do not come Serbia will be sacrificed, and the war with Bulgaria, with all the pent-up hatred which exists between the two countries, will become a complete horror.

On Lady Paget's train we sent down three wounded English marines who had arrived from Belgrade that day and a number of refugees from English units in the north. But Lady Paget must come back alone, and she may be under fire near Strumitza, where the railroad runs only eight miles from the Bulgarian frontier. She left in the pouring rain, on a moment's notice. I ran back for her lorgnette and her passports. Just as she started, while the engine of her car was pounding, she leaned out and called to us, 'Good-bye, children, God bless you!' You may

imagine how fervently we replied, 'God bless *you*!' She is a dauntless—a wonderful woman!

To-day we hear there is little chance of her quest succeeding. The Bulgarians will surely be here by Tuesday, and the hospital is to be moved to Pristina, although it is my private opinion we shall not get away in time. For my part, I don't care; but I do think the Sisters ought to go to-night instead of to-morrow night. There are practically no Serbian troops in this part of the country to stop the Bulgarian advance; and although the Allies have declared war on Bulgaria at last, they can hardly hope to save Skoplje now. We are all tremendously excited.

October 18.—The order has come to-day from the Serbian General Popovitz and from Dr. Maitland, director of this hospital, to pack up and evacuate for Pristina. Last night (Sunday) we sent off thirty ox-carts of supplies to the station. Early this morning three of the staff and ten of the Austrian prisoners, with one interpreter, went to Pristina to pick a site for a new hospital and get things ready for us. The main part of the staff is not to go for two days. We got up at four this morning and motored some of our people with luggage and more supplies to the train. Crowds of civilians were leaving Uskub in wildest panic. The station was one howling mass of Serbians fleeing from the enemy, and the train was jammed.

When we returned for breakfast we found that no one knew when we were to go, so I decided to try to make up some sleep. No sooner had I got to bed than I was called up and informed that the entire hospital was to be packed up to leave by night. We spent the whole day working like mad, sewing up mattresses and blankets in bales, taking down beds, and packing everything

possible. At three all the Austrian prisoners were lined up and told off. We were to take only fifty of the best-trained and most useful of them, and the rest were to be marched off to avoid recapture. The funny part of it was that they were all scared to death of the Bulgars, and when, after dinner, they were marched off, there were wails of adieu and much handshaking with the Serbs who had been their masters. By night not a chair or bed, blanket or wash-bowl was left in our rooms. All through our scrappy dinner the sound of big guns seemed to grow nearer.

About ten o'clock the train arrived from Salonica with Lady Paget, under escort of an English sergeant. She was dead tired but brave as ever. At eleven the entire staff was called in to a consultation, which was timely enough, as we had nothing to sleep on anyway. Lady Paget announced that it was impossible for the hospital to move. No trains were running to take our stores, no carts to take supplies. Every one in Serbia was rushing to Pristina. If we went we could take only hand-luggage, and we could not run a hospital without stores, supplies, and instruments! And food? We should only starve there! By staying, we could fill our hospital with the bad cases from other hospitals in town which were being evacuated; we could give courage and support to the people of the town who could not flee. We must stick by the ship!

Then came a hot argument as to whether the Sisters should leave us. Lady Paget is personally responsible for their safety and will have to bear the blame if harm comes to them. The last train to Salonica is to leave tomorrow night — Tuesday; reports of Bulgarian atrocities are rampant and there is no hope of French or English aid from Salonica. Lady Paget had met only rebuffs from the com-

mander there. We could only trust to Heaven and the Hague Convention not to be murdered. But the Sisters protested against going. They were all quite ready to die if necessary, and stay they would. Finally Lady Paget called for a vote from the men. To my astonishment the majority voted to let them remain. Then Lady Paget at last gave her consent, knowing that if anything happened, she, and she alone, would be held responsible. Her decision was greeted with ringing applause.

It was half-past two when this momentous meeting broke up. Then we had to unpack mattresses, bedding, and all our stuff. And since our bolnitchars had been marched off (and we absolutely needed them to run the hospital), Lady Paget dashed off at that ghastly hour in a motor to the general to secure an order for them to return. A car was sent out along the Tetavoe Road and soon caught up with the several thousand Austrians as they marched along under guard through the night. Our special three hundred were picked out, faced about, and marched back. In the meantime, we are finishing the night by sending wires to the party at Pristina, informing them of our decision to stay and ordering them back.

Friday, October 22. — The three days since I last wrote have been a succession of nightmares. With the continual booming of guns in the distance, we worked furiously to get the hospital to rights again. Every Serb who could possibly walk was discharged, clothed, and sent off. The worst cases from all other hospitals in town were taken in. Stores were brought up by the carload from other hospitals. We threw things out of the very windows to the Serbian troops who were retreating because Skoplje was not to be defended. By Wednesday and Thursday every

one who could leave had left headlong. There were no trains. All day and all night the refugees streamed past the hospital. Such a strange, heart-breaking sight! Thursday two Turks were shot down in the streets; Dr. Cornelius and I, on our way down to get some wounded men at another hospital, just stopped a third murder.

To-day about eleven o'clock the battle broke just outside the town, behind a low ridge of hills. It was only a rear-guard action on the part of the Serbs, but it was exciting enough for us. We stood on the hill watching the Serb batteries firing away and the Bulgarian shrapnel bursting over the town. Soon the rifles began to speak, and for three hours they kept up a tremendous crackling, just like an immense fire. The shells sang in flight above us and burst loudly over the city, doing little or no harm. Shrapnel growled in air and burst loud and low. Several exploded over our grounds and not a few spent bullets fell among us, but no one was hit.

Two of our boys (lucky devils!) went out in a Ford car with a commission to meet the Bulgarians, not expecting a battle to take place at all. But when they got between the Serbs and Bulgars the fight began, and they spent three hours in a ditch, bullets kicking up mud in their faces and shrapnel bursting above and about them. It is a wonder they got out alive, but they were n't hit once. The cars, although flying American and white flags, were hit in several places and my little silk American flag was shot away.

All during the battle the Serbs came stringing in on foot and on horse, wounded. Some we dressed and sent on their way, some we held. We were kept busy in the bathrooms attending to them. Once I jumped into a car and dashed off to pick up a soldier reported lying by the roadside near town, too

badly wounded to walk. Several shrapnel shells burst alarmingly close; one went off right over us, but no harm was done and I got safely back with my moaning quarry. The Serbs began retreating from their positions about two o'clock and came streaming through our grounds. Some snatched coffee or articles of warm clothing from the eager hands of the Sisters as they passed through. The shells and shrapnel followed the Serbs, and not a few burst right above the hospital, with its fluttering Red-Cross flags and the Stars and Stripes floating above the laboratory of our two famous American doctors. The rifle-fire kept up till after four o'clock, when the last squad of Serbian *gendarmerie* rode through.

Then all the Serbs had gone and there was a period of breathless waiting to receive the enemy. During the interlude, groups of lanky Turks, trailing rifles, sneaked about our grounds to loot, but they retired when commanded to do so by Dr. Maitland. Then rose the cry, 'Here come the Bulgars!' All the Austrians rushed out to greet the *comitaji* — the men who rob and raid and terrorize. The first of these was a wild-looking fellow, armed to the teeth, with snapping black eyes and a frightful moustache. He came up the terrace toward the hospital breathless and grinning, trailing a rifle and waving a pistol. Suddenly he tucked this in his belt and began shaking hands all around and greeting the Austrians as 'brothers' in a sort of breathless haste. Then Dr. Maitland, with his elegant yellow gloves and correct monocle, hurried out of the hospital, and he and the Terror shook hands amid roars of laughter and cheers. More Bulgars came along and our reception continued. An officer sent up a guard for the hospital. The autos with our boys returned, not only with every one safe and sound, but deco-

rated with flowers and loaded with wounded Bulgars. We cheered the boys and rushed the Bulgars into beds. In the town all bells were ringing, whistles blowing, cheers rising to Heaven, and guns going off in the air. It was the most absurdly delightful anti-climax to our fearful anticipations — quite like the last act of a comic opera.

We took down from the bathroom windows the barricades which had been put there to keep out stray bullets, and went down to late tea — that inevitable function which upholds the Englishman's sense of form through tragedy and disturbance of any kind. Afterwards I went down town to get some wounded from another hospital, and an exciting trip it was! Every one shouted, 'Viva America! Viva Engleski!' We went to the hospital and found it crammed to the corridors with the wounded. There was an argument about giving them up, but it ended in more being sent than we had room for in the car, so my companion and I were left to walk. However, we collared an official, got a fiacre, and drove off with loudly jingling bells — two mounted Bulgarian guards riding in front of us, one at each side and one behind. We made a great clatter through the dark, empty streets. At one corner six men stood up in a row and shouted, 'Viva Bulgaria!' We stopped to call on the commandant, but found he had not arrived yet; indeed, few soldiers have arrived and the city is still without a head. All is quiet to-night for the first time in days. We returned to a good hot dinner, which we ate in peace after the turbulence of this day — the most eventful one of my life.

December 17. — My head reels to think of all the things I have to tell. It has been useless to write letters full of news, and I am scribbling this rapidly because I have a chance to send it by

private care to escape the censorship. You see we are not prisoners. This is because of the ruling of the Hague Convention. We stayed of our own accord when we might have run away. Because of the service Lady Paget's hospital has rendered to Bulgars and Austrians as well as to Serbs, we are absolutely free here in Uskub, and are treated with the utmost courtesy by the 'foe.' Every general and commandant comes in to pay his respects to Lady Paget. Prince Windischgrätz of Austria called to 'express his thanks and offer his services.' The Queen of Bulgaria cabled her appreciation, and backed it by a gift of 5000 francs.

Bulgarians like England and remember that Gladstone did more to help them win their freedom than any other man. We have about six hundred Bulgarian patients now, and hundreds have already passed through our hands. Everything is being done to expedite our journey back to England, and as soon as trains are running the staff will be replaced by Bulgarian doctors and nurses, for Lady Paget's magnificent career of service to English and Serbians at Uskub is, of course, now at an end.

But to return to my narrative: the day after the battle we motored out to the Bulgars' field-hospital and brought in all their wounded. They had heavy losses for such a small fight, and the Serbs had very few. For days and days we heard the sound of big guns, and the wounded kept arriving in ox-carts from north, west, and south. Such wounds! The men from the French front had the most terrible ones. We all worked day and night until we were finally filled up with 'heavy' cases. Then the guns ceased to be heard, and one day the King of Bulgaria motored through Uskub, where his car became ingloriously stuck. He tossed twenty-franc notes to the Austrians who pushed

it out of the mud. To our joy, the skies cleared and we had days of snow and cold, crisp weather when riding horseback was a joy. Refugees came pouring in to Uskub from all sides and Serbs came trooping back as prisoners. Poor, dirty, bedraggled fellows, who had marched off so trim and brave to fight a hopeless fight! News leaks in that all is over for Serbia, and I fear this is true.

Then, about two weeks ago, the Germans came. They are very cold and haughty when we meet them by day, but at night we hear them singing most gloriously. We pass them everywhere here and in the town, especially in the 'cake-shops,' and although the officers sometimes salute us, they are always overbearing in manner. They were here in force for a time, coming after Serbia was 'finished,' to order the Bulgarians about. For four days Uskub had about a hundred thousand troops in it, Bulgarians and Germans and a few Austrians.

The Germans don't seem to like the way in which the English and Americans are saluted and bowed-down to on all sides by our friendly and honorable enemies. I have seen enough gray-green uniforms and spiked helmets to last my life-time. One poor little eighteen-year-old German lad from Munich grew friendly. He said he was sick of the war, and no wonder: he had spent months on the Russian front in water up to his waist. At home, in Munich, he had worked in a library. In talking with me he threw light on German methods. He could n't comprehend why England had n't made peace. It was all up with Serbia and Montenegro; what was there left to fight for? 'And,' he said, 'is n't it true that *we* [the Germans] took Uskub, and not the Bulgarians? We were told that the Germans had taken it; now we come here and the people tell us the

Bulgarians took it. You were here. Is that so?' Indeed, although Bulgaria alone conquered all this territory, the Germans behave quite as if it were theirs by right.

It was a great sight seeing the armies march through. Masses of soldiers, horses, pack-trains, artillery, filed past, all day and all night, one endless stream of weary, dirty men, with their horses steaming in the cold dampness. Line upon line they came, as far as eye could see across the snowy plains. Each regiment had a band which played as they marched. The town was a great sight. Every street was simply packed with men as solidly as a theatre lobby after the play.

I do like the Bulgars. They are the most wonderful 'fighting-material' I've seen. They are big, hardy lads, good-humored, great-hearted, kindly. They have behaved splendidly, treating everyone well, paying full price for everything they take, and committing no vandalism — much less, atrocities. Some of their officers are charming and all are polite and well-meaning. They have not the *élan* of the Serbs; they are not so impulsive, not so attractive, and seem heavier and slower. I speak only of the people as typified by the soldiers of the line. The government has, of course, done its worst in crushing helpless Serbia.

The suffering of the civil population here is unspeakable. Lady Paget has clothed and fed thousands. Now that flour has given out, the people receive money and clothes, and come up three times a week to be given aid. Such stories as we get! Such untold misery! Every one here has been reduced to dire poverty, and in other towns large numbers are dying for lack of food and warmth. There is no typhus here, but there is danger of it if the Germans do not improve their methods of sanitation, which are far more careless than

those of the Serbs and Bulgars ever were. Some of our Austrian bolnitchars have gone home. They have to walk some thirty or forty miles between railroads. We have Serb prisoners now in their places at the hospital. The Austrians are extremely kind to the Serbs, teaching them with great consideration and patience. We find all the Austrians except the German and Magyar element very courteous, and have nothing but admiration and friendship for them. It is my conviction that they don't love the 'Iron Heel' any more than the Bulgarians.

It is remarkable that almost every day since I have been in Serbia I have met a new man who has been in America. They all curse the day they left our land. Such encounters demonstrate how close a connection America has with this war, after all.

Now that war is over in Serbia (or Bulgaria, rather), our life has returned to its normal routine. We have a cosy common-room, where, when off duty,

we gather for bridge or a little music on a tinny piano. The men of the hospital are charming, but of course the striking personality of our group is Lady Paget. From dawn till long after dark each day she works indefatigably, and keeps brave and cheerful even though she has no news of her husband, who fled through Albania and Montenegro. Her mind, her spirit, and her moral force are an inspiration to all of us. Last year she saved the lives of hundreds of Serbians and Austrians; this year, of thousands, and the lives of her staff as well.

We feel that all hope for poor little Serbia is gone. Such a friendly, beautiful land, with its child-like people! Why should so unassuming a little nation be wantonly destroyed? It is tragic beyond words. But with all the sorrow, hardship, and disappointment we have seen and lived through, this service in Lady Paget's hospital unit will always remain a wonderful, supreme experience to us all.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

WHEN YOU BREAK YOUR NECK

ONE day the chauffeur drove the motor violently over a thank-you-ma'am, and hurled me against the top of the car. It was a very hard top. Something snapped.

'You've broken my neck,' I remarked indignantly to the chauffeur.

He regarded it as a figure of speech, and apologized perfunctorily.

I could n't get anybody to take the slightest interest. As soon as I finished telling the sad tale to any friend or

relative, my confidant instantly forgot it. Every time I tried to drink a glass of water, and found I could n't bend my head back, I called public attention to the fact, but the public remained cold.

I was anxious to exploit my curious sensations.

'Something grates in my neck when I chew my food,' I explained.

But though the fact was thrilling to me, it seemed to lack the punch. I could n't reach my audience.

I had a facial massage and the mas-

seuse ran her little vacuum cup over the back of my neck. I squirmed. She did it several times.

'You don't seem to like it,' she remarked politely.

I did n't. I felt as if my neck were a bag of loose bones vigorously shaken. When I told my relatives, they said I had probably caught cold.

Whether this lack of appreciation galled me, or for other reasons, I became irritable.

Mother thought I needed more outdoor exercise. If I did walk five miles some days, I did n't do it every day. Once in her early youth she had walked five miles before breakfast, and thereby established a permanent supremacy. Exercise was the thing.

An aunt said doubtless I ate food that disagreed with me.

The attitude of my friends was exemplified by a woman who wanted me to join a dancing-class. I objected that the doctor advised me not to fox-trot.

'Darling, don't you think you're a bit of a hypochondriac?' she remonstrated.

I concluded that I was, and learned to fox-trot.

In time I established a *modus vivendi* under the terms of which I slept on a down pillow, and bought only Paris hats, because they are light in weight, and never did anything fatiguing I did n't want to.

And nothing further would ever have been done. But the great physician came to visit me, like the King of Spain's daughter in the song.

Of course he, like the rest, discovered that I was a cross-patch. By this time I had left off trying to interest an indifferent world in my unnatural neck. But he began to inquire. Grateful, I poured a garrulous tale in his ear.

He listened. Then with feathers and ice and other incongruous apparatus

he investigated my sensory nerves. I felt like the patient in the Hunting of the Snark: —

They roused him with muffins — they roused him with ice —

They roused him with mustard and cress — They roused him with jam and judicious advice —

They set him conundrums to guess.

All my deceitful nerves scrambled to work, and put up a good front, reacted perfectly. I could see the great physician did n't think I knew what I was talking about. 'Hypochondriac!' I perceived him endorsing the hated label to my name. I was dreadfully ashamed.

I apologized for my visions. He was non-committal, and advised violet rays.

So for a year, whenever I happened to think of it, I had violet rays. They are like soda-water in your spine, and decidedly pleasant.

After a year, the great physician reappeared. And again he declared me irritable. This I can hardly believe, because if anybody in this world is altogether dear and ingratiating with his friends, it is the great physician. I should have said that my delight at seeing him, combined with my best company manners, must have made me absolutely sugary.

But it seemed he was alarmed at my temper. And he renewed an old suggestion of a skiagraph.

One difference between a great physician and an ordinary one is that what he makes up his mind to inevitably takes place. The apathetic relatives were transformed. They gave me no peace. They drew fair pictures of a Röntgenologist restoring me to a state half-way between Jess Willard and Helen of Troy. The great physician made inexorable plans, and I was ordered to New York. With studied bravado I left the fatal chauffeur at

home, and drove myself the hundred and sixty miles in an eight-hour day.

The Röntgenologist — how I dote on that name! — dwells in a kind of labyrinth or catacomb, from whose depth he emerges only to greet fixed stars like the great physician. If you come with your own humble family doctor, you may never see his haughty face. Me he mistook for a person of eminence on account of my distinguished companion.

'I might say I never assist with the actual photography, except in a case like this,' he observed gracefully to my escort.

His bailiffs — two severe young women in spectacles — seized me and spread me on a glass table with a wooden stool for a pillow in the Japanese manner. I had admitted under cross-examination that there were several ways I did n't like to turn my head. The bailiffs devoted themselves to those ways, and after exhausting them, combined them, with variations.

'Let me bend it back a little farther,' they would coax.

They stretched it out so long that I knew forever after on going to bed I should have to coil my neck down as sailors coil down a rope on a deck. But those stern young women did n't care what became of a neck after they were through with it.

Each time an assistant propped it in some unhappy position she disappeared into the next room and called sharply, 'Hold your breath.'

After I had stopped breathing awhile, she called again, 'Don't move,' and after another placid interval turned on the power. The machine crackled and crashed for some seven seconds. Then she turned it off, and presently said grudgingly, 'Now breathe. But don't move.'

She repeated this many times. Once she forgot to remind me to breathe

again. After a while I thought of it myself, and I was just going to do it when she began afresh, 'Hold your breath.'

They kept sliding brass-bound plates into the wooden stool under my neck. The brass binding was sharp and rough, and cut grooves in me. I complained of this.

'Don't move,' said the bailiffs in chorus, and went on sliding in plates.

When they had stretched my neck to the limit, and grooved it into the semblance of a corrugated hose, they lost interest, and allowed me to escape.

At dusk we returned to hear the verdict. After losing our way several times, we penetrated to the inmost cell where the Röntgenologist sits and draws conclusions.

This catacomb was lined with grisly negatives of my skull. Up and down the long, lighted glass panels my python neck wound its interminable way. Hairpins jumbled like jackstraws were strewn around it.

'Considering these pictures,' — with a wave of his hand, the Röntgenologist indicated a group, — 'we find the cervical vertebrae from the third to the seventh absolutely normal.'

Oh, dear! I knew it! I never wanted to have a picture. All the great physician's valuable time wasted, and his sympathy elicited under false pretenses! I was fearfully embarrassed.

'But passing to this picture, which shows the first and second vertebrae distinctly, we have a different condition.'

I felt a dawning hope. He continued learnedly, mentioning a *spicula of periosteum*, a fractured ligament, a subluxation and displacement. A wave of relief overwhelmed me.

'Thank Heaven I'm not a hypochondriac!' I exclaimed.

The Röntgenologist peered at me through his glasses.

'There are no hypochondriacs,' he declared. 'There is always something wrong, a cause for every condition.'

In technical formulae the eminent gentlemen asked each other why I did not go ahead and die as I ought to do. There being no apparent reason, each referred once more to the other's unapproachable distinction, and we took our departure.

We emerged to the riotous noise, the cold wind, the cheerful lights of a New York evening.

'Goodness, but I'm hungry,' I announced, as we crossed the clangling street. And we made for the nearest hotel.

Solicitously the great physician offered me squab with asparagus tips, tongue in aspic, all the menu of the infirmary.

'What are *you* going to have?' I inquired.

'Beer and sausage,' he confessed.

And, I said, so would I. One is not necessarily dead and buried, merely because one's neck is broken.

WASTE *vs.* EFFICIENCY

A SCIENTIFIC reformer has recently figured up a loss to the American people of \$315,000,000 annually through the excess cost of using our irregular system of weights and measures, as compared with a decimal system. This would build a dozen \$25,000,000 dreadnaughts each year, with \$15,000,000 left over to pay a \$5000 salary to a Professor of Efficiency in each of 3000 universities, colleges, normal schools, and other higher institutions of learning, in this country and in 'our island possessions.'

But the possibility of such an enormous saving in one particular sets one to thinking of still other leakages that might be stopped. Take, for instance, some of our extravagances in the mat-

ter of clothing, such as the coat-tail. One may say on an average, after allowing ten per cent for a possible fall in prices in case the Dardanelles are taken within the next few months, that in each coat-tail made during the current year there will be at least one dollar's worth of cloth which from sheer excess will fulfill none of the essential functions of clothing.

Now, if we allow forty millions of our population to be males of coat-wearing age, and to buy only two coats each per year, here is a waste in material alone of just \$80,000,000. Counting but twenty cents each—sweatshop prices—for the cutting and sewing of this extra material, we must add \$16,000,000. If we allow the pitiable sum of a nickel each to cover the extra work of cleaning and repairs on these coats because of the extra length of tail, we get \$4,000,000 more, and thus we arrive at the staggering total of \$100,000,000, a sum almost equal to a few of the individual items of loss sustained by our failure to adopt reformed spelling. This \$100,000,000 saved would buy every individual in the land one circus admission or ten picture-show admissions each year, and still leave \$50,000,000 with which to pay the expense of a course of lectures on Efficiency in each of 500,000 selected public schools.

The awful wastage of conventional spelling alluded to above, I shall not describe. Long rows of figures make my head ache, and do not look well when printed in the columns of a literary magazine. I shall merely estimate that the adoption of *tho*, *thru*, *luv*, *kis*, *tuf*, and a few other such spellings, by a certain league of penny newspapers in the Middle West would already have saved \$1,375.59 in printing, if it had not by inverse suggestion started so many others to doubling the *l* in *traveler* and using *-our* in the termina-

tion of all such words as *labor*. But one cannot hold the reformer responsible for the discouraging effects of human inveristy.

But to pass on to other sources of waste and possibilities of economy, — there is the time squandered by women through a certain inefficiency in taking leave of one another after social calls or chance meetings. Let us suppose as a reasonable basis of reckoning that each of 25,000,000 women makes fifty social calls in a year, or barely one call each week, leaving out two weeks as an allowance for intended calls thwarted by blocks on the street-car line or punctured tires. Let us allow further that each of them incidentally meets with an average of five acquaintances of the same sex each week on the street, in the shops, and other such places. Discount this by a safety margin of two weeks, as with the formal calls, and we have a grand total of 1,250,000,000 calls and 6,250,000,000 chance meetings each year.

Now, allowing ten minutes (it is often a half hour) as the average loss of time on such occasions through failure to have a standardized formula for

leave-taking, we arrive at a total loss each year of 1,250,000,000 hours of time. I pay my washerwoman twenty cents per hour; so, counting this lost time at the dead level of unskilled and non-unionized labor, we have here a wastage of exactly \$250,000,000 each year. This amount, if saved, would be enough to pay the expense of an addition of 100,000 men to our standing army, thus enabling the ordinary citizen to sleep without keeping one eye on Japan and the other on his superannuated civil-war musket, and still leave \$150,000,000 with which to install a Handy Housewife's Efficiency Card-Index outfit in every one of our 25,000,000 American homes.

I might go on pointing out these evident and outrageous cases of inefficiency, mounting to an aggregate that suggests nothing so much as the fearful waste in a case of primitive Greek agriculture described by a Roman efficiency expert named Plautus, where the return was fully three times less than the amount sown. But it is useless. The American people simply will not be efficient, no matter what we scientists and reformers say.

